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本书是由许渊冲教授、陆佩弦教授和吴钧陶先生编辑的，共收入唐诗317首。有39位译者参加了翻译工作。

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On Tang Poetry and English Poetry

Tang poetry is a gem of traditional Chinese literature and the three hundred poems translated and collected here are gems of Tang poetry. As early as 1898, Herbert A. Giles published his translation of Tang poems, of which Lytton Strachey said, "the poetry in it is the best that this generation has known," and that it holds a unique place in the literature of the world "through its mastery of the tones and depths of affection".

Thirty years later, Witter Bynner published his *Jade Mountain,* in which he said of the Tang poems that "they bring the true, the beautiful, the everlasting, into simple, easy touch with the human, the homely and the immediate." And he predicted "that future western poets will go to school with the masters of the Tang Dynasty as well as with the masters of the golden age of Greece or with the Hebrew prophets, or with the English dramatists or romanticists — to learn how best may be expressed, for, themselves and for others, that passionate patience which is the core of life."

Read Wang Bo's (649-676) well-known couplet on friendship:

"If you've a friend who knows your heart,
Distance can't keep you two apart."

So true and so human, everlasting and immediate, it was even cited by U.S. President Reagan on his visit to China in 1984. In a similar way Lord Byron sang 1200 years after Wang Bo:

"But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,"...

(Stanzas to the Po)

Wang Wei (701-761) was known as a poet in his painting and a painter in his poetry. Read the following verse of his:

"Over gray stones a blue stream glides,

Red leaves are strewn on jade hillsides.
Along the path it rains unseen,
My gown grows moist with drizzling green."

and you will not fail to see the beautiful picture formed by these concrete words. About 1100 years later Rossetti was also called a poet in his painting.

Wang Zhihuan (688-742) was no less a painter in words. Read the following couplet:

"The sun beyond the mountains glows;
The Yellow River seawards flows."

and compare it with Byron's

"The rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill"
(*Don Juan* II, 183)

and with Tennyson's

"They saw the gleaming river seaward flow"
(*The Lotos-Eaters*)

and you will see two picturesque scenes of sunset eastern and western, separated by more than one thousand years, yet the one as beautiful as the other.

Every sinologue knows Li Bai's (701-762) famous poem "Before my bed a pool of light". In Tennyson's *In Memoriam A.H.H.* 67, you will find the following verse:

"When on my bed the moonlight falls"...

Once Li Bai drank alone beneath the moon with his own shadow. And 1100 years later, Keats alone addressed his own heart:

"Heart! thou and I are here sad and alone."
(*Why Did I Laugh Tonight?*)

Du Fu (712-770) was as famous a realist as Li Bai was a romanticist. His well-known couplet

"The boundless forest sheds its leaves shower by shower;
The endless River rolls its waves hour after hour"

may remind the English reader of Shelley's

"Loose clouds like Earth's decaying leaves are shed".

(Ode to the West Wind)

Read another couplet of his:

"Such music can be heard but in celestial spheres.
How many times has it been played for human ears?"

Eight hundred years later, Shakespeare wrote in *The Tempest*:

"Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?"

Is it not true that poetic minds think alike?

Wei Yingwu (737-789) was well-known for his poem on the secluded western brook:

"Alone I like the riverside where green grass grows
And golden orioles sing amid the leafy trees."

Compare these two lines with Keats' verse:

"In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied."

(Ode to Psyche)

Could you fail to picture the two poets in a similar place and in a similar state of mind?

On the other hand, Liu Yuxi (772 842) sang of the capital of the Six Dynasties that had passed away like dreams:

"The hills surrounding ancient kingdoms still remain,
But waves beating on ruined walls silently roll away."
"By the Bridge of Red Birds rank grasses overgrow;
O'er the Street of Mansions the setting sun hangs low."

Compare these two couplets with Tennyson's poem:

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea."

(*In Memoriam A.H.H.* 123)

and you will see the two poets, one in the ninth and the other in the nineteenth century, both contemplating the waves and the street with the same feeling.

Bai Juyi (772-846) was more popular than Liu Yuxi. He wrote of a guitar player:

"Still we heard hidden grief and vague regret concealed,
Then music expressed far less than silence revealed."

Does this couplet not remind you of Keats' famous verse:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on".

(*Ode to the Grecian Urn*)

Li Shangyin (813-858) was as obscure as Bai Juyi was simple and clear. Read his representative poem *The Sad Zither*:

"Why should the zither sad have fifty strings?
Each string, each strain evokes but vanished springs:
Dim morning dream to be a butterfly;
Amorous heart poured out in cuckoo's cry.
In moonlit pearls see tears in mermaid's eyes;
From sunburnt jade in Blue Field let smoke rise.
Such feeling cannot be recalled again,
It seemed long lost e'en when it was felt then."

This poem is considered to be the sphinx of classical Chinese poetry. It might make us think of Byron's second *Stanza for Music*:

"And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory."

But Li Shangyin's poem is far more obscure and it is no wonder that he might be considered as a forerunner of modern obscure poetry.

Every student of Tang poetry knows the *Golden Dress Song* sung by Du Qiuniang:

"Love not your golden dress, I pray,
More than your youthful golden hours.
Gather sweet flowers while you may
And not the twig devoid of flowers!"

Does it not express the same feeling as Herrick's *Counsel to Girls*:

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,

Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying."

One of the late Tang poets Zhang Bi wrote a quatrain to his love:

"When you're gone, in my dream I linger you know where,
The court still seems the same with zigzag rails around.
Only the sympathetic moon is shining there
For me alone on flowers fallen on the ground."

Compare it with Fitzgerald's translation of *The Rubaiyat*:

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again –
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden – and for one in vain!"

Although one sang of the past and the other of the future, would you not wonder whether Fitzgerald was translating the Persian or the Chinese poet?

After comparing the verses cited above, I think we may come to the same conclusion as Lyttón Strachey and Witter Bynner. Poetry knows no boundary, for beauty knows no boundary. Poetry is timeless for beauty is timeless. The point is how to make what is beautiful in one language appear as beautiful in another.

"Poetry," said Robert Frost, "is what gets lost in translation." Can it be true? Even the paradise lost could be regained. Why not the lost poetry? I think the best way to regain poetry is to recreate it. In order to illustrate my theory, I beg to show you two different versions of the same poem, one more faithful and the other more creative:

(1) Since, ah! you went away,
What grief my mind can sway?
I yearn like the moon at full:
Am duller day by day!

(Tr. Fletcher)

(2) Since my lord left — ah me, unhappy hour! —
The half-spun web hangs idly in my bower;
My heart is like the full moon, full of pains,
Save that 'tis always full and never wanes.

(Tr. Giles)

Some critics say that the original image of a waning moon is distorted in the second version into a full moon which never wanes, and that sense is sacrificed to sound so that the poetry is lost in translation. To a literal translator, it is true that the original image is lost. But what does the waning moon symbolize? Is it not a sorrowful heart? If so, does the moon full of pains not symbolize sorrow? Then the loss of the waning moon is well made up by the image of a heart full of pains. So, it cannot be said that sense is sacrificed to sound. On the contrary, we can say that the literal is transformed into the literary, and such transformation or translation may be said to be creative.

As Dryden wrote, "a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation than his carcass would be to his living body." So I think a verse translation should be faithful to the original, less in form than in sense. Or in other words, a poetic translation should be as beautiful as the original in sense, in sound and, if possible, in form.

Xu Yuan-zhong
Peking University
May 5, 1985

A Survey of Tang Poetry and *300 Tang Poems*

Like the Yangtze River, the history of Chinese poetry traces a long course from a distant source. The very first anthology, *The Book of Songs,* containing three hundred and five ancient poems, and compiled in the Spring and Autumn Period (770-476 B.C.), laid the foundation for Chinese poetry. The stream has been running on ever since. As if to facilitate classification, there emerged almost in every historical period a special poetical form representative of the time, such as *Chu Ci* (songs of the Chu district) of the Warring States (475-221 B.C.), *Yue Fu* (folk songs) of the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220) and five-character-ancient-style-verse of Wei-Jin-Southern-and-Northern dynasties (A.D. 220-589). Coming down to the Tang dynasty (618-907), this long stream converged, as it were, with abundant tributary currents and surged with extraordinary grandeur and beauty. The magnificent vista all along the way is so breathtaking that none can take it all in at once. It may be compared to the Three Gorges of the Yangtze which are deemed the most scenic reaches of the river. Streaming down, it still presents picturesque scenes all along its course, with broad waves surging one after another, such as *ci* (metrical verse of uneven lengths) of the Song dynasty (960-1279) and *qu* (metrical dramatic poetry) of the Yuan dynasty (1271–1368), but Tang poetry assuredly marks the zenith in the history of Chinese classical poetry.

By the imperial edict of Emperor Kangxi (1654-1722), ten officials of the Qing dynasty (1644–1911), including Peng Dingqiu, Cao Yin and others, compiled and completed in 1706 a voluminous work, *A Complete Collection of Tang Poetry,* which contains some 48,900 poems by more than 2,200 poets. Recently, in the year 1982, a supplementary book to the collection, compiled by Wang Chongmin and two

others, embodying about 1,800 poems, has been published. From these two books alone we can read in our days more than 50,000 poems of the Tang dynasty, and it is many times more than the total amount of poems produced before the Tang dynasty that have been handed down. In some thousand years after Tang, poetry collections as voluminous as that of Tang were never published either.

In the whole history of Chinese classical poetry, Tang poetry is not only unique in quantity, but also remarkably extensive in the range of subjects, ingenious in artistry and various metrical forms with consummate versificatioı Since there was a constellation of poets with such a variety of works, naturally the subjects have ranged widely over and delved deeply into the field of life and society. Since the poets strove so sedulously for perfection of art, (as may be seen from the following verse: "Raking for three years I write these two lines. Whenever I croon tears trickle down from my eyes" (Jia Dao) and "I'll not let go a commonplace saying unless I die" (Du Fu)), the creation of styles, images and atmospheres have reached a new and splendid summit. Many lines from Tang poetry have been absorbed into the Chinese language as proverbs; there are, for example, "When we are bosom friends this many a day, We are neighbours e'en though we'll be far away"; "A prairie fire cannot destroy the grass; It grows again when the spring breeze blows"; "Few people lived to be seventy, from of old"; "An inch of time, an inch of gold", etc. As to the metrical forms and rules, in addition to inheriting those created by their foregoers, the Tang poets formed something new that became established as the classical metrical forms which were observed by the poets of later centuries and are still used by the people who write classical poems.

Apart from other reasons, the extraordinary flourishing of the Tang poetry was chiefly due to the energetic encouragement of the rulers. Taizong, Li Shimin (599-649) by name,

the second emperor of the Tang dynasty, owing to his love of literature and art, was a patron of the poets and he treated them with special favour. He himself wrote poems and proses and was skillful in calligraphy. Sixty nine of his poems were included in *A Complete Collection of Tang Poetry*. Later emperors Gaozong, Zhongzong, Xuanzong, Empress Wu and many others carried on the tradition and gave awards to poetry. The very particular system "electing officials by their poems" was begun in the reign of Gaozong (628-683) and was not abolished completely until the last years of the Song dynasty. In the long period of feudal society, for intellectuals there was no rosier prospect than to become a government official. The "imperial examination system" for selecting officials was established in the reign of Emperor Yang (569-618) of the Sui dynasty (581-618). When it came to the reign of Gaozong, poetry was added as a supplementary subject in the examination for *Jinshi* (a kind of academic degree) Department, and later on in the days of Xuanzong (685-762), poetry was the obligatory subject for all departments. Writing poems became henceforth a necessary talent for intellectuals who aimed at an official career, and poetry learning was one of the essential lessons even for children. Enthusiasm for poetry therefore prevailed in the society, and on account of the popularization of poetry there were inevitably large numbers of poets and excellent poems. Most of the Tang poets had passed the imperial examination and obtained, in general, the *Jinshi* degree, while the depressed poets were more often than not the results of "failure in the imperial examination" or "frustration in the official career" We can see, therefore, how close the relation between the examination and the exuberance of the Tang poetry was.

The progress of science and technology may also have provided additional conditions for the exuberance. In the earliest times, people noted down and disseminated their ideas by means of carving scripts on stones, jade plates, or engraving

on bronzes. Gradually, people developed the method of writing hieroglyphics on bamboo or wooden plates, silk and paper. But these methods were neither easy to operate, nor suitable for mass production. The technique of carved-plate-printing which made the appearance of books in the proper sense possible was invented in the early years of the Tang dynasty. Undoubtedly, it was a great advance and has given an enormous impetus to the prosperity and development of our culture. As poems, being on the whole shorter in length, were easier to be carved on plates, it might be one of the reasons why it was poetry and not other literary forms that flourished in particular.

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The earliest anthology of Tang poetry, apart from the fragmentary scrolls found in Dunghuang Grottoes, is probably *The Gems of the Country* which was published in the middle of the Tang dynasty, containing 200 poems by 90 poets. There are altogether ten or more anthologies, including this one, of Tang poetry compiled by the Tang redactors. In the successive dynasties, there were still some hundreds of anthologies of Tang poetry compiled and published by famous scholars, high officials and even the emperor. New selected and annotated editions of Tang poetry have come out in our days one after another. It is thus clear that the charm of Tang poetry did not diminish in the long process of a thousand years, and will certainly not diminish in the future.

The first edition of *An Anthology of Tang Poetry* (or *Three Hundred Poems of the Tang Dynasty*) was compiled in 1764, by Sun Zhu (1711-1778), a *Jinshi* of the Qing dynasty, under the name of Hengtang Tuishi (Hermit of Wild Ginger Pond). He had been a county magistrate, and author of a miscellanea, but was unknown to the literary circles. Allegedly based on the book *A Novel Guide to Tang Poetry,* containing some 2,000 poems compiled by Shen Deqian

(1673–1769), a well-known critic of poetry, which might possibly be selected from 50,000 poems of *A Complete Collection of Tang Poetry,* Sun Zhu's anthology can probably be taken as a selection of *A Complete Collection of Tang Poetry.* Evidently, it was modelled on the layout of *The Book of Songs,* so Sun Zhu compiled three hundred pieces for the volume.

The purport with which Sun Zhu compiled his book was set out in the short preface which reads in full as follows:

"Whenever children are sent to school, they are taught *Poems by Myriad Poets,* since the poems in it are easy to learn by rote, and so, instead of being outdated, the book is widely circulated. But the compiler of that book, seeming not to discriminate between beauty and dullness, just picked up whatever came to hand. Besides, there are only two metrical forms in the book: Five-or-seven-character-regular-verse and five-or-seven-character-quatrain, and it is so different from the general layout that the works by Tang poets are mingled inordinately with those by Song poets. Thus I have chosen these three hundred odd Tang poems, with several decades of poems to each metrical form, and have chosen the most popular, those that were oft-quoted and widely loved. If this anthology is used as a text book for the private schools, and if people learn it in their juvenile years and keep it even in their grey-headed days, will it not be far better than *Poems by Myriad Poets?* As the proverb has it: 'Learning Tang poems three hundred by heart, and you can chant poems though you know not the art.' Please test the old saw with my book."

Poems by Myriad Poets exists in various editions, and the standard one is compiled by Liu Kezhuan (1187–1269), a well-known poet of the Song dynasty in its last years. Judging from the preface by Sun Zhu, one may realize that when he worked at his book he had no plan to advocate any literary theory or poetical genre, as other compilers did, but wanted

only to make a text book of poetry for children and aimed only at vying with the book abovementioned. The imperial examination system was abolished entirely in 1903, in the last years of the Qing dynasty; but by that time the system of "electing officials by their poems" was no longer practised, and other subjects were emphasized. However, such anthologies were still needed since poetry was always one of the main courses in education and the means to discern whether a man was highly educated or not.

Unexpectedly, when *An Anthology of Tang Poetry* was published, it spread like wildfire, and was "so widely circulated that almost every family has a copy", as someone commented. In the past two hundred years and more, the book has been re-edited and reprinted repeatedly and there have been many editions different in some way or other from the original. Even in recent years some ten editions of the book with new commentaries and annotations have been published. Not only has the influence of the book far surpassed that of *Poems by Myriad Poets*, but also it has eclipsed or replaced the hundreds of anthologies of Tang poetry published before it. None of the new selections of Tang poetry can compare with it in importance either. The book is not merely a text book now; it has become a most popular model for people who learn to appreciate Tang poetry.

It is not by chance that the book has met with such success. Its chief merit is the refined and appropriate selection. Sun Zhu, living some thousand years after the Tang dynasty, seemed to have picked up those truly golden verses under the sieve of time, instead of selecting them according to some prescribed rules, as other editors had done, and therefore most of the three hundred odd poems are masterpieces that have been recited by the people for centuries. Sun Zhu selected many excellent poems from outstanding poets, for example, fifteen by Meng Haoran, twenty nine by Wang Wei, twenty nine by Li Bai and thirty nine by Du Fu. But he did not

ignore the obscure poets at the same time, so long as there were brilliant poems written by them. For example, included in his exclusive selection are one or two pieces by the obscure Jin Changxu, a Buddhist monk, and also pieces by a songstress and by two anonymous authors.

Secondly, it seems that Sun Zhu has paid due attention to the wide range of subjects in Tang poetry, so in his selection one can find all kinds of themes, such as parting, lamenting, love, nostalgia, thinking of others, expressing one's emotions, reaction to historical events, pastoral life, landscape, borderland scenes, the woes of war, the fatigue of travelling, the pleasures of the hermitage, the themes in examination halls or in the imperial orders, or consoling a friend who failed in an imperial examination, etc. Opening a book with such varied, kaleidoscopic contents, the reader is able to catch a glimpse of the life and society of the Tang dynasty, while at the same time, owing to the lasting artistic power of the poems, the reader may find in them beauties, consolations and mental contentments under circumstances different from his own.

Finally, there is also a merit in it which has little meaning to most of the readers today, but was, and is still, very useful to the learners of the classical poetry, and that is, with the exception of the form of long-regular-verse, all the forms of Tang poetry can be found in this book, that is, folk-song-styled-verse, five-or-seven-characters-ancient-verse, five-or-seven-characters-regular-verse and five-or-seven-character-quatrain, and the book was originally organised according to form. The convenience of this method helped the book to win more popularity.

Of course, just as there is no really pure gold in the world, a book cannot be a perfect selection. It has been suggested that the poem *Sacrificing to Confucius and Mourning Him When Passing Through Lu* by Emperor Xuanzong lacks poetical flavour, while *An Ode to the Stone Drums* by Han Yu

is too recondite to be understood, and that these poems should therefore not have been selected. On the other hand, the book cannot be considered complete when it contains none of the works by such celebrated poets as Li He (790–816). Despite these criticisms, the book has remained a most popular anthology of Tang poetry and may possibly be the best way to gain a preliminary conception of ancient Chinese literature.

Written by Wu Juntao
Translated by Yang Liyi
Shanghai, June 1985

Contents

On Hearing Cicadas in Prison[1]

Luo Binwang

The year is sinking west, cicadas sing,
Their songs stir up the prisoner's grief.
I cannot bear the sight of their dark wing, .
Their hymn to innocence gives me no relief.

Wings heavy with dew, hard becomes the flight,
Drowned in strong wind, their voice cannot be heard.
None would believe their songs are pure and bright,
Who could express my feeling deep in word?

Tr. Liu Yiqing

在獄咏蟬　　　駱賓王

西陸蟬聲唱，南冠客思深。不堪玄鬢影，來對白頭吟。
露重飛難進，風多響易沉。無人信高潔，誰爲表予心？

1 *On Hearing Cicadas in Prison* was written by the poet when he was imprisoned for offending the Empress.

In Reply to Magistrate Lu's Poem: An Excursion in Early Spring

Du Shenyan

Only to officials away from home,
The shock of beauty ever new will come,
Of rising clouds at dawn above the sea,
Of Spring in river side plum and willow-tree.
Orioles are urged to sing in warm air,
And green- clad duckweed in the sun looks fair.
An old tune suddenly sung to my ears
Fills my heart with home and my eyes with tears.

Tr. Ni Peiling

和晉陵陸丞早春游望　　杜審言

獨有宦遊人，偏驚物候新。雲霞出海曙，梅柳渡江春。
淑氣催黃鳥，晴光轉綠蘋。忽聞歌古調，歸思欲沾襟！

Farewell to Vice-Prefect Du

Wang Bo

You leave the walled capital
For river shores where mist veils all.
We part, officials far from home,
Over an alien land we roam.
If you've a friend who knows your heart,
Distance can't keep you two apart.
At crossroads where we bid adieu,
Do not shed tears as women do!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

杜少府之任蜀州　　王勃

城闕輔三秦，風煙望五津。與君離別意，同是宦遊人。
海內存知己，天涯若比鄰。無爲在歧路，兒女共沾巾！

Written at the North Post House on the Dayu Ridge

Song Zhiwen

In November wild geese to the warm south will fly
And stop at Dayu, where starts their return flight, folks say.
But my journey — its end now I still can't descry;
As for my return — will there e'er be such a day?
The river appears calm now the tide in sleep does lie,
Darkness still roams in the woods as the fog holds sway.
Tomorrow from the peak one more look homewards I'll cast;
There, in the warm air some mume blossoms I may find at last.

Tr. Du Tianchong

題大庾嶺北驛　　宋之問

陽月南飛雁，傳聞至此迴。我行殊未已，何日復歸來？
江靜潮初落，林昏瘴不開。明朝望鄉處，應見隴頭梅。

Lines

Shen Quanqi

We hear about our garrison at Yellow Dragon Fort,
For years the soldiers have been detained to guard the frontier.
Lonely women, watching the moon in chambers, fall in thought,
The same moon that into their men's barricks shines round the year.
Young wives ought to feel merry and happy when springtime comes,
Yet; sad thoughts of their husbands' departure keep coming back.
Alas, who could lead our army with flying flags and war drums,
To take the enemy stronghold in one single attack?

Tr. Liu Shimu

雜詩　沈佺期

聞道黃龍戍，頻年不解兵。可憐閨裏月，長在漢家營！
少婦今春意，良人昨夜情。誰能將旗鼓，一爲取龍城？

Alone

Shen Quanqi

In her room scented doth a young wife dwell,
Where swallows mate on beams of tortoise shell.
When leaves fly free in the late autumn wind,
Her husband off to war she brings to mind.
For years no news has come from the frontier.
Nights in the capital are long and drear.
How can she any more her sorrow hold?
On her silk bed-curtains the moon gleams cold.

Tr. Wang Shiren

獨不見　　沈佺期

盧家少婦鬱金香，海燕雙棲玳瑁梁。九月寒砧催木葉，
十年征戍憶遼陽。白狼河北詩書斷，丹鳳城南秋夜長。
誰爲含愁獨不見，更教明月照流黃。

Coming Home

He Zhizhang

I left home young and not till old do I come back,
My accent is unchanged, my hair no longer black.
The children don't know me, whom I meet on the way,
"Where d'you come from, reverend sir?" they smile and say.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

回鄉偶書　　賀知章

少小離家老大回，鄉音無改鬢毛摧。兒童相見不相識，
笑問客從何處來？

On Climbing Youzhou Tower

Chen Zi'ang

Where are the sages of the past
　　And those of future years?
Sky and earth forever last,
　　Lonely, I shed sad tears.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

登幽州臺歌　　陳子昂

前不見古人，後不見來者！念天地之悠悠，獨愴然而涕下！

Viewing the Moon and Missing the Dear One Afar

Zhang Jiuling

The moon is borne so bright above the sea
And bathes at once the distant one and me.
A lover hates the endless lonesome night,
For he would long for the one out of sight.
The candle blown out, I love moonlight more;
The dew damp, I dress to get out of door.
Since I can't make a gift of the moonbeams,
I turn in, wishing to see you in dreams.

Tr. Ni Peiling

望月懷遠　　張九齡

海上生明月，天涯共此時。情人怨遙夜，竟夕起相思。
滅燭憐光滿，披衣覺露滋。不堪盈手贈，還寢夢佳期。

Thoughts

Zhang Jiuling

I

A lonely swan from the sea flies,
To alight on puddles it does not deign.
Nesting in the poplar of pearls
It spies and questions green birds twain:
"Don't you fear the threat of slings,
Perched on top of branches so high?
Nice clothes invite pointing fingers,
High climbers god's good will defy.
Bird-hunters will crave me in vain,
For I roam the limitless sky."

II

The thoroughwort flourishes in spring,
The osmanthus blooms in autumn.
Each takes delight in its own prime,
Each joys when its season does come.
They have no idea that wood-dwellers
To their sweet smell should so succumb.
Plants and trees have their own ways and
Seek not Beauty's bouquet to become.

感遇　　張九齡

孤鴻海上來，池潢不敢顧。側見雙翠鳥，巢在三珠樹。
矯矯珍木巔，得無金丸懼？美服患人指，高明逼神惡；
今我遊冥冥，弋者何所慕。
蘭葉春葳蕤，桂華秋皎潔。欣欣此生意，自爾爲佳節。
誰知林棲者，聞風坐相悅。草木有本心，何求美人折！

III

The hermit in his lone abode
Nurses his thoughts cleansed of care.
Them he projects to the wild goose
For it to his distant Sovereign to bear.
Who will be moved by the sincerity
Of my vain day-and-night prayer?
What comfort is for my loyalty
When fliers and sinkers can't compare?

IV

The tangerine grows south of the River,
Its leaves remain green in winter.
Is it because the soil there stays warm?
The tree itself endures cold rathe
Its fruit worthy of honoured guests,
Obstacles its presentation deter.
No law can be found in the revolving
Fate that's wholly a chance matter.
All go in for planting peaches and plums,
Doesn't this tree give a shade better?

Tr. Qiu Ke'an

幽人歸獨臥，滯慮洗孤清。持此謝高鳥，因之傳遠情。
日夕懷空意，人誰感至精？飛沉理自隔，何所慰吾誠？
江南有丹橘，經冬猶綠林。豈伊地氣暖，自有歲寒心。
可以薦嘉客，奈何阻重深？運命惟所遇，循環不可尋。
徒言樹桃李，此木豈無陰？

Sacrificing to Confucius and Mourning Him When Passing Through Lu

Emperor Xuanzong

For what did you so busily strive, my Sage,
Expounding hard your doctrine in your age?
This is the shire called Lu in bygone days;
A palace in this house Duke Lu did raise.

The absence of the Phoenix made you sad,
And you complained aloud your luck was bad.
The Unicorn's[1] death found you in a heavy state;
You did the failure of your teaching berate.

As people poured libations in a stream,
I'm sure it must be like your former dream[2].

Tr. Suo Tianzhang

經魯祭孔子而嘆之　　唐玄宗

夫子何爲者？栖栖一代中。地猶鄹氏邑，宅即魯王宮。
歎鳳嗟身否，傷麟怨道窮！今看兩楹奠，當與夢時同。

1　Both the Phoenix and the Unicorn were supposed to be auspicious.

2　Confucius once dreamed of being worshiped like a god in a temple.

Starting for the Front

Wang Han

With wine of grapes the cups of jade would glow at night,
Drinking to pipa songs, we are summoned to fight.
Don't laugh if we lay drunken on the battleground!
How many ancient warriors came back safe and sound?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

涼州詞　　王翰

葡萄美酒夜光杯，欲飲琵琶馬上催。醉臥沙場君莫笑，古來征戰幾人回？

On the Stork Tower

Wang Zhihuan

The sun beyond the mountains glows;
The Yellow River seawards flows.
You can enjoy a grander sight
By climbing to a greater height.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

登鸛鵲樓　　王之渙

白日依山盡，黃河入海流，欲窮千里目，更上一層樓。

Out of the Great Wall

Wang Zhihuan

The yellow sand uprises as high as white cloud,
The lonely Great Wall lost amid the mountains proud.
Why should the Mongol flute complain no willows grow?
Beyond the Pass of Jade no vernal wind will blow.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

出塞　　王之渙

黃沙直上白雲間，一片孤城萬仞山。羌笛何須怨楊柳，
春風不度玉門關。

Returning to the South Mountain at the Year's End

Meng Haoran

No more petitions will I submit at the north palace gate,
Because on South Mountain my humble hut for me does wait.
As I'm talentless, His Majesty bears me not in mind;
And sickly too, my old friends leave me alone and behind.
My hoary hair urges me on to my declining years;
New Years's Eve is compelled to flee as the green spring nears.
I can't fall asleep, for my heart turns ever with sorrow;
Through the pine needles the pale moon shines on the window
hollow.

Tr. Wu Juntao

歲暮歸南山　　孟浩然

北闕休上書，南山歸敝廬。不才明主棄，多病故人疏。
白髮催年老，青陽逼歲除！永懷愁不寐，松月夜窗虛。

Parting Words to Wang Wei

Meng Haoran

What shall I still wait for, thus left in the cold?
Every day vainly I return to my threshold!
I desire to find a secluded place to live,
But thinking of parting with you makes me grieve.
Who among those lords will likely lend me a hand?
It's hard to gain in the world an intimate friend!
Solitude is only what I ought to keep friends with;
I'll close again the garden gate on my native heath.

Tr. Wu Juntao

留別王維　　孟浩然

寂寂竟何待！朝朝空自歸，欲尋芳草去，惜與故人違！
當路誰相假？知音世所稀，祇因守寂寞，還掩故園扉。

To My Old Friend in Yangzhou from a Boat Moored at Night on Tonglu River

Meng Haoran

From the dusk mountains the monkeys' whines gloom my heart;
The dark blue waters in the night e'er rush and dart.
Through the foliage along either strand rustle the winds;
Upon my solitary boat the pale moon shines.
Jiande where I stay is not my native country;
Still I think of my old friend in Yangzhou County.
Tears trickling down from my eyes become two slim lines;
I'll send them afar to the place west to the brines![1]

Tr. Wu Juntao

宿桐廬江寄廣陵舊遊　　孟浩然

山暝聽猿愁，滄江急夜流。風鳴兩岸葉，月照一孤舟。
建德非吾土，維揚憶舊遊。還將兩行淚，遙寄海西頭！

1 "The place west to the brines" refers to Yangzhou County of that time, since the area lies west of the Yellow Sea.

Mooring on the River at Jiande

Meng Haoran

My boat is moored near an isle in mist gray,
I'm grieved anew to see the parting day.
On boundless plain trees seem to touch the sky,
In water clear the moon appears so nigh.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

宿建德江　　孟浩然

移舟泊烟渚，日暮客愁新。野曠天低樹，江清月近人。

Waiting in Vain for Ding, the Eldest Among His Brothers, when Lodging in Buddhist Priest Ye's Mountain Hut

Meng Haoran

The setting sun comes down the western peak:
The valleys suddenly become so bleak.
The moon breathes cooling air in the wood of pines,
While feast my ears the murmurs of springs and winds.
Nearly all woodcutters have come back home,
And birds are perching somewhere in the brume.
Since to lodge with us you have been fain,
With a zither I wait in the viny lane.

Tr. Wu Juntao

宿業師山房期丁大不至　　孟浩然

夕陽度西嶺，群壑倏已暝。松月生夜涼，風泉滿清聽。
樵人歸欲盡，煙鳥棲初定。之子期宿來，孤琴候蘿徑。

To Zhang, the Fifth Among His Brothers, When Mounting Orchid Mountain on an Autumn Day

Meng Haoran

North Mountain is veiled in the clouds white;
It only can please me, an eremite.
Seeking for you, to climb the height I try;
With the wild geese my mind fades into the sky.
My griefs are wakened by the dim owl-light;
My longings are inspired by the clear autumn sight.
The villagers come back in no hurry;
They walk on the sands and rest at the ferry.
Like shepherd's purse the trees stand 'gainst the skyline;
Like the new moon the islet by the strand does shine.
Why don't you bring wine here to have a time gay,
And be drunk with me on this Double-Ninth day?[1]

Tr. Wu Juntao

秋登蘭山寄張五　　孟浩然

北山白雲裏，隱者自怡悅。相望試登高，心隨雁飛滅。
愁因薄暮起，興是清秋發。時見歸村人，沙行渡頭歇。
天邊樹若薺，江畔洲如月。何當載酒來，共醉重陽節。

---

1 Double-Ninth Day, the ninth day of the ninth moon of the lunar calendar, was, and somewhat still is, a Chinese festival. On that day people customarily climb up the mountains to drink chrysanthemum (or other kinds of) wine.

Thinking of Xin, the Eldest Among His Brothers, in South Pavilion on a Summer Day

Meng Haoran

The halo of the mountain on a sudden falls west;
The moon is climbing up from the east pond, her nest.
Enjoying the evening cool, with dishevelled hair,
And by the open windows, I lie in the nook fair.
The lotus wafts its scent away and around,
The dews from bamboo leaves drip with tinkling sound.
I would fain take up my harmonious zither to play,
Yet I regret my bosom friend couldn't hear my lay.
All these touch my heart and make me think of you,
Throughout the night, I am troubled by dreams too.

Tr. Wu Juntao

夏日南亭懷辛大　　孟浩然

山光忽西落，池月漸東上。散髮乘夕涼，開軒臥閒敞。
荷風送香氣，竹露滴清響。欲取鳴琴彈，恨無知音賞。
感此懷故人，中宵勞夢想！

Song of Returning to Deer-Gate Mountain at Night

Meng Haoran

The vesper bells of the mountain temple darken the day;
Scrambling for the ferry, to Kiddle Shoal people make their way.
Along the sandbank some walk to their huts by the riverside;
On my way back to Deer-Gate also in a boat I ride.
On the mountain, the moon brings the trees, wreathed in mists, to light;
I shortly come to where Lord Pang[1] lived an eremite.
The piny path leading to the cave's rocky door is lonely;
Solitary, I come and go by myself only.

Tr. Wu Juntao

夜歸鹿門歌　　孟浩然

山寺鳴鐘晝已昏，漁梁渡頭爭渡喧。人隨沙岸向江村，余亦乘舟歸鹿門。鹿門月照開煙樹，忽到龐公棲隱處。巖扉松逕長寂寥，唯有幽人自來去！

---

1 Lord Pang De, a hermit of the last years of the Han dynasty (202 B.C.–A.D. 220), who had lived in Deer-Gate Mountain.

Mounting Xian Mountain with Friends

Meng Haoran

Vicissitudes do mark human affairs always;
Time comes, time goes, thus there're olden and modern days.
In Nature's bosom remains the historical site;
My friends and I now in our turn climb to the height.
The ebb tide exposes the shallow Kiddle Shoal;
Dream Marsh appears to be deeper when winds grow raw.
The monument to Lord Yang[1] still stands, and I lament
When reading the inscription and tears wet my garment.

Tr. Wu Juntao

與諸子登峴山　　孟浩然

人事有代謝，往來成古今。江山留勝跡，我輩復登臨。
水落魚梁淺，天寒夢澤深。羊公碑尚在，讀罷淚沾襟！

---

1 Yang Hu (221-278), minister and high-ranking general of the Western Jin dynasty (265-317), came to Xian Mountain to drink wine and recite poems. He said to his companions: "The mountain is there ever since the cosmos came into being. So many people like us have mounted it, but they are all in oblivion. It makes me sad." After his death, people built a monument on Xian Mountain in memory of his merits.

To Prime Minister Zhang[1] from the Bank of Dongting Lake

Meng Haoran

In the eighth moon the lake is full to the brim;
The limpid vastness melts into Heaven's rim.
While vapours all over Cloud-Dream Marsh up roll,
Bores roar ahead to rock Yueyang City wall.
I yearn to cross, yet no boat's waiting for me;
It's golden age and I sense shame to this retreat I flee.
Sitting to watch those anglers with satisfied looks,
I can only feel envious of their heavy hooks.[2]

Tr. Wu Juntao

臨洞庭上張丞相　　孟浩然

八月湖水平，涵虛混太清，氣蒸雲夢澤，波撼岳陽城。
欲濟無舟楫，端居恥聖明。坐觀垂釣者，徒有羨魚情！

---

1 Zhang Jiuling (678-740), a poet and the prime minister of the time.

2 The last two lines mean the poet is envious of the successful officials and wishes Zhang to give him a hand.

Visiting an Old Friend's Cottage

Meng Haoran

An old friend has prepared chicken and food
　　And invited me to his cottage hall.
The village is surrounded by green wood:
　　Blue mountains slant beyond the city wall.
The window opened, we face field and ground,
　　And cup in hand, we talk of crops of grain.
When the Double Ninth Festival comes round,
　　I will come for chrysanthemums again.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

過故人莊　　孟浩然

故人具雞黍、邀我至田家。綠樹村邊合，青山郭外斜。
開軒面場圃，把酒話桑麻。待到重陽日，還來就菊花。

Thoughts on a Day When Cold Winds Come Early

Meng Haoran

When leaves are falling the wild geese fly south;
The waters grow chill as the wind blows north.
At the curve of Xian River there's my home;
It lies far in Chu Land where the clouds roam.
I rove, exhausting my homesick tears in my eyes,
And watch a lone sail fading to the skies.
I want to know where to find a ferry boat,
O'er the boundless surface clad in a gloomy coat.

Tr. Wu Juntao

早寒有懷　　孟浩然

木落雁南度，北風江上寒。我家襄水曲，遙隔楚雲端。
鄉淚客中盡，孤帆天際看。迷津欲有問，平海夕漫漫。

A Spring Morning

Meng Haoran

This morn of spring in bed I'm lying,
Not woke up till I hear birds crying.
After one night of wind and showers,
How many are the fallen flowers!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

春曉　　孟浩然

春眠不覺曉，處處聞啼鳥。夜來風雨聲，花落知多少？

To Buddhist Priest Yuan from Changan

Meng Haoran

I often want to take a rest on a quiet knoll,
Yet a light purse forbids me in snug nooks to stroll.
The Northern Land is not the place which I have sought;
Your dwelling, like Donglin Fane, is much in my thought.
I cannot live when firewood as cassia is dear;[1]
My lofty ideals are declining year by year.
In the evening the chilly wind comes and gains;
The chirps of cicadas give me even more pains.

Tr. Wu Juntao

秦中寄遠上人　　孟浩然

一邱常欲臥，三逕苦無資。北土非吾願，東林懷我師。
黃金然桂盡，壯志逐年衰。日夕涼風至，聞蟬但益悲！

1　"Rice is as precious as pearls and firewood as costly as cassia" is an idiom in Chinese language signifying an exorbitantly high cost of living.

Dining in Taoist Priest Mei's Mountain Hut

Meng Haoran

Awaking in the woods I fear that the spring wanes and thins;
Drawing apart the curtains I feast on the lovely scenes.
Unexpectedly comes the fairy messenger Bluebird,
Inviting me to Chisongzi's[1] home in the fairy world.
The alchemy furnace[2] is set to make flames which boom;
The buds of the immortal peaches[3] are coming into bloom.
Could they keep one's childish features forever and ever,
Why can't we be drunk with a nectar of holy flavour?

Tr. Wu Juntao

宴梅道士山房　　孟浩然

林臥愁春盡，搴帷見物華。忽逢青鳥使，邀入赤松家。
丹竈初開火，仙桃正發花。童顏若可駐，何惜醉流霞！

---

1 Bluebird, a mythical bird, the messenger of Western Queen-Mother. Chisongzi, an immortal.

2 The Taoists think that they can make pills of immortality in a furnace.

3 It is told in a story that Western Queen-Mother had given Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty (156 B.C.-87 B.C.) the peaches of immortality which fruited only once in three thousand years.

A Warrior and a Singer

Li Qi

As a boy, he went in for long-distance hikes.
While young, he travelled in Hebei and Liaoning.
In a tourney, hoofs almost trampled him down.
Henceforth, life and limb to him was a small thing.

When he showed fight, with the intention to kill,
To step forward to challenge him, none would dare.
After the fashion of porcupine bristles,
His whiskers stuck out with a defiant air.

Yellow clouds are hanging low about Longshan.
White clouds are rising—flying—in a mad race.
Until he repays the favors given him,
He could never return to his native place.

In Liaodong is a young woman aged fifteen.
She plays the lute and sings so well one rarely hears.
As she sings her set of Qiang frontier songs,
The three Armies burst into torrential tears.

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

古意　　李頎

男兒事長征，少小幽燕客。賭勝馬蹄下，由來輕七尺！殺人莫敢前，鬚如蝟毛磔。黃雲隴底白雲飛，未得報恩不得歸。遼東少婦年十五，慣彈琵琶解歌舞。今爲羌笛出塞聲，使我三軍淚如雨！

A Send-off to Chen Changfu

Li Qi

In May, barley turns yellow; south winds are strong.
Date flowers unfallen; tung leaves have become long.
Green hills one bade farewell to, at early morn –
One can still see when the day is about gone.
In a journey – on the road – the sound of neighs –
Sets a person thinking of his native place.

Dragon-whiskered and tiger-browed, with forehead wide,
You've a large heart, where in for Wisdom to reside.
Your profound knowledge comes from many a source;
You wouldn't bow to any treatment, smooth or coarse.

At the East Gate, you treat us to good wine and food.
Nothing – weighty enough to press your buoyant mood.
Drunk, asleep, you don't know the day has breathed its last.
Sometimes, you gaze blankly on a cloud, flying past.

Crests appeared on the Yangtze against a black sky.
"No traffic, today", was the ferry-master's cry.
Your arrival home must have been delayed, indeed.
Futile regret was mine, as I wished you godspeed.
You've many friends in the place, where you used to stay.
Dismissed yesterday, how are you faring today?

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

送陳章甫　　李頎

四月南風大麥黃，棗花未落桐葉長。青山朝別暮還見，
嘶馬出門思舊鄉。陳侯立身何坦蕩，虬鬚虎眉仍大顙，
腹中貯書一萬卷，不肯低頭在草莽。東門酤酒飲我曹，
心輕萬事如鴻毛，醉臥不知白日暮，有時空望孤雲高！
長河浪頭連天黑，津吏停舟渡不得！鄭國遊人未及家，
洛陽行子空歎息！聞道故林相識多，罷官昨日今如何！

Deeply Moved by Music

Li Qi

The host has ample supplies of wine,
For the night, his friends he entertains.
The master-dulcimist from Guangling,
Is requested to play a few strains.

Moonlight glides over the city walls,
O'er which the scattered crows are in flight —
A wind that penetrates one's clothes —
Imparts to all plants a frosty white.

Added lamps to the candelabra —
Render the spacious room very bright.
First, he plays the song *The Green Waters;*
Then *The Chu Concubine,* something light.

The whole creation seems to stand still,
As he performs the opening bars.
The guests fall into solemn silence.
Even the stars appear to be sparse.

My thoughts at once hark back to the post
I hold by the Clear Huai far, far away.
"I can't go on. Things must begin here."
To clouds and hills I venture to say.

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

琴歌　　李頎

主人有酒歡今夕，請奏鳴琴廣陵客。月照城頭烏半飛，霜淒萬木風入衣。銅鑪華燭燭增輝，初彈淥水後楚妃。一聲已動物皆靜，四座無言星欲稀。清淮奉使千餘里，敢告雲山從此始！

On Hearing Dong Tinglan Play the *Song of the Tartar Pipe*, Written also for Minister Fang

Li Qi

Lady Zhai once composed
An air on the Tartar pipe.
The melody was one of eighteen stanzas.
Upon hearing it, the Tartan tears
Fell and wet the wayside grass;
And the Han envoy with an aching heart
Saw her homeward depart.

Today, wild and forlorn
Are those ancient battlegrounds
With beacon fires cold,
The border wasteland dreary
With flurrying snow.

As you string first the quick,
Then the long and the low,
There the autumn leaves rustle in fright.
Master Dong,
You are indeed inspired.

聽董大彈胡笳兼寄語弄房給事　　李頎

蔡女昔造胡笳聲，一彈一十有八拍。胡人落淚沾邊草，
漢使斷腸對歸客。古戍蒼蒼烽火寒，大荒陰沉飛雪白。
先拂商絃後角羽，四郊秋葉驚摵摵。董夫子，通神明，

Deep in the pines
Come phantoms listening in stealth, thrilled,
Slow or fast, the notes respond to your touch,
Fading and then swelling
As if with passion filled.

The birds disperse, then reassemble
On the empty hills;
The floating clouds along ten thousand leagues
Descend and then scatter.
At night a fledgling wild goose
Wails for its lost flock,
And the Tartar child sobs for Mother.

The river streams calm their ripples.
The birds cease their twitters.
Hun tribesmen remember the distant land,
A bitter lament
Risen from the dust of Turfan and sand.

Suddenly the sombre tune shifts
To gale and torrent.
The long wind streaks the forest;

深松竊聽來妖精。言遲更速皆應手，將往復旋如有情；空山百鳥散還合，萬里浮雲陰且晴；嘶酸雛雁失群夜，斷絕胡兒戀母聲；川為淨其波，鳥亦罷其鳴。烏孫部落家鄉遠，邏娑沙塵哀怨生。幽音變調忽飄灑，長風吹林

The rain gushes down the tiles.
Cascading over the tree-tops,
The hissing spray flies.
Wild deer bay coming down the hall.

In Changan, near the Palace East Wall.
Between Phoenix Pool and the Gate of Blue Carves,
A scholar who lives above
Fame and wealth, waits night and day
For you the lute to play.

Tr. Liu Nienling

雨墮瓦；迸泉颯颯飛木末，野鹿呦呦走堂下。長安城連東掖垣，鳳凰池對青瑣門；高才脫略名與利，日夕望君抱琴至！

On Hearing An Wanshan Play the Tartar Reed-Pipe

Li Qi

The Tartar pipe came
From the cut bamboo of South Mountain.
This instrument was born of Persian hands.
Plaintive is its tune
When transplanted to the Han lands.

A Tartar from Liangzhou plays for me,
And sigh the companions who hear it.
The travellers from afar
Shed homesick tears.

One enjoys the tune
With yet no appreciation.
One great wind moves freely,
Whistling along the aged cypress
And the withered mulberry.

聽安萬善吹觱篥歌　　李頎

南山截竹為觱篥，此樂本自龜茲出。流傳漢地曲轉奇，
涼州胡人為我吹。傍鄰聞者多歎息，遠客思鄉皆淚垂！
世人能聽不能賞，長飆風中自來往。枯桑老柏寒颼飀，

Nine phoenix nestlings
Twitter in disarray.
Blasting in unison,
The dragons howl;
The tigers roar.
The voices of Nature and
One hundred springs, all
Celebrate the coming of the Fall.

Abruptly the tune transforms
Into the drum-song of Yuyang.
Yellow clouds hang lonely,
Darkened is the sun whits.

One more turn, one seems to hear
Spring in the Willow.
A thousand blooms enlighten the sight
In the Royal Park.

On this eve of New Year,
The great hall with candles glowing in display,
For drinking, a goblet of mellow wine,
For music are these songs divine.

Tr. Liu Nicnling

九雛鳴鳳亂啾啾；龍吟虎嘯一時發，萬籟百泉相與秋。
忽然更作漁陽摻，黃雲蕭條白日黯。變調如聞楊柳春，
上林繁花照眼新。歲夜高堂列明燭，美酒一杯聲一曲。

An Old War Song

Li Qi

We climb the hill by day to watch for beacon fires
And water horses by riverside when day expires.
We strike the gong in sand-darkened land where wind blows
And hear the pipa tell the Princess' secret woes.[1]
There is no town for miles and miles but tents in a row,
And the heavy sky joins the wide desert in snow.
It's the wild geese honking from night to night we hear
And Tartar soldiers we see shedding tear on tear.
'Tis said we cannot go back through the Jade-Gate Pass,
We'd risk our lives to follow war-chariots, alas!
We bury the dead in the desert year on year
Only to bring back grapes from over the frontier.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

古從軍行　　李頎

白日登山望烽火，黃昏飲馬傍交河。行人刁斗風砂暗，
公主琵琶幽怨多。野營萬里無城郭，雨雪紛紛連大漠。
胡雁哀鳴夜夜飛，胡兒眼淚雙雙落。聞道玉門猶被遮，
應將性命逐輕車。年年戰骨埋荒外，空見蒲萄入漢家！

---

1 The Princess refers to the beautiful Lady Wang Zhao-jun who was married, upon royal order, to the Khan of the Tartar tribe in 33 B.C.

Seeing Wei Wan Off to the Capital

Li Qi

On frosty morn floats the wanderer's parting song,
Accompanying you across the river all along.
Can you bear the sad strains of wild geese flying past
When, grieved in cloudy mountains, you must travel fast?
Yellowing leaves around the pass hear winter's wails,
The Royal Park at dusk resounds with washing-flails.
Do not take Changan for a capital of pleasure
Wherein to idle time away – a fleeting treasure!

Tr. Zhang Wenhao

送魏萬之京　　李頎

朝聞遊子唱離歌，昨夜微霜初度河。鴻雁不堪愁裏聽，
雲山況是客中過。關城曙色催寒近，御苑砧聲向晚多。
莫是長安行樂處，空令歲月易蹉跎！

Boating on the Ruoye Stream in Spring

Qiwu Qian

To be a recluse is e'er my desire,
Where'er chance takes me I'm willing to go.
Between flowering trees into the stream
The evening wind my boat does blow.
By night we turn into the western vale,
And see the Dipper o'er the hill aglow.
Above the still water mist 'gins to rise
While the moon hangs behind the forest low.
Dim and hazy the way of life ahead,
A fisherman I'd be with line in tow.

Tr. Qiu Ke'an

春泛若耶溪　　綦毋潛

幽意無斷絕，此去隨所偶。晚風吹行舟，花路入溪口；
際夜轉西壑，隔山望南斗；潭煙飛溶溶，林月低向後。
生事且瀰漫，願爲持竿叟。

Enjoying the Moonlight with My Cousin in the South Study and Thinking of My Friend Prefect Cui in Shanyin

Wang Changling

In the South Study idly I lie;
Through the open curtain I watch the moon rise.
The radiant moonlight glitters on the reflections of trees in the water;
It flickers and lingers on my window panes.
Time speeds as the moon waxes and wanes;
Under its pure splendour the cosmos turns from past to present.
Tonight by the Lucid River my bosom friend is sure to stand
Chanting songs of his native land.
What if you and I are separated by ten thousand *li*?
A light breeze brings the fragrance of your orchid[1] to me.

Tr. Tao Jie

同從弟南齋翫月憶山陰崔少府　　王昌齡

高臥南齋時，開帷月初吐。清輝淡水木，演漾在窗戶。
苒苒幾盈虛？澄澄變今古。美人清江畔，是夜越吟苦。
千里其如何？微風吹蘭杜。

---

1 An allusion to the fact that Prefect Cui's noble character was known far and wide.

A Song of the Frontier

Wang Changling

Along the Xiaguan Paths[1] wail the cicadas
In the mulberry woods at the eighth moon.
Where'er you turn, in and out of the Pass
You see but withered reeds and grass.

Few warriors garrisoned on the frontiers,
Ever live to return, since of old.
Do not imitate adventurous cavaliers
Bragging their horses had no peers.

Tr. Tao Jie

塞上曲　　王昌齡

蟬鳴桑樹間，八月蕭關道。出塞復入塞，處處黃蘆草。
從來幽并客，皆向沙場老。莫作游俠兒，矜誇紫騮好！

1　One of the passes of the Great Wall.

A Frontier Song

Wang Changling

I water my horse while crossing the autumn river,
The water is cold and the wind like a sword piercing.
The setting sun over the sandy plains lingers,
In the gathering darkness I see Lintao[1] looming.

In days of yore battles were waged by the Great Wall;
What heroic deeds they were, all people say.
History, however, is buried in the yellow sands,
Scattered among the weeds nothing remains but bones grey.

Tr. Tao Jie

塞上曲　　王昌齡

飲馬渡秋水，水寒風似刀。平沙日未沒，黯黯見臨洮。
昔日長城戰，咸言意氣高。黃塵足今古，白骨亂蓬蒿。

---

1 A town in Gansu Province, the west end of the Great Wall.

Spring Court Plaint

Wang Changling

Last night a gentle spring breeze
Set in bloom the peach trees.
The moon was high and bright,
And on the Palace shed its light.

A dancing girl who knows to sing
Is newly favoured by the King.
A brocade robe is bestowed to the fair
Against the chilly outside air.

Tr. Tao Jie

春宮曲　　王昌齡

昨夜風開露井桃，未央前殿月輪高。平陽歌舞新承寵，
簾外春寒賜錦袍。

Sorrow of a Young Bride in Her Boudoir

Wang Changling

Nothing in her boudoir brings sorrow to the bride,
　　She mounts the tower, gaily dressed, on a spring day.
Suddenly seeing green willows by the roadside,
　　She sighs for her husband seeking fame far away.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

閨 怨　　　王昌齡

閨中少婦不知愁，春日凝妝上翠樓。忽見陌頭楊柳色，悔教夫壻覓封侯。

Seeing Xin Jian Off at Hibiscus Pavilion

Wang Changling

Along the river that merged with a cold rain
We entered the Wu city late at night.
Early at daybreak I bid you farewell,
With only the lone Chu Mc ntain in sight.

If my kinsfolk in Luoyang should feel concerned,
Please tell them for my part,
Like a piece of ice in a crystal vessel,
Fore'er aloof and pure remains my heart.

Tr. Tao Jie

芙蓉樓送辛漸　　王昌齡

寒雨連江夜入吳，平明送客楚山孤。洛陽親友如相問，
一片冰心在玉壺。

On the Frontier

Wang Changling

The age-old moon still shines o'er the ancient Great Wall,
But our frontier guardsmen have not come back at all.
Were the winged general of Dragon City here,
The Tartar steeds would not dare to cross the frontier.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

出塞　　王昌齡

秦時明月漢時關，萬里長征人未還。但使龍城飛將在，
不教胡馬度陰山。

A Court Lady Who Lost the Emperor's Favor

Wang Changling

She brings her broom at dawn to dust the golden halls
And strolls about with her round fan within palace walls.
Her jade-white face envies the luck of the crow's black one,
Oft bathed in favorable light of the Bright Sun.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

長信怨　　王昌齡

奉帚平明金殿開，暫將團扇共徘徊。玉顏不及寒鴉色，猶帶昭陽日影來。

A Distant View of Ji Gate[1]

Zu Yong

Away from Golden Terrace, heroes' hearts are stirred,
In General's Camps the drums and bugles thundering,
Over the vast expanse of shimmering pale snows,
Lofty flags against the dawning skies fluttering.
The moon is shadowed by flames from the battle-field,
The town's surround'd with cloudy mountains by the seaside.
Though I did not, while young, give up the pen for the spear,
Still I'll beg a long rope so that the foe be tied.

Tr. Zhu Jiongqiang

望薊門　　祖詠

燕臺一去客心驚，笳鼓喧喧漢將營。萬里寒光生積雪，
三邊曙色動危旌。沙場烽火侵胡月，海畔雲山擁薊城。
少小雖非投筆吏，論功還欲請長纓。

1　Ji Gate: The name of a pass at Ji County in Hopei Province.

Looking at the Zhongnan Mountain After Snowfall

Zu Yong

How lovely is this northern slope of Zhongnan!
Piled with fresh snow, above the clouds it leaps;
The sun emerging, the trees regain their colour,
But to the city a colder evening creeps.

Tr. Yang Zhouhan

終南望餘雪　　祖詠

終南陰嶺秀，積雪浮雲端。林表明霽色，城中增暮寒。

Green Stream

Wang Wei

Whenever to Yellow Flower River I go,
I track along Green Stream, which through the dales does
  flow.
Less than one hundred *li*, it's not a longish run,
But round the mountains for ten thousand times I'd turn.
Among the jumbly gravels the stream gurgles forward;
From the thick pines in quiet colours the stream is covered.
It ripples the water caltrops and floating hearts;
The hosts of reeds in the glazy mirror look smart.
My soul has long become an unfettered realm;
And how serene and peaceful is the limpid stream!
Let me remain here on the boulder in the nook,
To spend the rest of my life with a rod and hook.

Tr. Wu Juntao

青谿　　王維

言入黃花川，每逐青谿水。隨山將萬轉，趣途無百里。
聲喧亂石中，色靜深松裏。漾漾汎菱荇，澄澄映葭葦，
我心素以閑，清川澹如此！請留盤石上，垂釣將已矣！

At My Villa in Zhongnan[1]

Wang Wei

Midway on life's journey I believed in Tao,[2]
Now that I'm old I dwell near mountains green.
I loiter there alone whenever in the mood,
And enjoy without a companion the quiet scene.
Sauntering along till the end of the brook,
I take a rest and watch the clouds appear.
Casually encountering an old neighbour,
I forget to return, chatting in good cheer.

Tr. Sun Liang

終南別業　　王維

中歲頗好道，晚家南山陲。興來每獨往，勝事空自知。
行到水窮處，坐看雲起時。偶然值林叟，談笑無還期。

1 Zhongnan mountain ranges from Gansu Province in the west up to Henan Province in the east, extending over a thousand *li*. "My villa" refers to the Wang Stream Villa, the poet's hermitage.

2 Here, Tao denotes Buddhism rather than Taoism.

The Village on River Wei

Wang Wei

The village shines in the westering sun,
Along the lane cattle and sheep return.
Longing for his herd-boy, an oldster poor
Leans on a cane, by the dead hedge door.
The pheasants chirp among wheats with ears green;
Silkworms sleep while mulberry leaves grow thin.
Hoes on shoulders, the farmers come with ease;
As they meet, they talk friendily, without cease.
All these make me admire the leisure glad;
Chanting the poem of *Delay*[1] I feel sad.

Tr. Wu Juntao

渭川田家　　王維

斜陽照墟落，窮巷牛羊歸。野老念牧童，倚杖候荊扉。
雉雊麥苗秀，蠶眠桑葉稀。田夫荷鋤至，相見語依依。
即此羨閑逸，悵然吟式微！

1 *Delay* is one the poems in *The Book of Songs,* the very first collection of ancient Chinese poetry, wherein a line reads as "Delay, delay, why don't home make your way?"

A Farewell

Wang Wei

Dismounting, I invite you to drink wine;
Where are you leaving for? Is there a place fine?
Unheeded by the world, home you'll make your way
To lie down at Zhongnan Mountain's foot, you say.
No more questions I'll put but bid you good-bye;
The endless clouds are waiting for you on high!

Tr. Wu Juntao

送別　　王維

下馬飲君酒，問君何所之？君言不得意，歸臥南山陲。
但去莫復問，白雲無盡時。

Seeing Qiwu Qian Off to His Native Country After His Failure in the Examination

Wang Wei

There should be no hermit in the golden ages;
At the imperial court we see all sages.
Even those secluded noble minds would
No longer pluck wild vetches in the wood.
You have come to the capital, near Royal Gate;
Who could say that your principles are prate?
You spent the Cold Food Days[1] by the riverside;
Then in Luoyang you've sewn your clothes for the springtide.
On the main road of Changan I feast you with wine:
You are leaving me now, a bosom friend of mine.
In a cassia boat you will go along
And tap at the wattled gate of your cot before long.
The distant trees will point the way as you go;
The lonely city sits in the evening glow.
When your good purpose has happened to fail you,
Bethink you not that your intimate friends are few!

Tr. Wu Juntao

送綦毋潛落第還鄉　　王維

聖代無隱者，英靈盡來歸。遂令東山客，不得顧採薇。
既至金門遠，孰云吾道非？江淮度寒食，京洛縫春衣。
置酒長安道，同心與我違。行當浮桂棹，未幾拂荊扉。
遠樹帶行客，孤城當落暉。吾謀適不用，勿謂知音稀。

---

1 Cold Food Days: an ancient Chinese festival when fire was put under a ban for three days and only cold food was served. These two lines mean that one year had elapsed since last Cold Food Days and now it was the springtide again.

A Song of Xi Shi[1]

Wang Wei

As all the world thinks highly of Beauty,
Could Xi Shi live long in obscurity?
The morn saw her by Ruoye Stream-a lass;
A concubine in the night in Wu's Palace.
Any different from others when one's low staying?
Rarities are noted when outstanding!
She beckoned maids to deck her face and tress,
And never by herself donned a silk dress.
She became pamper'd more, being doted on,
And the King himself knew not right from wrong.
Lasses washing gauze with her in days of yore
Could not come now in the same coach with her.
To her plain vicinage it must be known –
Not try to imitate her charming frown!

Tr. Wu Juntao

西施詠　　　王維

艷色天下重，西施寧久微？朝爲越溪女，暮作吳宮妃。
賤日豈殊衆？貴來方悟稀。邀人傅香粉，不自著羅衣。
君寵益驕態，君憐無是非。當時浣紗伴，莫得同車歸。
持謝隣家子，效顰安可希？

---

1 Xi Shi, a beauty of Kingdom Yue of the Spring and Autumn Period (770-476 B.C.), was born in a woodcutter's family by Ruoye Stream.

The Old General

Wang Wei

At fifteen or twenty, he was unhorsed.
In his keen mind, thoughts of rescue took shape.
He feigned death and surprised his capturer;
Seized the latter's horse; made good his escape.

In a sense, he is another Zhou Chu.
With a single shot, a tiger, he fells.
In muscular strength, he exceeds Gao Zhang;
"The brown whiskered lad", whose every shot tells.

In battle, he was found ubiquitous.
Front or rear, he was seen fighting his way.
Armed with nothing more than a scimitar,
He had held a million men at bay.

老將行　　王維

少年十五二十時，步行奪得胡馬騎。射殺山中白額虎，
肯數鄴下黃鬚兒。一身轉戰三千里，一劍曾當百萬師。

Under him, Han soldiers with stout courage,
Went to battle with the might of thunder claps.
Enemy troops collapsed; fled for dear life,
Their cavalry -- in fear of Han's hoof-traps.

General Wei Qing didn't suffer defeat,
Because, by and large, luck was on his side.
General Li Guang didn't gain his knighthood
Because of age, the command he's denied.

Since our hero was given up as unfit,
He's shown signs of rapid senile decay.
Meanwhile, the world has changed; time has whirled off.
His hair has turned white; he's pining away.

He used to bring down birds with both eyes gone,
As a crack shot, so exact was his aim.
Nowadays, with his muscles out of tune,
A sore festering on his arms: For shame!

As a means of earning a livelihood,
On the wayside, he sells gourds from Dong-ling.

漢兵奮迅如霹靂，虜騎崩騰畏蒺藜。衛青不敗由天幸，
李廣無功緣數奇。自從棄置便衰朽，世事蹉跎成白首，
昔時飛箭無全目，今日垂楊生左肘。路旁時賣故侯瓜，

Before his gate, he plants five willow trees,
After the style of the famed Tao Yuan-ming.

A shapeless green expanse of ancient trees –
About the blind alley where to reside.
A few dismal-looking, forbidding hills –
He can watch from his door with little pride.

Like Geng-gong, he would call a spring to flow.
Be its source blocked by Hurs, it didn't refuse.
He would not act like Guan-fu of Yingchuan,
O'er wine to release a torrent of abuse.

Below Helanshan, like gathering clouds,
Units were deployed in battle array,
Urgent orders flashed across the whole land.
Such things we were given to know, night and day.

Ministers at Henei, Henan, Hedong –
Were to carry out vast recruiting plans.
An edict commissioned five generals –
To take command against the foe's advance.

門前學種先生柳。蒼茫古木連窮巷，寥落寒山對虛牖。
誓令疏勒出飛泉，不似潁川空使酒。賀蘭山下陣如雲，
羽檄交馳日夕聞。節使三河募年少，詔書五道出將軍。

Our hero shook the dust off his armor,
And donned it, which was now glistening white.
He took up his scimitar; flourished it.
Under starlight, the blade gleamed in the night.

'Twas his wish to be given a special bow,
With which he'd pot at generals alone;
And, with the assistance of troops from Yue,
Redeemed the honor we owe to the Throne.

As a soldier, he would still play his part,
As the restored Wei-shang did for his town.
He could stand a single battle as test.
He would win honors for himself and Crown.

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

試拂鐵衣如雪色，聊持寶劍動星文。願得燕弓射大將，
恥將越甲鳴吾君。莫嫌舊日雲中守，猶堪一戰立功勳！

The Legend of the Peach Blossom Valley[1]

Wang Wei

The fisher rowed his boat along the stream,
He loved the mountains clad in spring.
On either bank peach blossoms shone in glory,
To the old ford new life to bring.
The flaming trees he watched, and entranced,
Knew not how far he was from home,
Nor met a single soul when to the end
Of the blue stream he soon was come.
All through a narrow cavern then he took
At first his winding, lonely way;
Anon the cliffs parted to show a plain
That boundless stretched in shining day.

桃源行　　王維

漁舟逐水愛山春，兩岸桃花夾古津。坐看紅樹不知遠，
行盡青溪忽值人。山口潛行始隈隩，山開曠望旋平陸。

---

1 This poem is a verse paraphrase of a short prose fantasia, popular even to the present day, entitled *The Tale of the Peach Blossom Valley*, by the nature poet Tao Yuan-ming (365-427) of the Jin dynasty (265-419). Utopias have always been seriously conceived of in the minds of men, but what characterizes this tale is its purely romantic treatment of the theme. Tao knew such fairy lands could exist only in dreams, "never to be approached more".

He saw a distant grove of giant trees
　　That seemed to form a hanging cloud;
Nearer he found a thousand homesteads spread
　　That flowers and bamboos seemed to shroud.
The fisher gave the names of dynasties,
　　With Han the oldest to begin.
He found the dwellers dressed in garments quaint,
　　For they still kept the style of Qin.
There in the plain of Wuling they sojourned
　　T'escape the violence of the age,
Then carved from out a raging, boisterous world
　　A calm secluded heritage.
The moon serenely lapped the pines and houses
　　In silent peaceful rest at night.
At sunrise, fowls and dogs made merry din
　　All through the morning hazes bright.
In sweet surprise, the dwellers hastened all
　　To hail and meet an earthly guest,
And each and all invited him to home,
　　Of news from old homelands in quest.
At dawn, from out the fallen flowers was swept
　　A path or walk to every home,
To lead the stream-borne fisher in at dusk,
　　Their welcome guest once to become.
They said their forebears left the human world
　　To shun the troubles of the time,

遙看一處攢雲樹，近入千家散花竹。樵客初傳漢姓名，
居人未改秦衣服。居人共住武陵源，還從物外起田園。
月明松下房櫳靜，日出雲中雞犬喧；驚聞俗客爭來集，
競引還家問都邑。平明閭巷掃花開；薄暮漁樵乘水入。

And from here they returned not to their homes
For they found here a fairy clime.
Who of this valley ever knew of grief
That always racked the human world?
Though to the people outside, it was but
A distant hill in vapours furled.
The fisher feared not such a wonder land
Elusive be to trace or find,
And he began to miss his native town
Since worldly thoughts still held his mind.
Yet once outside this happy land, he soon
Left home again, for longer stay
Within that land, though mountains and waters deep
All seemed to hide the secret way.
He thought he could retrace the ancient path
Along the streams and every strand.
He knew not that the peaks and cliffs had changed
Since last he visited the land.
He only fancied that he had been deep
In hills and crags below and above,
And that the mazy windings of the stream
Would lead to that mist-veiled grove.
Spring came yearly to fill the streams with blossoms
And flooding them from shore to shore;
But the fairy land nestled at their source
Was ne'er to be approached more.

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

初因避地去人間，更問神仙遂不還。峽裏誰知有人事？
世中遙望空雲山：不疑靈境難聞見，塵心未盡思鄉縣。
出洞無論隔山水，辭家終擬長游衍。自謂經過舊不迷，
安知峰壑今來變。當時只記入山深，青溪幾度到雲林。
春來遍是桃花水，不辨仙源何處尋！

The Maid of Luoyang

Wang Wei

The Maid of Luoyang[1] in a palace dwells
        That from the front o'erlooks the gate.
Her face and figure plainly tell to all
        That springs she's scarcely seen twice eight.
Her lord rides on a stately horse, with spurs
        Of gold and bit of snowy jade;
On broiled dainties of the brook she feeds,
        By serving maids on gold plates laid.
One glittering chamber on another looks
        And terrace on terraces leans.
Red the peach blossoms and green the willows
        That from the eaves hang low like screens.

洛陽女兒行　　王維

洛陽女兒對門居，纔可容顏十五餘。良人玉勒乘驄馬，侍女金盤膾鯉魚。畫閣朱樓盡相望，紅桃綠柳垂簷向。

1 During the Tang dynasty, Luoyang was one of the richest cities in China.

She drives in carriages of sandalwood,
In broidered satin richly draped,
While pearly peacock fans will shade her back
To canopies like lilies shaped.
Her lord is young, her lord is wealthy too,
And pride from wealth and state has sprung.
In opulent contempt of men he acts
More insolently than Jilung.[1]
He cherishes his darling love so much
As himself to teach her dances;
And gives away his coral in sheer spite
Since his emerald entrances.

羅幃送上七香車，寶扇迎歸九華帳。狂夫富貴在青春，
意氣驕奢劇季倫。自憐碧玉親教舞，不惜珊瑚持與人。

---

1 Jilung refers to Shi Chong of the Jin dynasty (265-419) who ostentatiously rivaled the nobility in opulence. One nobleman Wang Kai paraded before his friends a coral tree measuring two feet in height, Shi Chong crashed it with one blow. Wang Kai was furious but was quickly put to shame when Shi Chong ordered his servants to bring over six coral trees, each three to four feet tall, which he offered to Wang Kai as something more worth keeping. Here the husband of the Maid of Luoyang also thinks his coral tree can be passed to his friends, since he possesses a rare "emerald" (line 24) in the Maid of Luoyang. In Chinese literature, an "emerald" connotes a girl of great beauty but (Alas!) from a lowly family.

The dawn peeps through the gilded windows tall
And dims the candelabra bright;
Their sparkling pendants cast yet flying specks
That glitter gem – like soft and light.
The revels o'er, she has no wish to hear
The singers practising their art.
Her toilet done, she sits in incensed dress,
Though only with a vacant heart.
The wealthy magnates of the town are all
Their dear acquaintances to be;
And night and day they barter visits with
The families of Zhao and Li.[1]
But O for that fair-faced maid of Yue[2]
A tear of pity who will weep?
Contemned and destitute, she washes yarns
In the lonely stream clear and deep.[3]

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

春窗曙滅九微火，九微片片飛花璅。戲罷曾無理曲時，
妝成祗是薰香坐。城中相識盡繁華，日夜經過趙李家，
誰憐越女顏如玉，貧賤江頭自浣紗！

---

1 Here the poet uses the term to signify the wealthy nobility in royal favour.

2 The "maid of Yue" refers to Xi Shi, the Helen of ancient China.

3 The last four lines carry the theme of the poem. For all her husband's opulence, the Maid of Luoyang has but a "vacant heart", and the truly fair maids of Yue suffer. The poet here hints at the misfortune of deserving scholars not accorded due recognition, while the undeserving under royal favour live in debauched luxury.

Retirement at Wangchuan
– To Pei Di

Wang Wei

The chilly mountains turn emerald green,
The autumn waters daily meandering.
Outside my thatch-door on my staff I lean,
Listening in evening wind to cicadas shrilling.
Beyond the ford the sun is nearly sunk;
From the village a wisp of smoke rises free.
You are another crazy Jieyu[1], drunk,
And wildly chant before my willow tree.[2]

Tr. Huang Xingsheng

輞川閒居贈裴秀才迪　　王維

寒山轉蒼翠，秋水日潺湲。倚杖柴門外，臨風聽暮蟬。
渡頭餘落日，墟里上孤煙。復值接輿醉，狂歌五柳前。

---

1 Jieyu feigned himself crazy to avoid serving under the government.
2 Here the mention of the willow tree suggests retirement from the world.

My Mountain Villa in an Autumn Evening

Wang Wei

After the rain has bathed the desolate mountain,
The fresh evening air blows the breath of autumn.
Into the forest of pines the moon sheds her lights;
Over the glistening rocks the spring water glides.
The bamboo leaves make noise when washer-girls are home;
The moving dories scattered the lotus blooms.
The fragrance of the vernal plants is on the wane;
Despite all this, here is the place I like to remain.

Tr. Wu Juntao

山居秋暝　　王維

空山新雨後，天氣晚來秋。明月松間照，清泉石上流。
竹喧歸浣女，蓮動下漁舟。隨意春芳歇，王孫自可留。

On Coming Back to Mount Song[1]

Wang Wei

The limpid stream girdles a dense thicket,
Carriages pass on the way so leisurely.
Pairing birds fly home with me in the dusk,
And the flowing water seems quite friendly.
The setting sun glows all over autumn hills,
A desolate town looks out on the aged ferry.
Below the towering Song that covers a long range,
I have come home, and close my door calmly.

Tr. Sun Liang

歸嵩山作　　王維

清川帶長薄，車馬去閒閒。流水如有意，暮禽相與還。
荒城臨古渡，落日滿秋山。迢遞嵩高下，歸來且閉關。

1 Mount Song, the central one of the Five Great Mountains, lies in the north of Dengfeng County, Henan Province, in north China.

Mount Zhongnan

Wang Wei

Taiyi[1] soars toward the Heavenly Gate[2],
Range upon range, stretching up to the sea.
White clouds merge as I turn back to gaze,
While bluish mists vanish when I look closely.
As the Mid-Peak divides celestial zones[3],
Gorges and ravines in light and shade differ.
Seeking a lodge to pass the night alone,
I inquire a woodcutter beyond the river.

Tr. Sun Liang

終南山　　王維

太乙近天都，連山到海隅。白雲迴望合，青靄入看無。
分野中峯變，陰晴衆壑殊。欲投人處宿，隔水問樵夫。

---

1 The main or central peak of Zhongnan, representing the entire range.
2 Literally, paradise; symbolically, the imperial capital Changan.
3 In ancient astronomy, the division of celestial zones corresponds to that of terrestrial areas. Hence, Taiyi is the sign of demarcation in both senses.

Paying Visit to Incense Storing Temple

Wang Wei

Not knowing where is Incense Storing Temple,
A few *li* up the cloudy peaks I ramble.
Among the ancient woods there are no trails.
Where in the remote mountains toll the bells?
Over the rocks the spring gushes and shines;
The sun sheds cooling light in the green pines.
At dusk, the hollow pool looks tortuous;
Dharma must have annihilated the dragon's tortures.[1]

Tr. Wu Juntao

過香積寺　　王維

不知香積寺，數里入雲峯。古木無人逕，深山何處鐘？
泉聲咽危石，日色冷青松。薄暮空潭曲，安禪制毒龍。

1 A story in the Buddhist scripture states the subjugation of a viperous dragon by a Buddhist high monk. It tells that the dragon, hiding in the western pool, hurt a lot of people. With the power of Dharma the high monk subdued it at last.

Farewell to Prefect Li of Zizhou[1]

Wang Wei

In countless valleys trees soar to the skies;
A thousand peaks resound with cuckoos' cries.
A heavy rain in the mountains all night
Brings cascades from the tree-tops on the height.
With "tong" flower cloth[2] Han women pay tribute;
On taro fields Ba people[3] may dispute.
Instruct the people like the ancient sage[4]!
Is glory only for the bygone age?

Tr. Huang Xingsheng

送梓州李使君　　王維

萬壑樹參天，千山響杜鵑。山中一夜雨，樹杪百重泉。
漢女輸橦布，巴人訟芋田。文翁翻教授，不敢倚先賢。

---

1 Zizhou, now Santai county, Sichuan province.
2 The flowers of "tong" trees were used to make cloth by Han women, who paid it to the government as taxes.
3. "Ba people" generally refers to the peoples living in Sichuan province.
4 "The ancient sage" refers to Wen Weng, who was appointed Prefect of Shu (Sichuan) by Emperor Chin during the Western Han Dynasty (206 B.C.–8A.D.). He was well-known in history for his special efforts and memorable achievement in civilizing and educating the peoples of Shu.

Gazing Afar by the Han River[1]

Wang Wei

The border of Chu[2] lies close to Three Xiang,[3]
Mount Jingmen looms above the nine streams.
The grand river flows beyond heaven and earth,
Distant hills float and fade out by turns, it seems.
Shires and burghs shimmer o'er the shore yonder,
The horizon ripples with waves surging up.
How enchanting the scenery in Xiangyang!
I will stay with old Shan[4] and drain my cup.

Tr. Sun Liang

漢江臨眺　　王維

楚塞三湘接，荊門九派通。江流天地外，山色有無中。
郡邑浮前浦，波瀾動遠空。襄陽好風日，留醉與山翁。

---

1 Flowing across Xiangyang, Hanyang and other places in Hubei Province, the Han River merges with the Yangtse River near Hankou.
2 A powerful dukedom in the era of the Warring States (475-221 B.C.), whose territory covered the modern provinces Hubei and Hunan in central China.
3 An abbreviated name referring to the three counties in Hunan Province: Xiangtan, Xiangying, and Xiangshang.
4 Here, the poet meant the local administrator who entertained him.

Written at the Rural Retreat at Wangchuan During a Prolonged Rain

Wang Wei

Smoke is curling in the rain-soaked forest, meals being delayed;
Cooked vegetable and millet to the reclaimed land is conveyed.
Over the broad watery fields the white-feathered egrets fly;
In the shadowy summer woods yellow orioles warble high.
I oft watch the shrubby althaea blow on hillside quiet,
And dine under a pine tree with dew-freshed mallow as diet.
A rustic old man I've now merged myself with the folks around;
Why should birds be suspicious of me and not come to the ground?[1]

Tr. Zeng Bingheng

積雨輞川莊作　王維

積雨空林煙火遲，蒸藜炊黍餉東菑。漠漠水田飛白鷺，
陰陰夏木囀黃鸝。山中習靜觀朝槿，松下清齋折露葵。
野老與人爭席罷，海鷗何事更相疑！

---

1 A boy used to play with sea-gulls on the beach and no bird was afraid of him. But after the boy's father had told him to catch some birds home, there was not a single sea-gull flying down to the boy again.

A Parting

Wang Wei

Watching you leave the hill, compeer,
　　Till dusk, I close my wicket door.
When grass turns green in spring next year,
　　Will you return with spring once more?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

送別　　王維

山中相送罷，日暮掩柴扉；春草明年綠，王孫歸不歸？

A Rencontre

Wang Wei

Here you are from my home town,
What news have you brought down?
The day you were to come –
Oh, did the winter-plum
By the window, blossom some?

Tr. Lin Tongzhu

雜詩　　王維

君自故鄉來，應知故鄉事。來日綺窗前，寒梅著花未？

Thinking of My Brothers on Mountain-Climbing Day

Wang Wei

Alone, a lonely stranger in a foreign land,
I doubly pine for my kinsfolk on holiday.
I know my brothers would, with dogwood spray[1] in hand,
Climb up the mountain and miss me so far away.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

九月九日憶山東兄弟　　王維

獨在異鄉爲異客，每逢佳節倍思親。遙知兄弟登高處，
徧插茱萸少一人。

1 A dogwood spray carried on Mountain-Climbing Day, the ninth day of the ninth lunar month, was supposed to drive away evil spirits.

Love Seeds

Wang Wei

Red berries grow in southern land,
　　In spring they overload the trees.
Gather them till full is your hand:
　　They would revive fond memories.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

相思　　王維

紅豆生南國，春來發幾枝？願君多采擷，此物最相思。

In Response to Subprefect Zhang

Wang Wei

In evening years I only care for peace:
No world affairs ever trouble my mind's ease.
Surveying myself I saw no far-going ways.
Why not return to the woods of my young days?
My loose sash's caressed by the wind from pines.
On the strings of my lute the hill moon shines.
You ask the reason for failure and success –
A fisher croons into the stream's recess.

Tr. Huang Xingsheng

酬張少府　　王維

晚年惟好靜，萬事不關心。自顧無長策，空知返舊林。
松風吹解帶，山月照彈琴。君問窮通理，漁歌入浦深。

Answering the Imperial Call to Write in Reply to His Majesty's Poem: Viewing the Scene in Spring Rain on an Excursion

Wang Wei

The Wei River takes its winding course near the strongholds of Qin;
The Yellow Hill stands slant around the ancient palace of Han.
Among courtyard willows appears the royal attendants' train;
Off the road flowers in the garden attract every man.
Clouds hang above the palace gate where two golden phoenixes stand high;
Rain falls upon ten thousand roofs amid the foliage of spring trees.
His Majesty is out in springtime so as with nature to comply,
But not merely to seek pleasure and to see beautiful sceneries.

Tr. Zeng Bingheng

奉和聖製從蓬萊向興慶閣道中留春雨中春望之作應制

王維

渭水自縈秦塞曲，黃山舊繞漢宮斜。鑾輿迥出千門柳，閣道迴看上苑花。雲裏帝城雙鳳闕，雨中春樹萬人家。為乘陽氣行時令，不是宸遊翫物華。

Replying to Secretary Jia Zhi's Poem
An Early Levee at Daming Palace

Wang Wei

The crimson-capped watchmen herald the morntide;
The wardrobe-keepers send in the kingfisher-cloud gown.
Onto the palaces sky-high portals open out wide;
Envoys from myriads of states bow down to the crown.
The fans[1] spread out just as the aurora descends;
Around the dragon robe incense floats higher.
To draft the five-coloured edicts, once the levee ends,
To Phoenix Pool[2] with pendants tinkling you retire.

Tr. Huang Xingsheng

和賈至舍人早朝大明宮之作　　王維

絳幘雞人報曉籌，尚衣方進翠雲裘。九天閶闔開宮殿，萬國衣冠拜冕旒。日色纔臨仙掌動，香煙欲傍袞龍浮。朝罷須裁五色詔，佩聲歸到鳳池頭。

---

1 The fan-shaped devices used as ornaments, held by the guard of honour behind the emperor or empress.

2 Phoenix Pool was another name for the Grand Imperial Secretariat in which the poet Jia Zhi served as Secretary.

To the Court-Affair Administrator Guo

Wang Wei

Turrets and arched doors are lighted by the setting sun on high;
Amidst the leafy boughs of peach and plum willow catkins fly.
You sit in the office till evening bell is faintly ringing;
Few courtiers stay in the bureau and birds are heard singing.
At dawn, with jade pendants swinging, you go to the Golden Court;
At dusk, you receive imperial edicts at the Green Port.
Now I'm too old to follow you though I have such a desire;
Illness will cause me to take off my court robe and to retire.

Tr. Zeng Bingheng

酬郭給事　　王維

洞門高閣靄餘輝，桃李陰陰柳絮飛。禁裏疏鐘官舍晚，
省中啼鳥吏人稀。晨搖玉珮趨金殿，夕奉天書拜瑣闈。
強欲從君無那老，將因臥病解朝衣。

Hut Among the Bamboos

Wang Wei

Sitting among bamboos alone,
        I play my lute and croon carefree.
In the deep woods where I'm unknown,
        Only the bright moon peeps at me.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

竹里館　　王維

獨坐幽篁裏，彈琴復長嘯。深林人不知，明月來相照。

The Deer Enclosure

Wang Wei

I see no one in mountains deep
 But hear a voice in the ravine.
Through the dense wood the sunbeams peep
 And are reflect'd on mosses green.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

鹿柴　　王維

空山不見人，但聞人語響。返景入深林，復照青苔上。

A Farewell Song

Wang Wei

No dust is raised on pathways wet with morning rain,
The willows by the tavern look so fresh and green.
I invite you to drink a cup of wine again,
West of the Southern Pass no more friends will be seen.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

渭城曲　　王維

渭城朝雨裛輕塵，客舍青青柳色新。勸君更盡一杯酒，
西出陽關無故人。

An Autumn Night

Wang Wei

Chilled by light autumn dew beneath the crescent moon,
　　She will not change her dress though her silk robe is
　　　thin.
Playing all night on silver lute an endless tune,
　　Afraid of empty rooms, she can't bear to go in.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

秋夜曲　　王維

桂魄初生秋露微，輕羅已薄未更衣。銀箏夜久殷勤弄，
心怯空房不忍歸。

Failing to Find the Hermit of West Hill at Home

Qiu Wei

Just a thatched cottage on top
Of the four-leagued straight-up hill.
No servant appears at the knock,
Little furniture his room does fill.
He must have gone fishing in stream,
If not carting his own firewood.
Having crossed, we fail to meet,
How I miss him and sadly brood.
The grass is green in the new rain,
Beyond the hut the pine trees sough.
The perfect quietude soothes
And clears up my mind and brow.
Though hospitality there isn't,
A sense of communion has pervaded.
Being satisfied I leave the hill,
The need to wait for him has faded.

Tr. Qiu Ke'an

尋西山隱者不遇　　丘爲

絕頂一茅茨，直上三十里。扣關無僮僕，窺室惟案几。
若非巾柴車，應是釣秋水？差池不相見，黽勉空仰止。
草色新雨中，松聲晚窗裏。及茲契幽絕，自足蕩心耳。
雖無賓主意，頗得清淨理。興盡方下山，何必待之子！

To Prefect Liu
— Mounting the Divine Terrace on the Double Ninth Festival

Cui Shu

As I mount at peep of day the lofty terrace
Erected by Emperor Han Wendi in his reign,
I see all northern mountains towering into clouds,
And the two eastern Royal Tombs braving wind and rain.
Gone is the former warden who kept Taoist classics
And nowhere can be found the old scholar divine.
But I would like to invite the prefect near-by
to drink a hearty cup of chrysanthemum wine.

Tr. Wan Changsheng

九日登望仙臺呈劉明府　　崔曙

漢文皇帝有高臺，此日登臨曙色開。三晉雲山皆北向，二陵風雨自東來。關門令尹誰能識，河上仙翁去不回。且欲近尋彭澤宰，陶然共醉菊花杯。

Leaving the White Emperor Town for Jiangling

Li Bai

Leaving at dawn the White Emperor crowned with cloud,
I've sailed a thousand li through Canyons in a day.
With the monkeys' adieus the riverbanks are loud,
My skiff has left ten thousand mountains far away.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

早發白帝城　　李白

朝辭白帝彩雲間，千里江陵一日還。兩岸猿聲啼不住，
輕舟已過萬重山。

Farewell Beyond the Thorn-Gate Gorge

Li Bai

Leaving Mount Thorn-Gate far away,
Our boat pursues its eastward way.
Where mountains end begins the plain;
The River rolls to boundless main.
The moon, celestial mirror, flies;
The clouds like miraged towers rise.
The water that from homeland flows
Will follow me where my boat goes.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

渡荊門送別　　李白

渡遠荊門外，來從楚國遊。山隨平野盡，江入大荒流。
月下飛天鏡，雲生結海樓。仍憐故鄉水，萬里送行舟。

Seeing Meng Haoran Off at Yellow Crane Tower

Li Bai

My friend has left the west where towers Yellow Crane
For River Town when willow-down and flowers reign.
His lessening sail is lost in the boundless azure sky,
Where I see but the endless River rolling by.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

黃鶴樓送孟浩然之廣陵　　李白

故人西辭黃鶴樓，煙花三月下揚州。孤帆遠影碧空盡，
惟見長江天際流。

Thoughts on Old Time from a Night Mooring near Cattle Hill

Li Bai

I moor near Cattle Hill at night
        When there's no cloud to fleck the sky.
On deck I gaze at the moon so bright,
        Thinking of General Xie[1] with a sigh.
I too can chant — to what avail?
        None has like him a listening ear.
Tomorrow I shall hoist my sail,
        'Mid fallen maple leaves I'll leave here.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

夜泊牛渚懷古　　李白

牛渚西江夜，青天無片雲。登舟望秋月，空憶謝將軍！
余亦能高詠，斯人不可聞。明朝挂帆去，楓葉落紛紛。

---

1 General Xie of Jin dynasty praised a young poet who chanted his poems one moonlit night on the river by Cattle Hill.

Ballad of a Merchant's Wife

Li Bai

I

My forehead covered by my hair cut straight,
I played with flowers pluck'd before the gate.
On a hobby-horse you came on the scene,
Around the well we played with mumes still green.
We lived, close neighbors on Riverside lane.
Carefree and innocent, we children twain.
I was fourteen when I became your young bride,
I'd often turn my bashful face aside,
Hanging my head, I'd look towards the wall,
A thousand times I'd not answer your call.
I was fifteen when I composed my brows,
To mix my dust with yours were my dear vows.
Rather than break faith, you declared you'd die.
Who knew I'd live alone in a tower high?
I was sixteen when you went far away,
Passing Three Canyons studded with rocks gray,

長干行　　李白

妾髮初覆額，折花門前劇。郎騎竹馬來，繞床弄青梅。
同居長干里，兩小無嫌猜。十四爲君婦，羞顏未嘗開。
低頭向暗壁，千喚不一回。十五始展眉，願同塵與灰。
常存抱柱信，豈上望夫臺！十六君遠行，瞿塘灩澦堆；

Where ships were wrecked when spring flood ran high,
Where gibbons' wails seemed coming from the sky.
Green moss now overgrows before our door,
Your footprints, hidden, can be seen no more.
Moss can't be swept away: so thick it grows,
And leaves fall early when the west wind blows.
The yellow butterflies in autumn pass
Two by two o'er our western-garden grass.
This sight would break my heart, and I'm afraid,
Sitting alone, my rosy cheeks would fade.
Sooner or later, you'll leave the Western land.
Do not forget to let me know beforehand.
I'll walk to meet you and not call it far
To go to Long Wind Sands or where you are.

II

Brought up while young in inner room,
I knew nor wind nor dust that rose.
Since you became my dear bridegroom,
I've learned on the Sands[1] from where wind blows.

五月不可觸，猿聲天上哀！門前遲行跡，一一生綠苔。
苔深不能掃，落葉秋風早。八月蝴蝶黃，雙飛西園草。
感此傷妾心，坐愁紅顏老！早晚下三巴，預將書報家。
相迎不道遠，直至長風沙！
憶妾深閨裏，煙塵不曾識。嫁與長干人，沙頭候風色。

1 Long Wind Sands.

In the fifth moon south wind is high,
  I know you're sailing the river down;
In the eighth moon west wind comes nigh,
  I think you'll leave the river town.
I'm grieved to see you come and go:
  We sever longer than we meet.
When will you come home? Let me know!
  To cross the waves my dream is fleet.
Last night a violent wind blew,
  Breaking the tree by riverside.
So dark the boundless water grew!
  Where could your roving ship abide?
I'd ride upon a cloud-like steed
  To meet you east of River Green
Like two love-birds amid the reed
  Or kingfishers on silken screen.
I pity my fifteen-odd years,
  Like blooming peach my face is warm.
But I'm a merchant's wife in tears,
  Who worries over wind and storm.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

五月南風興，思君下巴陵；八月西風起，想君發揚子。
去來悲如何，見少別離多！湘潭幾日到？妾夢越風波！
昨夜狂風度，吹折江頭樹。淼淼暗無邊，行人在何處？
好乘浮雲驄，佳期蘭渚東。鴛鴦綠蒲上，翡翠錦屏中。
自憐十五餘，顏色桃花紅，那作商人婦；愁水又愁風！

To Meng Haoran

Li Bai

O Master Meng my friend! how I love thee
  Whose spirited ways to all the world are known!
White-head'd thou seek'st to lie beneath pine tree,
  As in fair youth thou spurned Rank and Gown.
Beneath the moon too oft thy cup thou'dst fill,
  And be rather charmed by flowers than the King to serve.
Thy Virtue fragrant, like a lofty hill,
  I can but homage pay that thou deserve.

Tr. Zhang Longxi

贈孟浩然　　李白

吾愛孟夫子，風流天下聞。紅顏棄軒冕，白首臥松雲。
醉月頻中聖，迷花不事君。高山安可仰，徒此揖清芬！

The Moon over the Mountain Pass

Li Bai

From Heaven's Peak the moon rises bright,
        Over a boundless sea of cloud.
Winds blow for miles with main and might
        Past the Jade Gate which stands so proud.
Our warriors march down the frontier
        While Tartars peer across Blue Bays.
From the battlefield outstretched here,
        None have come back since olden days.
Guards watch the scene of borderland,
        Thinking of home, with wistful eyes.
Tonight upstairs their wives would stand,
        Looking afar with longing sighs.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

關山月　　李白

明月出天山，蒼茫雲海間。長風幾萬里，吹度玉門關。
漢下白登道，胡窺青海灣。由來征戰地，不見有人還！
戍客望邊色，思歸多苦顏。高樓當此夜，歎息未應閒！

Parting at a Tavern in Jinling

Li Bai

The tavern's sweetened when wind blows in willow-down,
A Southern maiden bids the guests to taste the wine.
My dear young friends have come to see me leave the town,
They drink their cups and I, still tarrying, drink mine.
O, ask the river flowing to the east, I pray,
Whether his parting grief or mine will longer stay!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

金陵酒肆留別　　李白

風吹柳花滿店香，吳姬壓酒勸客嘗。金陵子弟來相送，
欲行不行各盡觴。請君試問東流水，別意與之誰短長？

Hard Is the Road to Shu[1]

Li Bai

Oho! behold! how steep! how high!
The road to Shu is harder than to climb to the sky.
        Since the two pioneers
            Put the kingdom in order,
        Have passed forty-eight thousand years
            And few have tried to pass its border.
There's a bird track o'er Great White Mountain to the west,
Which cuts through Mountain Eyebrows by the crest.
The crest crumbled, five serpent-killing heroes slain,
Along the cliffs a rocky path was hacked then.
Above stand peaks too high for the sun to pass o'er;
Below, the torrents run back and forth, churn and roar.

蜀道難　　　李白

噫吁嚱危乎高哉！蜀道之難難於上青天！蠶叢及魚鳬，開國何茫然！爾來四萬八千歲，乃與秦塞通人煙。西當太白有鳥道，可以橫絕峨嵋巔。地崩山摧壯士死，然後天梯石棧方鉤連。上有六龍迴日之高標，下有衝波逆折

1　Shu: present-day Sichuan Province.

Even the Golden Crane can't fly across;
How to climb over, gibbons are at a loss.
What tortuous mountain path Green Mud Ridge faces!
Around the top we turn nine turns each hundred paces.
Looking up breathless, I can touch the stars nearby;
Beating my breast, I sink aground with long, long sigh.
When will you come back from this journey to the west?
How can you climb up dangerous path and mountain crest,
Where you can hear on ancient trees but sad birds wail
And see the female birds fly, followed by the male?
        And hear home-going cuckoos weep
        Beneath the moon in mountains deep?
The road to Shu is harder than to climb to the sky,
On hearing this, your cheeks would lose their rosy dye.
Between the sky and peaks there is not a foot's space.
And ancient pines hang, head down, from the cliff's surface,
And cataracts and torrents dash on boulders under,
Roaring like thousands of echoes of thunder.
So dangerous these places are,
Alas! why should you come here from afar?
Rugged is the path between the cliffs so steep and high,

之迴川；黃鶴之飛尚不得過，猿猱欲度愁攀緣。青泥何盤盤，百步九折縈巖巒。捫參歷井仰脅息，以手撫膺坐長歎；問君西遊何時還？畏途巉巖不可攀。但見悲鳥號古木，雄飛雌從繞林間。又聞子規啼，夜月愁空山。蜀道之難難於上青天，使人聽此彫朱顏。連峯去天不盈尺，枯松倒挂倚絕壁，飛湍瀑流爭喧豗，砯崖轉石萬壑雷，其險也如此，嗟爾遠道之人胡爲乎來哉？劍閣崢嶸而崔

Guarded by one
And forced by none.
Disloyal guards
Would turn wolves and pards,
Man-eating tigers at daybreak
And at dusk blood-sucking long snake.
One may make merry in the Town of Silk, I know,
But I would rather homeward go.
The road to Shu is harder than to climb to the sky,
I'd turn and westward look with long, long sigh.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

嵬，--夫當關，萬夫莫開，所守或匪親，化爲狼與豺；朝避猛虎，夕避長蛇，磨牙吮血，殺人如麻。錦城雖云樂，不如早還家；蜀道之難難於上青天，側身西望長咨嗟！

The Beautiful Lady Yang[1]

Li Bai

I

Her face is seen in flower and her dress in cloud,
A beauty by the rails caressed by vernal breeze.
If not a fairy queen from Jade-Green Mountains proud
She's Goddess of the Moon in Crystal Hall one sees.

II

She is a peony sweetened by dew impearled,
Far fairer than the Goddess[2] bringing showers in dreams.
Who could equal her in palace of ancient world?
Not e'en the newly-dressed "Flying Swallow"[3], it seems.

清平調三首　　李白

雲想衣裳花想容。春風拂檻露華濃。若非羣玉山頭見，會向瑤臺月下逢。

一枝紅豔露凝香，雲雨巫山枉斷腸。借問漢宮誰得似？可憐飛燕倚新粧！

---

1 Lady Yang Yuhuan was the favorite mistress of Emperor Tang Xuan Zong (reigned 725 – 768).

2 The legend said that the king of a southern kingdom dreamed of the Goddess of Mount Witch with whom he made love and who would come out in the morning in the form of a cloud and in the evening in the form of a shower.

3 "Flying Swallow" was the favorite mistress of Emperor Han Cheng Di (reigned 32 – 6 B.C.).

III

The lady fair admires and is admired by the flower,
    The sovereign would gaze upon them with a smile.
She leans on balustrade north of the Fragrant Bower,
    The longing of Spring Wind she knows how to beguile.

Fr. X. Y. Z.

名花傾國兩相歡，長得君王帶笑看。解識春風無限恨，沈香亭北倚闌干。

Descending Zhongnan Mountain and Meeting Husi the Hermit

Li Bai

At dusk I leave the hills behind,
        The moon escorts me all the way.
Looking back, I see the path wind
        Across the woods so green and gray.
We come to your cot hand in hand.
        Your lad opens the gate for me.
Bamboos along the alley stand
        And vines caress my cloak with glee.
I'm glad to talk and drink good wine
        Together with my hermit friend.
We sing the songs of wind and pine,
        And stars are set when singings end.
I'm drunk and you're merry and glad:
We both forget the world is sad.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

下終南山遇斛斯山人宿置酒　　李白

暮從碧山下，山月隨人歸。卻顧所來徑，蒼蒼橫翠微。
相攜及田家，童稚開荊扉。綠竹入幽徑，青蘿拂行衣。
歡言得所憩，美酒聊共揮。長歌吟松風，曲盡河星稀。
我醉君復樂，陶然共忘機！

Drinking Alone under the Moon

Li Bai

Amid the flowers, from a pot of wine
I drink alone beneath the bright moonshine.
I raise my cup to invite the Moon who blends
Her light with my Shadow and we're three friends.
The Moon does not know how to drink her share;
In vain my Shadow follows me here and there.
Together with them for the time I stay
And make merry before spring's spent away.
I sing and the Moon lingers to hear my song;
My Shadow's a mess while I dance along.
Sober, we three remain cheerful and gay;
Drunken, we part and each may go his way.
Our friendship will outshine all earthly love,
Next time we'll meet beyond the stars above.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

月下獨酌　　李白

花間一壺酒，獨酌無相親。舉杯邀明月，對影成三人。
月既不解飲，影徒隨我身。暫伴月將影，行樂須及春。
我歌月徘徊，我舞影零亂。醒時同交歡，醉後各分散。
永結無情遊，相期邈雲漢！

Hard Is the Way of the World

Li Bai

I

Pure wine in golden cup costs ten thousand coins, good!
Choice dish in a jade plate is worth as much, nice food!
Pushing aside my cup and chop-sticks, I can't eat;
Drawing my sword and looking round, I stamp my feet.
I can't cross Yellow River: ice has stopped its flow;
I can't climb Mount Taihang: the sky is blind with snow.
I can but poise a fishing-pole beside a stream
Or set sail for the sun like a sage in a dream.

Hard is the way,
Hard is the way.
Don't go astray!
Whither today?

A time will come to ride the wind and cleave the waves,
I'll set my cloud-white sail and cross the sea which raves.

行路難　　李白

金樽清酒斗十千，玉盤珍羞直萬錢。停杯投筯不能食，
拔劍四顧心茫然。欲渡黃河冰塞川，將登太行雪暗天。
閑來垂釣坐溪上，忽復乘舟夢日邊。行路難，行路難，
多歧路，今安在？長風破浪會有時，直挂雲帆濟滄海。

II

The way is broad like the blue sky,
But no way out before my eye.
I am ashamed to follow those who have no guts,
Gambling on fighting cocks and dogs for pears and nuts.
Feng would go homeward way, having no fish to eat;
Zhou did not think to bow to noblemen was meet.
General Han was mocked in the market-place;
The brilliant scholar Jia was banished in disgrace.
Have you not heard of King of Yan in days gone by,
Who venerated talents and built Terrace high
On which he offered gold to gifted men
And stooped low and swept the floor to welcome them?
Grateful, Ju Xin and Yue Yi came then
And served him heart and soul, both full of strategem.
The King's bones were now buried, who would sweep the floor
Of the Gold Terrace any more?
Hard is the way.
Go back without delay!

大道如青天、我獨不得出。羞逐長安社中兒，赤雞白狗賭梨栗。彈劍作歌奏苦聲，曳裾王門不稱情。淮陰市井笑韓信，漢朝公卿忌賈生。君不見昔時燕家重郭隗，擁篲折節無嫌猜。劇辛樂毅感恩分，輸肝剖膽效英才。昭王白骨縈蔓草，誰人更掃黃金臺？行路難，歸去來！

III

Don't wash your ears on hearing something you dislike
Nor die of hunger like famous hermits on the Pike!
Living without a fame among the motley crowd,
Why should one be as lofty as the moon or cloud?
Of ancient talents who failed to retire, there's none
But came to tragic ending after glory's won.
The head of General Wu was hung o'er city gate;
In the river was drowned the poet laureate.
The highly talented scholar wished in vain
To preserve his life to hear the cry of the crane.
Minister Li regretted not to have retired
To hunt with falcon gray as he had long desired.
Have you not heard of Zhang Han who resigned, carefree,
To go home to eat his perch with high glee?
Enjoy a cup of wine while you're alive!
Do not care if your fame will not survive!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

有耳莫洗潁川水，有口莫食首陽蕨。含光混世貴無名，
何用孤高比雲月？吾觀自古賢達人，功成不退皆殞身。
子胥既棄吳江上，屈原終投湘水濱。陸機雄才豈自保，
李斯稅駕苦不早，華亭鶴唳詎可聞，上蔡蒼鷹何足道。
君不見吳中張翰稱達生，秋風忽憶江東行。且樂生前一
杯酒，何須身後千載名！

Invitation to Wine

Li Bai

Do you not see the Yellow River come from the sky,
Rushing into the sea and ne'er come back?
Do you not see the mirrors bright in chambers high
Grieve o'er your snow-white hair though once it was silk-black?
When hopes are won,
Oh! drink your fill in high delight,
And never leave your wine-cup empty in moonlight.
Heaven has made us talents, we're not made in vain.
A thousand gold coins spent, more will turn up again.
Kill a cow, cook a sheep and let us merry be,
And drink three hundred cupfuls of wine in high glee.
Dear friends of mine,
Cheer up, cheer up!
I invite you to wine.
Do not put down your cup!
I will sing you a song, please hear,
O, hear! lend me a willing ear!
What difference will rare and costly dishes make?
I only want to get drunk and never to wake.
How many great men were forgotten through the ages?
But great drinkers are more famous than sober sages.
The Prince of Poets feast'd in his palace at will,
Drank wine at ten thousand a cask and laughed his fill.
A host should not complain of money he is short,
To drink with you I will sell things of any sort.
My fur coat worth a thousand coins of gold
And my flower-dappled horse may be sold
To buy good wine that we may drown the woes age-old.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

將進酒　　李白

君不見黃河之水天上來，奔流到海不復回！君不見高堂明鏡悲白髮，朝如青絲暮成雪。人生得意須盡歡，莫使金樽空對月！天生我材必有用，千金散盡還復來。烹羊宰牛且爲樂，會須一飲三百杯。岑夫子，丹邱生，將進酒，杯莫停！與君歌一曲，請君爲我傾耳聽！鐘鼓饌玉不足貴，但願長醉不願醒！古來聖賢皆寂寞，唯有飲者留其名。陳王昔時宴平樂，斗酒十千恣歡謔。主人何爲言少錢，徑須沽取對君酌！五花馬，千金裘，呼兒將出換美酒，與爾同銷萬古愁！

Mount Skyland Ascended in a Dream
— A Song of Farewell

Li Bai

Of fairy isles seafarers speak,
'Mid dimming mist and surging waves, so hard to seek;
Of Skyland Southerners are proud,
Perceivable through fleeting or dispersing cloud.
Mount Skyland threatens heaven, massed against the sky,
Surpassing the Five Peaks and dwarfing Mount Red Town.
Mount Heaven's Terrace, five hundred thousand feet
high,
Nearby to the southeast, appears to crumble down.
Longing in dreams for Southern land one night,
I flew o'er Mirror Lake in moonlight,
My shadow's followed by moonbeams
Until I reach Shimmering Streams,
Where Hermitage of Master Xie can still be seen

夢遊天姥吟留別　　　李白

海客談瀛洲，煙濤微茫信難求。越人語天姥，雲霞明滅或可覩。天姥連天向天橫，勢拔五嶽掩赤城。天台四萬八千丈，對此欲倒東南傾。我欲因之夢吳越，一夜飛渡鏡湖月，湖月照我影，送我至剡溪，謝公宿處今尚在，

And clearly gibbons wail o'er rippling water green.
    I put Xie's pegged boot
    Each on one foot,
And scale the mountain ladder to blue cloud.
    On eastern cliff I see
    Sunrise at sea
And in mid-air I hear sky-cock crow loud.
The footpath meanders 'mid a thousand crags in the vale,
I'm lured by rocks and flowers when the day turns pale.
Bears roar and dragons howl and thunders the cascade,
Deep forests quake and ridges tremble, Oh! they're afraid!
    From dark, dark cloud comes rain;
    On pale, pale waves mists plane.
      Oh! lightning flashes
        And thunder rumbles,
      With stunning crashes
        Peak on peak crumbles.
    The stone gate of a fairy cavern under
    Suddenly breaks asunder.
So blue, so deep, so vast appears an endless sky,
Where sun and moon shine on gold and silver terraces high.
    Clad in the rainbow, riding on the wind,

綠水蕩漾清猿啼。腳着謝公屐，身登青雲梯。半壁見海日，空中聞天雞。千巖萬轉路不定，迷花倚石忽已暝；熊咆龍吟殷岩泉，慄深林兮驚層巔；雲青青兮欲雨，水澹澹兮生煙。列缺霹靂，邱巒崩摧；洞天石扉，訇然中開。青冥浩蕩不見底，日月照耀金銀臺。霓爲衣兮風爲

The Lords of Clouds descend in a procession long.
　　Their chariots drawn by phoenix disciplined,
And tigers playing for them a zither song,
Row upon row, like fields of hemp, immortals throng.
　　Suddenly my heart and soul stirred, I
　　Awake with a long, long sigh.
　　I find my head on pillow lie
　　And fair visions gone by.
Likewise all human joys will pass away
Just as east-flowing water of olden day.
I'll take my leave of you, not knowing for how long,
I'll tend a white deer among
The grassy slopes of the green hill
So that I may ride it to famous mountains at will.
How can I stoop and bow before the men in power
And so deny myself a happy hour?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

馬，雲之君兮紛紛而來下。虎鼓瑟兮鸞回車，仙之人兮列如麻。忽魂悸以魄動，恍驚起而長嗟！惟覺時之枕席，失向來之煙霞！世間行樂亦如此，古來萬事東流水！別君去矣何時還？且放白鹿青崖間，須行即騎向名山！安能摧眉折腰事權貴，使我不得開心顏？

Farewell to Uncle Yun, the Imperial Librarian, at Xie Tiao's Pavilion in Xuanzhou

Li Bai

What left me yesterday
        Can be retained no more:
What troubles me today
        Is the times for which I feel sore.
In autumn wind for miles and miles the wild geese fly.
Let's drink, in face of this, in the pavilion high.
Your writing's forcible like ancient poets while
Mine is in Junior Xie's clear and elegant style.
        Both of us have an ideal high:
        We'd bring down the moon from the sky.
Cut running water with a sword, 'twill faster flow;
Drink wine to drown your sorrow, it will heavier grow.
If we despair of all human affairs,
Let us roam in a boat with loosened hairs!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

宣州謝朓樓餞別校書叔雲　　李白

棄我去者昨日之日不可留，亂我心者今日之日多煩憂！
長風萬里送秋雁，對此可以酣高樓。蓬萊文章建安骨，
中間小謝又清發，俱懷逸興壯思飛，欲上青天覽日月。
抽刀斷水水更流，舉杯消愁愁更愁，人生在世不稱意，
明朝散髮弄扁舟。

On Hearing a Monk from Shu Playing His Lute

Li Bai

A monk from Shu his green lute brings,
Coming down the west peak of Mount Brow.
He sweeps his fingers o'er its strings,
I hear the wind through pine-trees sough.
A running stream washes my heart,
With evening bells its echo's loud.
I do not feel the sun depart
From mountains green and autumn cloud.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

聽蜀僧濬彈琴　　李白

蜀僧抱綠綺，西下峨眉峯。爲我一揮手，如聽萬壑松。
客心洗流水，餘響入霜鐘。不覺碧山暮，秋雲暗幾重？

Song of Mount Lu
– To Censor Lu Xuzhou

Li Bai

I'm just a freak come from the South,
With frank advice e'er in my mouth.
Holding at dawn a green-jade cane,
I leave the Tower of Yellow Crane.
Of the long trips to Sacred Mountains I make light,
All my life I have loved to visit famous height.
Lu Mountains tower high beside the Wain bright
Like a nine-paneled screen embroidered with clouds white.
Their shadows fall into the lake like emerald;
Two peaks stand face to face above the Gate of Gold.
A waterfall is hanging down from Three Stone Beams,
Cascades of Censer Peak like upended silver streams.
Cliff on cliff, ridge on ridge lead to the azure skies,

廬山謠寄盧侍御虛舟　　李白

我本楚狂人，鳳歌笑孔丘。手持綠玉杖，朝別黃鶴樓，
五嶽尋仙不辭遠，一生好入名山遊。廬山秀出南斗傍。
屏風九疊雲錦張。影落明湖青黛光，金闕前開二峯長。
銀河倒挂三石梁，香爐瀑布遙相望。迴崖沓嶂凌蒼蒼。

Their green shapes kindled by flaming clouds at sunrise
Barring the boundless Heaven's vault where no bird flies.
I climb to view the sky o'erhead and earth below,
The ne'er-returning waves of the River onward go.
In yellow clouds outspread for miles I see wind blow,
Nine foaming tributaries splash like mountain snow.
Of Mountain Lu I love to sing,
Of my poetry it is the spring.
I gaze at the Stone Mirror, my heart purified,
I seek the poet Xie's path which green mosses hide.
Elixir swallowed, I care not what people say;
The zither played thrice, I begin to know the Way.
I see from afar immortals in the cloudy land,
They come to celestial city, lotus-bloom in hand.
I'll go before you somewhere beyond the ninth sphere
And wait for you to wander in the Zenith Clear.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

翠影紅霞映朝日，鳥飛不到吳天長。登高壯觀天地間，大江茫茫去不還。黃雲萬里動風色，白波九道流雪山。好爲廬山謠，興因廬山發。閒窺石鏡淸我心，謝公行處蒼苔沒。早服還丹無世情，琴心三疊道初成。遙見仙人彩雲裏，手把芙蓉朝玉京。先期汗漫九垓上，願接盧敖遊太淸！

On Phoenix Terrace at Jinling

Li Bai

On Phoenix Terrace once phoenixes came to sing,
　　The birds are gone but still roll on the river's waves.
The ruined palace's buried 'neath the weeds in spring;
　　The ancient sages in caps and gowns all lie in graves.
The three-peak'd mountain is half lost in azure sky;
　　The two-fork'd stream by Egret Isle is kept apart.
As floating clouds can veil the bright sun from the eye,
　　Imperial Court now out of sight saddens my heart.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

登金陵鳳凰臺　　李白

鳳凰臺上鳳凰遊，鳳去臺空江自流。吳宮花草埋幽徑，
晉代衣冠成古邱。三山半落青天外，二水中分白鷺洲。
總爲浮雲能蔽日，長安不見使人愁！

Lovesickness

Li Bai

I

I yearn for one
Who's in Changan.
In autumn crickets wail beside the golden rail;
The first frost, although light, invades the bed's delight.
My lonely lamp burns dull, of longing I would die;
Rolling up screens to view the moon, in vain I sigh.
My flower-like beauty is high
Up as clouds in the sky.
Above, the boundless heaven blue is seen;
Below, the endless river rolls its billows green.
My soul can't fly o'er sky so vast nor earth so wide;
In dreams I can't go through mountain pass to her side.
We are so far apart,
The yearning breaks my heart.

II

Flowers exhale thin mist when daylight fades away;
The sleepless feel sad to see the moon shed silken ray.
My harp on phoenix-holder has just become mute,
I'll try to play upon lovebird strings of my lute.
My song's a message. Who
Will carry it to you?
I'd ask spring wind to bear it up to the frontiers.
Between you and me there is the boundless blue sky.
Do you remember my wave-like eyes of days gone by?
Now they become a spring of tears.
If you do not believe my heart is broken, alas!
Come back and look into my bright mirror of brass!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

長相思　　李白

長相思，在長安，絡緯秋啼金井闌。微霜淒淒簟色寒。
孤燈不明思欲絕，卷帷望月空長嘆！美人如花隔雲端，
上有青冥之長天，下有淥水之波瀾；天長地遠魂飛苦，
夢魂不到關山難！長相思，摧心肝！
月色欲盡花含煙，月明如素愁不眠。趙瑟初停鳳凰柱，
蜀琴欲奏鴛鴦絃。此曲有意無人傳，願隨春風寄燕然。
憶君迢迢隔青天，昔時橫波目，今作流淚泉，不信妾腸
斷，歸來看取明鏡前！

Longing on Marble Steps

Li Bai

The marble steps with dew grow white,
It soaks her gauze socks late at night.
She lowers then the crystal screen
And gazes at the moon, pale and bright.

Tr. Wan Zhaofeng

玉階怨　　李白

玉階生白露，夜久侵羅襪。卻下水精簾，玲瓏望秋月。

A Tranquil Night

Li Bai

Before my bed a pool of light,
    Is it hoarfrost upon the ground?
Eyes raised, I see the moon so bright;
    Head bent, in homesickness I'm drowned.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

靜夜思　　李白

牀前明月光，疑是地上霜。舉頭望明月，低頭思故鄉！

Farewell to a Friend

Li Bai

Green mountains bar the northern sky;
 White water girds the eastern town.
Here is the place to say goodbye,
 You'll drift out, lonely thistledown.
Like floating cloud you'll float away;
 With parting day I'll part from you.
We wave and you start on your way,
 Your horse still neighs: "Adieu! adieu!"

Tr. X. Y. Z.

送友人　　李白

青山橫北郭，白水繞東城。此地一爲別，孤蓬萬里征。
浮雲遊子意，落日故人情！揮手自茲去，蕭蕭班馬鳴。

Waiting in Vain

Li Bai

A lady fair uprolls the screen,
　　With eyebrows knit she waits in vain.
Wet stains of tears can still be seen.
　　Who, heartless, has caused her the pain?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

怨情　　李白

美人捲珠簾，深坐顰蛾眉。但見淚痕溼，不知心恨誰。

A Faithful Wife Longing for Her Husband in Spring

Li Bai

Your Northern grass must be like green silk thread:
Our Western mulberries have bent their head.
When your thoughts begin to turn homeward way,
My heart has long been breaking night and day.
To the intruding vernal wind I say:
"How dare you part the curtain of my bed!"

Tr. X. Y. Z.

春思　　李白

燕草如碧絲，秦桑低綠枝。當君懷歸日，是妾斷腸時！
春風不相識，何事入羅幃？

Ballads of Four Seasons

Li Bai

Spring

The lovely Lo Fo[1] of the western land
Plucks mulberry leaves by the waterside.
Across the green boughs stretches out her white hand;
In golden sunshine her rosy robe is dyed.
"My silkworms are hungry, I cannot stay.
Tarry not with your five-horse cab, I pray."

Summer

On Mirror Lake outspread for miles and miles,
The lotus lilies in full blossom teem.
In fifth moon Xi Shi[1] gathers them with smiles,
Watchers o'erwhelm the bank of Yoya Stream.
Her boat turns back without waiting moonrise
To royal house amid amorous sighs.

子夜歌　　李白

秦地羅敷女，採桑綠水邊。素手青條上，紅粧白日鮮。
蠶饑妾欲去，五馬莫留連！
鏡湖三百里，菡萏發荷花。五月西施採，人看隘若耶。
回舟不待月，歸去越王家！

1 Lo Fo and Xi Shi were beautiful ladies.

Autumn

Moonlight is spread all o'er the capital,
The sound of beating clothes far and near
Is brought by autumn wind which can't blow all
The longings away for far-off frontier.
When can we vanquish the barbarian foe
So that our men no longer into battle go?

Winter

The courier will depart next day, she's told.
She sews a warrior's gown all night.
Her fingers feel the *needle* cold.
How can she hold the scissors tight?
The work is done, she sends it far away.
When will it reach the town where warriors stay?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

長安一片月，萬戶擣衣聲。秋風吹不盡，總是玉關情！
何日平胡虜？良人罷遠征！
明朝驛使發，一夜絮征袍。素手抽鍼冷，那堪把剪刀！
裁縫寄遠道，幾日到臨洮？

Title Missing

Liu Shenxu

The end of the road is lost in a white cloud,
Spring has awakened all along the stream, I presume:
Fallen flowers riding on the waves at times glide by,
With current following like flowing perfume.
My door in solitude looks on a mountain-path;
My study nestles deep among the willows green.
The sun peeps in through the leaves when day is clear
And quietly sheds on my clothes a beautiful sheen.

Tr. Du Tianchong

闕題　　劉昚虛

道由白雲盡，春與青溪長。時有落花至，遠隨流水香。
閒門向山路，深柳讀書堂。幽映每白日，清輝照衣裳。

Lying at Anchor Under Baigu Hill

Wang Wan

I wind my way along the blue hill-side,
Upon the river green my ship is drifting.
From shore to shore it seems wide at high tide,
Before fair wind a single sail is lifting.
Towards the close of night fair looms the sun,
The passing year invad'd by riverside spring.
Who will send the message to my dear one?
Perhaps the home-going wild geese on the wing.

Tr. Ni peiling

次北固山下　　王灣

客路青山下，行舟綠水前。潮平兩岸闊，風正一帆懸。
海日生殘夜，江春入舊年。鄉書何處達？歸雁洛陽邊。

Seeing Off Prefect Li Degraded to Xiazhong and Prefect Wang Degraded to Changsha

Gao Shi

My Friends, what is it that you think
At this sad moment when we part?
Stay your horses and take a drink
Before to your places of exile you start.

At Witch Gorge[1] the monkeys' cry
Will draw forth your mournful tears;

送李少府貶峽中王少府貶長沙　　高適

嗟君此別意何如？駐馬銜杯問謫居。巫峽啼猿數行淚，

1 The Witch Gorge in Sichuan Province, one of the three gorges along the Yangtze River. Near it is the site of the ancient city, White Emperor Town. Legend has it that travellers along the Witch Gorge were often made homesick by the howling of monkeys among the trees.

From the South Peak[1] the migrant geese will fly
To carry your news to grateful ears.

Autumn sails fade out of sight
On the Green Maple River up or down;
The old trees grow sparse and slight
By the wall of the White Emperor Town.

Generous with favours
His Majesty is inclined to be.
We will part, but do not waver –
You'll not long be gone, as I can see.

Tr. Tao Jie

衡陽歸雁幾封書。青楓江上秋帆遠，白帝城邊古木疎。
聖代即今多雨露，暫時分手莫躊躇。

1 Changsha is a county in Hunan Province where the South Peak is located and the Green Maple River flows by. Migrant geese stop in the mountain for winter before they fly back north.

Song of the Northern Frontier

Gao Shi

A cloud of smoke and dust spreads o'er northeast frontier,
To fight the remnant foe, our generals leave the rear.
Brave men should go no matter where beneath the sky,
The Son of Heaven bestows them his favor high.
To the beat of drum and gong through the Elm Pass they go,
Round Mount Stone Tablet flags serpentine row on row.
But urgent despatches speed o'er the Sea of Sand:
Mount Wolf aflame with fires set by the Tartar band.
Both hills and streams are desolate on border plain,
The Tartar horsemen flurry like the wind and rain.
Half of our warriors lie killed on the battleground
While pretty girls in the camp sing and dance their round.
Grass withers in the desert as autumn is late,
At sunset few men guard the lonely city gate.
Imperial favor makes them hold the foemen light,

燕歌行　　高適

漢家煙塵在東北，漢將辭家破殘賊。男兒本自重橫行，
天子非常賜顏色。摐金伐鼓下榆關，旌旗逶迤碣石間。
校尉羽書飛瀚海，單于獵火照狼山。山川蕭條極邊土，
胡騎憑陵雜風雨。戰士軍前半死生，美人帳下猶歌舞。
大漠窮秋塞草衰，孤城落日鬥兵稀。身當恩遇常輕敵，

Their town is under siege though they've fought with all their
 might.
In coats of mail, they've served so long on the frontiers,
Since they left home, their wives have shed streams of
 impearled tears.
In southern towns the women weep with broken heart,
In vain the men look southward, still they're far apart.
The northern front at stake, how can they go away?
On borders vast and desolate, how can they stay?
All day a cloud of slaughter mounts now and again,
All night the boom of gong is heard to chill the plain.
Each sees the other's sword blood-stained in the hard strife.
Will they care for reward when they give up their life?
 Do you not know
The bitterness of fighting with the foe?
Can you forget General Li sharing their weal and woe?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

力盡關山未解圍。鐵衣遠戍辛勤久，玉筯應啼別離後。少婦城南欲斷腸，征人薊北空回首。邊風飄颻那可度，絕域蒼茫更何有？殺氣三時作陣雲，寒聲一夜傳刁斗。相看白刃血紛紛，死節從來豈顧勳！君不見沙場爭戰苦，至今猶憶李將軍。

Passing Huayin

Cui Hao

Overlooking Xianyang,
	the Taihua Mountain towers high
With its three peaks, not worked by man,
	going straight to the sky.
In front of Emperor Wu's Temple
	clouds about to disperse,
Over the peak of Immortal's Palm
	the sky clears after an averse.

On the perilous northern pass
	the rivers and mountains rest,
Leading to the altar of Han
	the courier road stretches to the west.
Let me tell those fishing for fame
	that the best of all ways
To become immortal is to stay
	and learn the art of lengthening their days.

Tr. Luo Zhiye

行經華陰　　崔顥

岧嶢太華俯咸京，天外三峰削不成。武帝祠前雲欲散，
仙人掌上雨初晴。河山北枕秦關險，驛路西連漢畤平。
借問路旁名利客，何如此處學長生！

Yellow Crane Tower

Cui Hao

The sage on yellow crane was gone amid clouds white.
To what avail is Yellow Crane Tower left here?
Once gone, the yellow crane will ne'er on earth alight,
Only white clouds still float in vain from year to year.
By sun-lit river trees can be count'd one by one;
On Parrot Islet sweet green grass grows fast and thick.
Where is my native land beyond the setting sun?
The mist-veiled waves of River Han make me home-sick.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

黃鶴樓　　崔顥

昔人已乘黃鶴去，此地空餘黃鶴樓。黃鶴一去不復返，
白雲千載空悠悠。晴川歷歷漢陽樹，芳草萋萋鸚鵡洲。
日暮鄉關何處是？烟波江上使人愁！

A Riverside Song

Cui Hao

I The Woman's Song

"Tell me where you are from!
On riverbank's my home.
Let us stop rowing down!
Maybe we're from same town?"

II The Man's Song

"I live by riverside
And sail on river tide.
We dwell on the same shore,
But didn't know it before."

Tr. X. Y. Z.

長干曲　　崔顥

君家何處住？妾生在橫塘。停船暫借問，或恐是同鄉？
家臨九江水，來去九江側。同是長干人，生小不相識。

The Peach Blossom Valley[1]

Zhang Xu

Dimly an arching bridge arose,
  Veiled in moorland haze.
On the west bank, by the rock close,
  I asked a fisher boat about the maze:
"All day long the peach petal flows
  On the stream that attracts my gaze.
In which place, as I come and doze,
  Is found the cave that stays?"

Tr. Li Funing

桃花谿　　張旭

隱隱飛橋隔野烟，石磯西畔問漁船。桃花盡日隨流水，洞在清溪何處邊？

---

1 This poem has for theme the same legend of the Peach Blossom Valley by Wang Wei.

Looking at Mountain Tai

Du Fu

How should I take the grandiose Mountain Tai?
'Tween Qi and Lu's[1] border its green ranges lie.
With beauties bestowed by the Creator strong,
Its peaks screen daylight and cast shadows long.
The rolls of clouds would lave my bosom on high;
The home-coming birds would lure my staring eye.
Thus I'll climb up to the summit and see
The mountains around and below are wee!

Tr. Wu Juntao

望嶽　　杜甫

岱宗夫如何？齊魯青未了。造化鍾神秀，陰陽割昏曉。
盪胸生曾雲，決眥入歸鳥。會當凌絕頂，一覽衆山小。

---

1 Qi and Lu were two Kingdoms of ancient China in the 11th century B.C., their territories were in the northern and southern part of now Shandong Province, with Mountain Tai sitting between.

Song of the Conscripts

Du Fu

Chariots rumble
And horses grumble.
The conscripts march with bow and arrows at the waist.
Their fathers, mothers, wives and children come in haste
To see them off, the bridge is shroud'd in dust they've raised.
They clutch their coat, and stamp the feet and bar their way,
Their grief cries loud and strikes the cloud straight, straight-away.
An onlooker by roadside asks an enrolee.
"The conscription is frequent," only answers he.
"Some went north at fifteen to guard the rivershore,
And were sent west to till the land at forty-four.
The Elder bound their young heads when they went away,
Just home, they're sent to the frontier though their hair's gray.
The field on borderland becomes a sea of blood,
The emperor's greed for land is still at its high flood.
Have you not heard two hundred districts east of the Hua mountains lie,

兵車行　　杜甫

車轔轔，馬蕭蕭，行人弓箭各在腰，爺娘妻子走相送，
塵埃不見咸陽橋。牽衣頓足攔道哭，哭聲直上干雲霄。
道傍過者問行人，行人但云點行頻。或從十五北防河，
便至四十西營田。去時里正與裹頭，歸來頭白還戍邊。
邊亭流血成海水，武皇開邊意未已。君不聞漢家山東二

Where briers and bambles grow in villages far and nigh?
Although stout women can wield the plough and the hoe,
They know not east from west where thorns and weeds
 o'ergrow.
The enemy are used to hard and stubborn fight,
Our men are routed just like dogs or fowls in flight.
  You are kind to ask me,
  To complain I'm not free.
  In winter of this year
  Conscription goes on here.
  The magistrates for taxes press.
  How can we pay them in distress!
  If we had known sons bring no joy,
  We'd prefer a girl to a boy.
A daughter can be married to a neighbour, alas!
A son can only be buried under the grass!
  Have you not seen
  On borders green
Bleached bones since olden days unburied on the plain?
The old ghosts weep and cry while the new ghosts complain,
The air is loud with screech and scream in gloomy rain."

Tr. X. Y. Z.

百州，千村萬落生荊杞。縱有健婦把鋤犁，禾生隴畝無東西。況復秦兵耐苦戰，被驅不異犬與雞。長者雖有問。役夫敢申恨？且如今年冬，未休關西卒。縣官急索租，租稅從何出？信知生男惡，反是生女好；生女猶得嫁比隣，生男埋沒隨百草。君不見青海頭，古來白骨無人收新鬼煩怨舊鬼哭，天陰雨溼聲啾啾！

A Song of Fair Ladies

Du Fu

The air is refreshing on this third day of the third moon[1];
On the banks constellate the ladies of Changan fair and boon,
Their looks gorgeous and lofty with manners refined and serene,
Well-balanced frame of bone and flesh, and fine textured skin.
In the late spring sun their embroidered muslin robes shine
With peacocks and unicorns needled in gold or silver lines.
What are those on their heads one can find?
The emerald hair ornaments hanging down to their temples.
And what can be seen from them behind?
The streamers of waistbands, studded with pearls, fit their rambles.
Among them are those of the imperial concubine Yang's blood kin,
Being enfeoffed and titled Queens of the Kingdoms of Guo or Qin[2].

麗人行　　杜甫

三月三日天氣新，長安水邊多麗人。態濃意遠淑且眞，肌理細膩骨肉勻。繡羅衣裳照暮春，蹙金孔雀銀麒麟。頭上何所有？翠微㔩葉垂鬢脣，背後何所見？珠壓腰衱穩稱身。就中雲幕椒房親，賜名大國虢與秦。紫駝之峰

1 The third day of the third moon was called Shangsi festival. It was a day for spring outing and chiefly celebrated by the riverside.

2 Emperor Xuanzong's (685-762) favourite concubine Yang Yuhuan had elder sisters enfeoffed and titled Queen of Kingdom Guo, Queen of Kingdom Qin and her eldest sister Queen of Kingdom Han.

Purple camel-humps are boiled in the greenish pot;
Served on crystal dishes are the fish steaming hot.
Chopsticks of rhinoceros-horns were for surfeit put aside;
In vain the knives with bells are busy cutting meat with pride.
The eunuchs then come trotting so light as to raise no dust;
One by one they bring them the dainties for imperial gust.
E'en ghosts and gods are moved by the moans of the flutes and
 drums;
The retainers of the ladies block the main pass in clumps.
The lagging one[1], ambling with his horsemen, look how smug!
Dismounting, he enters the verandah with brocade rug.
To cover the white duckweeds the catkins fall like snow;
Carried by the bluebirds the red handkerchiefs in the air flow.
Such incomparable power is like scorching fire.
Be careful not to come near the Prime Minister in his ire!

Tr. Wu Juntao

出翠釜，水精之盤行素鱗，犀筯厭飫久未下，鸞刀縷切
空紛綸。黃門飛鞚不動塵，御廚絡繹送八珍。簫鼓哀吟
感鬼神，賓從雜遝實要津。後來鞍馬何逡巡！當軒下馬
入錦茵。楊花雪落覆白蘋，青鳥飛去銜紅巾，炙手可熱
勢絕倫，慎莫近前丞相瞋！

1 "The lagging one" implies Yang Yuhuan's elder cousin Ya Guozhong (?-756), the Prime Minister of that time.

Mourning for a Prince

Du Fu

The white-headed crows crowd on the wall of Changan City;
At night, flying to Autumn Gate they croak ill, out of pity.
And then, lighting on the courtiers' mansions they peck at the
    roofs;
Thereunder, noblemen are going to flee from Tartar steeds'
    hoofs.
The Emperor's golden whips are broken and his nine steeds
    die;
The royal kinsmen have no chance to ride with him and fly!
In a corner of the street there is a weeping poor Prince,
With a blue coral at his waist and some penannular jade rings.
Being asked what his name is, he does not like to tell,
But begs to be a servant, as privations him befell.
He has scuttled among the brambles for a hundred days,
And cuts and bruises lined his body in ruthless ways.

哀王孫　　杜甫

長安城頭頭白烏，夜飛延秋門上呼。又向人家啄大屋，
屋底達官走避胡。金鞭斷折九馬死，骨肉不得同馳驅。
腰下寶玦青珊瑚，可憐王孫泣路隅！問之不肯道姓名，
但道困苦乞爲奴。已經百日竄荊棘，身上無有完肌膚。

The scions of Emperors all have a high-bridged nose –
The Dragon's sons have certainly uncommon looks in gross.
Jackles and wolves now hold sway while Dragon has gone
afield;
Oh Prince! please keep your precious self from being ill-treated.
Daring not to talk in detail, here near the thoroughfare,
Yet I shall stay with you for a while, through foul and fair.
Last night, the east wind spread bloody smells over every road,
While camels from the east crammed the old Capital beyond
load.
The fighters of Northern Troops to their tasks are well fitted,
But why were they so sharp in the past and now dull-witted?
I heard of the abdication and his heir took the throne;
Yet on the Ouigours His Majesty's influence has been thrown;
In Bloom Gate Mountains they gash their faces to swear to
avenge;
There are enemy in hiding though, please don't the secret
divulge.
Alas! Prince, do not relax, but keep vigilance hard;
Auspicious pneuma of the Five Tombs will ever be on your
guard!

Tr. Wu Juntao

高帝子孫盡隆準，龍種自與常人殊。豺狼在邑龍在野，
王孫善保千金軀。不敢長語臨交衢，且爲王孫立斯須。
昨夜東風吹血腥，東來橐駝滿舊都，朔方健兒好身手，
昔何勇銳今何愚？竊聞天子已傳位，聖德北服南單于。
花門剺面請雪恥，愼勿出口他人狙！哀哉王孫愼勿疏，
五陵佳氣無時無！

Mourning by the Winding River[1]

Du Fu

An oldster of Shaoling, I weep in silence on a spring day,
And slink to the winding River along a winding way.
A thousand gates locked and the palaces are vacant and clean;
For whom the slender willows and the fresh rushes turn green?
In the past when the Emperor came to the Lotus Park,
The rainbow flags made everything there shine and spark.
She, who was his prime favourite, lived in Zhaoyang Hall,
And came with him in the same carriage, ready at his call.
The female Attendants were armed with arrows and bows;
The white coursers, gnawing the golden bits, marched in rows.
Her Highness smiled to see the archers leaning back
To shoot skyward and bring down a pair of birds from the
rack.

哀江頭　　杜甫

少陵野老吞聲哭，春日潛行曲江曲。江頭宮殿鎖千門，
細柳新蒲爲誰綠？憶昔霓旌下南苑，苑中萬物生顏色。
昭陽殿裏第一人，同輦隨君侍君側。輦前才人帶弓箭，
白馬嚼齧黃金勒；翻身向天仰射雲，一箭正墜雙飛翼。

---

1 In the year 757 when the capital Changan was captured by the rebel An Lushan's army, Du Fu went to the pleasure resort the Winding River and wrote this poem. He had run away from the capital one year before, but was captured half-way and escorted back to the city.

Where are the beaming eyes, the pearly teeth now, I wonder?
Unable to go home, the bleeding ghost can only wander!
The Wei flows east and the Sword Pavilion is in the distant
area;
The Emperor has lost contact with his dead dear!
With human sympathy, my tears drop down on my bosom;
If there is an end to the riverside grass and blossom?
A cloud of dust raised by the Tartar steeds make the dusk
brown;
Looking back to the north I am going to the southern town.

Tr. Wu Juntao

明眸皓齒今何在，血污遊魂歸不得。清渭東流劍閣深，
去住彼此無消息！人生有情淚霑臆，江水江花豈終極？
黃昏胡騎塵滿城，欲往城南望城北。

The Moonlit Night

Du Fu

The moon illumining the night in Fuzhou sky[1],
Alone in chamber you will watch it sailing by.
Though far away, I'm sorry for our children dear,
Who do not know to yearn for me in Changan here.
Your balmy, cloudy curls the misty air bedews;
Your fair, smooth arms are chilled in the silver hues.
When can we both stand leaning by the gauzy veils?
Our faces'll shine with tears that have become dry trails!

Tr. Wu Juntao

月夜　　　杜甫

今夜鄜州月，閨中只獨看！遙憐小兒女，未解憶長安。
香霧雲鬟溼，清輝玉臂寒。何時倚虛幌，雙照淚痕乾。

1　In the sixth moon of 756, Du Fu ran away with his family from the capital Changan to Fuzhou before An Lushan's rebellous army. In the next moon, Du Fu went there himself alone. But he was captured half-way and escorted to Changan again. In the moon after next, Du Fu wrote this poem in the enemy-occupied city when he thought of his wife and children dearly.

A Spring View

Du Fu

As ever are hills and rills while my country crumbles;
When springtime comes over the Capital the grass scrambles.
Blossoms invite my tears as in wild times they bloom;
The flitting birds stir my heart as I'm parted from home.
For three months the beacon fires soar and burn the skies,
A family letter is worth ten thousand gold in price.
I scratch my head, and my grey hair has grown too thin,
It seems, to bear the weight of the jade clasp and pin[1].

Tr. Wu Juntao

春望　　杜甫

國破山河在，城春草木深。感時花濺淚，恨別鳥驚心！
烽火連三月，家書抵萬金。白頭搔更短，渾欲不勝簪。

---

1 In ancient China, men wore long hair bound together on the top of head with clasp and pin.

Lodging at the Yamen to the Left of the Imperial Palace on a Spring Night[1]

Du Fu

The flowers hide in the dusk by the Yamen's wall;
The birds flying to their nests chirp their evening call.
The twinkles of stars seem to move thousands of doors;
By the Palace in the Ninth Heaven the moonlight pours.
Sleepless, I listen to the turn of the golden keys,
And wonder if the bells of horses ring in the breeze.
A memorial I'll present to the throne at dawn,
Many a time I ask how the night has worn on.

Tr. Wu Juntao

春宿左省　　杜甫

花隱掖垣暮，啾啾棲鳥過。星臨萬戶動，月傍九霄多。
不寢聽金鑰，因風想玉珂。明朝有封事，數問夜如何？

1 The Left of the Imperial Palace was a department of the central government of the Tang dynasty. It was so called because the office was at the left side of the palace. Du Fu was appointed the Left-Hand Imperial Adviser in the year 757.

In the Second Year of Zhide[1], I Escaped through the Golden-Lights Gate to Fengxiang along a Narrow Footpath. Now at the Beginning of the First Year of Qianyuan[2], Demoted from the Post of Left-Hand Imperial Adviser to an Official of Huazhou County, and Bidding Farewell to My Folks, I Come Through the Same Gate and Feel Sad for the Past Incident

Du Fu

This is the same way I went last year to the emperor,
When on the western skirts the Tartars were in an uproar.
My gall would still rupture when I remember it[3],
And there must be scared souls that not even now feel fit.
Returned to the capital, as a courtier I may boast,
If His Majesty means to transfer me to another post?
Not being favoured with gifts and day by day growing old,
Looking at numerous gates on a horse, the reins I hold.

Tr. Wu Juntao

至德二載甫自金光門(長安西門)出，間道歸鳳翔。乾元(亦肅宗年號)初從左拾遺移華州掾，與親故別。因出此門，有悲往事。 杜甫

此道昔歸順，西郊胡正繁。至今殘破膽，應有未招魂。
近侍歸京邑，移官豈至尊！無才日衰老，駐馬望千門。

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1 The second year of Shide: A.D. 757.
2 The first year of Qianyuan: A.D. 758
3 It was believed in ancient China that extreme fright would rupture one's gall-bladder.

To Hermit Wei, the Eighth Among His Brothers

Du Fu

How rarely in life we do meet together,
Morning and Evening Stars[1] too, miss each other.
Ah, what a happy night it is tonight,
We sit, face to face, in the candle light!
How many days one can claim young and sound?
On our temples much grey hair can be found.
Half of our friends have given up the ghost,
I cry, when I visit them, my bowels roast.
I never expected twenty years have fled
Before I come again to your homestead.
You were unmarried the day I left erstwhile,
Your sons and daughters now stand in a file.
They gladly greet their father's bosom friend,
And ask me if I've come from a strange land.
We are busy in our conversation
While wine and all are in preparation.
The leeks are cut in the spring night, raining;
The meal with yellow millet is hot steaming.
My host says it is very hard to meet,
Raising ten times his goblet to greet.
It does not make me drunk even quaffing ten,
Owing to my grateful heart can I sustain.
Tomorrow, betwixt us the mountain will intrude;
We'll each be lost in the vastness of the world!

Tr. Wu Juntao

---

1 Morning Star and Evening Star are the same star Venus; but in ancient China people thought they were different ones and called the former Shen, the latter Shang.

贈衛八處士　　杜甫

人生不相見，動如參與商；今夕復何夕，共此燈燭光。
少壯能幾時，鬢髮各已蒼。訪舊半為鬼，驚呼熱中腸。
焉知二十載，重上君子堂。昔別君未婚，兒女忽成行！
怡然敬父執，問我來何方？問答乃未已，驅兒羅酒漿。
夜雨剪春韭，新炊間黃粱。主稱會面難，一舉累十觴，
十觴亦不醉，感子故意長！明日隔山岳，世事兩茫茫！

The Surpassing Beauty

Du Fu

There is a surpassing beauty
Who lives in a solitary valley.
She says she comes from a good family,
And now declines into the wild country.
"When riot broke out in the Capital City,
My brothers were killed in the mutiny.
High officials they were, but not worthy,
Their bones should not lie in peace under the clay.
The world always shrinks from vile destiny;
A vacuum is left to me like a candle burning dimly.
My husband is a light hearted bonny,
He then married another fair lady.
When night falls, the mimosa feels sleepy,
And mandarin-ducks ne'er live separately.
He sees but his new bride's smile so merry;
What would he care for me weeping days away?
The spring water is limpid in the valley;
When it flows out of the dale it becomes filthy.
I've sent my maid to sell pearls for money,
When she's back, we'll mend our hut with ivy.
I pluck flowers, not on my hair to display;
A handful of cypresses is often my toy.
In the cold air my thin green sleeves are wavy;
In the sunset I lean on the bamboo wearily!"

Tr. Wu Juntao

佳人　　杜甫

絕代有佳人，幽居在空谷。自云良家子，零落依草木。
關中昔喪亂，兄弟遭殺戮！官高何足論，不得收骨肉！
世情惡衰歇，萬事隨轉燭！夫壻輕薄兒，新人美如玉。
合昏尚知時，鴛鴦不獨宿。但見新人笑，那聞舊人哭！
在山泉水清，出山泉水濁。侍婢賣珠迴，牽蘿補茅屋。
摘花不插髮，采柏動盈掬。天寒翠袖薄，日暮倚修竹！

Dreaming of Li Bai, Two Poems

Du Fu

I

We sob when death comes rending us apart,
And parting alive, too, would wrench our heart.
Yon Jiangnan is known as the malarious mire.
No news of you yet comes from the exile.
Knowing how much I think of you always,
Into my dreams, so you did make your ways.
But I'm afraid it is not your soul old,
Since it's a long way and nothing can be told.
As your soul nears, the maple trees turn blue;
And the frontier is darkened when back you go.
You are now in the meshes of law,
How can you have wings and elude the paw?
The setting moonlight is flooding over the beams;
Your feature is still lighted up there, it seems.
Deep are the waters, billows widely spread,
Mind, and be sure the dragons wouldn't be fed!

夢李白二首　　杜甫

死別已吞聲，生別常惻惻。江南瘴癘地，逐客無消息！
故人入我夢，明我長相憶。恐非平生魂，路遠不可測？
魂來楓林青，魂返關塞黑。君今在羅網，何以有羽翼？
落月滿屋梁，猶疑照顏色！水深波浪闊，無使蛟龍得！

II

The floating clouds are strolling all day long;
You wanderer for a long time have gone.
I dreamt of you for three nights and again;
I know from thinking of me you can't refrain.
Whenever leaving you seemed to hesitate,
"It's hard for me to come," you sadly state.
"The way is rough when billows and winds groan;
The boat may possibly be overthrown."
Out of the door you scratch your hoary hair,
As of your life's ideals you now despair.
High officials are crowded in Changan,
You only are neglected, thin and wan!
Who says the network of the Void is vast?
When aging you are caught in the meshes fast!
Your fame will last forever and ever,
Yet then you've lonely past the world over!

Tr. Wu Juntao

浮雲終日行，遊子久不至！三夜頻夢君，情親見君意！
告歸常局促，苦道來不易！江湖多風波，舟楫恐失墜！
出門搔白首，若負平生志。冠蓋滿京華，斯人獨憔悴！
孰云網恢恢？將老身反累。千秋萬歲名，寂寞身後事！

Thinking of My Brothers on a Moonlit Night

Du Fu

The garrison drums warn all men the pass to clear,
A wild goose honks above the autumnal frontier.
The season called the White Dew begins tonight[1],
Nowhere as in our native place is moon so bright.
I'm very worried about my brothers' existence,
With no place to ask nor means to span distance.
Letters I sent, but reached them not even a word,
And warfare is still raging in the mundane world!

Tr. Wu Juntao

月夜憶舍弟　　杜甫

戍鼓斷人行，邊秋一雁聲。露從今夜白，月是故鄉明。
有弟皆分散，無家問死生。寄書長不達，況乃未休兵！

1 According to the traditional Chinese calendar, there are twenty-four seasonal divisions in a year. White Dew is one of them. It falls on or about September 8.

Thinking of Li Bai at the End of the Sky

Du Fu

From the end of the sky here rises the cold wind,
And how it works on the frame of your mind?
When will the news of you be brought me by wild goose?
All along the journey there are autumn pools!
Good fortune always is foe to good writings,
While demons hug themselves on man's missings.
Will you talk with the poet that died of spite,
By sending him a poem by the Milo tide[1]?

Tr. Wu Juntao

天末懷李白　　杜甫

涼風起天末，君子意如何？鴻雁幾時到？江湖秋水多。
文章憎命達，魑魅喜人過。應共冤魂語，投詩贈汨羅！

---

1 Qu Yuan (circa 340-278 B.C.), poet of the Warring Kingdoms Period (475-221 B.C.) and a statesman of his country Chu, was vilified by his colleague, downgraded and exiled. He drowned himself at last in the Milo River. Poets and scholars of later years wrote poems and articles in memory of him whenever they passed by the river.

The Temple of the Prime Minister of Shu[1]

Du Fu

Where to find the deceased Prime Minister's temple?
Outside Chengdu, under the cypress arch ample.
The grass round the steps reflects the colour of spring;
The oriole amid the leaves vainly sings it strain.
Thrice the Emperor to him came for the plan to rule;
Two reigns[2] the noble statesman served heart and soul.
Before seeing victory, he died in the camp ground,
It oft makes later heroes weep with sighs profound!

Tr. Wu Juntao

蜀相　　杜甫

丞相祠堂何處尋？錦官城外柏森森。映階碧草自春色，
隔葉黃鸝空好音。三顧頻煩天下計，兩朝開濟老臣心。
出師未捷身先死，長使英雄淚滿襟！

1 The Prime Minister of Shu is Zhuge Liang (181-234), the famous statesman and strategist in the period of the Three Kingdoms (220-265).

2 Zhuge Liang had served Emperor Liu Bei (161-223) and his son Liu Chan (207-271).

Receiving a Guest

Du Fu

To the south and north of my cottage there're spring waters;
The groups of gulls only are my daily visitors.
The floral path hasn't been swept as no one happens
To come, but now for you the wicket door opens.
Far from the market, on frugal meal to dine,
A needy household can offer but home-brewed wine.
Would you care to drink with my venerable neighbour,
Toasting the last cups, across the fence of bamboo?

Tr. Wu Juntao

客至　　杜甫

舍南舍北皆春水，但見羣鷗日日來。花徑不曾緣客掃，
蓬門今始爲君開。盤飧市遠無兼味，樽酒家貧只舊醅。
肯與鄰翁相對飲，隔籬呼取盡餘杯。

A View Outfield

Du Fu

The three fortified cities hug the snowy West Ranges in a rank;
The Far Reaching Bridge strides across the river along South
Bank.
The chaos of war disperse my younger brothers here and there;
At the end of the world I am shedding my lonely tears.
I can only sacrifice my declining years to illness,
And have nothing yet to requite the Emperor's kindness.
Riding in the suburbs from time to time I gaze far away;
I can't bear the prospects of my country dimming day by day!

Tr. Wu Juntao

野望　　杜甫

西山白雪三城戍，南浦清江萬里橋。海內風塵諸弟隔，
天涯涕淚一身遙！惟將遲暮供多病，未有涓埃答聖朝。
跨馬出郊時極目，不堪人事日蕭條！

Four Rhymes to Lord Yan Wu When Once Again Seeing Him Off at the Courier Station of Fengji

Du Fu

We've gone a long way and here we'll bid adieu;
How vainly the green mountains seem to cling to you!
When shall we meet and drink a cup again?
Last night, in the moonlight, we walked hand in hand.
The counties would miss you and praise your deeds;
For three reigns, three emperors crowned your feats.
I'll come back to my riverside village,
Secludedly living out my sear old age!

Tr. Wu Juntao

奉濟驛重送嚴公四韻　　杜甫

遠送從此別，青山空復情！幾時盃重把，昨夜月同行。
列郡謳歌惜，三朝出入榮。江村獨歸處，寂寞養殘生！

Recapture of the Regions North and South of the Yellow River

Du Fu

'Tis said the Northern Gate has been recaptured of late,
When the news reach my ears, my gown is wet with tears.
Gazing at my wife's face, of grief I find no trace;
Rolling up my verse books, my joy like madness looks.
Though white-haired, I would still both sing and drink my fill.
With verdure spring's aglow, 'tis time we'd homeward go!
We will sail all the way through three Gorges in a day,
Going down to Xiangyang, we'll come up to Luoyang.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

聞官軍收河南河北　　杜甫

劍外忽傳收薊北，初聞涕淚滿衣裳！卻看妻子愁何在？
漫卷詩書喜欲狂。白首放歌須縱酒，青春作伴好還鄉。
即從巴峽穿巫峽，便下襄陽向洛陽。

Upon Leaving the Tomb of Grand Military Governor Fang[1]

Du Fu

I have to run about again in distant lands,
And halting the horse, I leave your lone tomb with folded hands.
Everywhere soaked with my tears the soil is hardly dry;
There are broken clouds hovering in the lowering sky.
I've followed you like the chess-player with the Grand Tutor Xie[2];
As in the story, I come to hang the sword for King Xu[3].
What I see only are the flowers falling in the woods;
And as if sending me off I hear but the orioles' woes.

Tr. Wu Juntao

別房太尉墓　杜甫

他鄉復行役，駐馬別孤墳。近淚無乾土，低空有斷雲。
對碁陪謝傅，把劍覓徐君。惟見林花落，鶯啼送客聞。

1　Fang refers to Fang Guan who was the Prime Minister of Emperor Xuanzong in 756.

2　Xie refers to Xie An (320-385), a prime minister of the East Jin dynasty (317-420), who was famous for his battle against the Former Qin Kingdom's (350-394) army. He was so sober-minded that before the battle he even played chess calmly.

3　In the Spring and Autumn Period (770-476 B.C.) Ji Zha, a nobleman of the Kingdom of Wu, visiting the Kingdom of Jin via the kingdom of Xu, met the king there and knew that the king liked his sword. Not being able to go to Jin without the sword, he thought of presenting it to him when he returned. Unexpectedly the king had died when he came back, and he hung the sword on a tree by the tomb.

On a Tower

Du Fu

It breaks my heart to see blooming trees near the tower.
The country torn apart, could I admire the flower?
Spring comes from sky on earth and greens River Brocade[1];
The world changes now as then like white clouds o'er Mount Jade[2].
Our royal court like polar star remains the same,
Though the foe from west borders put our land in flame.
I'm sad to see the temple of the conquered king[3],
At sunset in praise of his minister[4] I'd sing.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

登樓　　杜甫

花近高樓傷客心，萬方多難此登臨。錦江春色來天地，
玉壘浮雲變古今。北極朝廷終不改，西山寇盜莫相侵！
可憐後主還祠廟，日暮聊爲梁父吟。

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1 & 2　in Sichuan Province.
3　The conquered king of Shu (221-263) was Liu Chan (207-271).
4　His minister was Zhuge Liang (181-234).

Ode on a Painting
– To General Cao Ba

Du Fu

O general, scion of Emperor Wu of Wei you are,
And now but a commoner living a life below par!
The hero with his separatist regimen was gone;
His literary talent yet was to you handed down[1].
Calligraphy you first modeled on Lady Wei Shu;
The one thing we regret is that you can't surpass Wang Xizhi[2].
Absorbed in painting, you know not old age is coming;
Indeed, "To me wealth and rank are like clouds scudding."[3]
In the reign of Kaiyuan[4] more than once you went to the court
at call;

丹青行贈曹將軍霸　　　杜甫

將軍魏武之子孫，於今爲庶爲清門，英雄割據雖已矣，
文彩風流今尙存。學書初學衛夫人，但恨無過王右軍。
丹青不知老將至，富貴於我如浮雲！開元之中常引見，

1 Cao Cao (155-220), Prime Minister of the Eastern Han dynasty (25-220), was conferred posthumously the title of Emperor Wu of Wei. He was also talented in literature. His great-great-grandson Cao Ba was a general in command of the garrison of the capital and a famous painter. Unfortunately, towards the end of Xuanzong's reign Cao Ba was dismissed from his post and lived like a commoner.

2 Wei Shu (272-349) and her pupil Wang Xizhi (321-379) were famous calligraphers of the Jin dynasty (265-420).

3 These two lines were adopted from the saying of the ancient philosopher Confucius (551-479 B.C.).

4 Kaiyuan is the name of years 713-741 of Emperor Xuanzong' reign in the Tang dynasty.

His Majesty granted you audience in Southern-Scent Hall.
When the portraits in the Tower of Fame have with time grown
dark,
You, a general, gave fresh looks to all these men of mark.
The scholar-hats were on the heads of the ministers wise;
The long-feathered shafts were by the valiant generals' sides.
The Duke of Bao and the Duke of Er, their hair seems to stir,
With bearings bold and brave as if they're fighting in a whirl.
The late Emperor Xuanzong's "Spots of Jade", a piebald steed;
Numerous painters painted, but none had done well indeed.
That day when it was led to the palace's scarlet steps,
It stood spirited at the gate, as the wind blew its mane with
flaps.
The imperial edict bade you unfold the silk scroll,
And the painstaking composition of art in your mind rolls.
In no time, came out of the Ninth Heaven a real dragon;
All horses that had been born were as nothing before your
paragon!
And then Jade-Spots stood there above the Emperor's couch;
It saw its own image now, the steed by the steps could vouch.
His Majesty smiled and pressed to give gold in reward,

承恩數上南薰殿；淩煙功臣少顏色，將軍下筆開生面。
良相頭上進賢冠，猛將腰間大羽箭；褒公鄂公毛髮動，
英姿颯爽來酣戰。先帝天馬玉花驄，畫工如山貌不同。
是日牽來赤墀下，迥立閶闔生長風。詔謂將軍拂絹素，
意匠慘淡經營中。斯須九重真龍出，一洗萬古凡馬空。
玉花卻在御榻上，榻上庭前屹相向；至尊含笑催賜金，

While amazement was the stablemen and Royal Grooms' award.
Your pupil Han Gan has long since learned your brilliant art;
In various postures he can also draw the horses smart.
But not to the bone, he described merely their flesh sleek;
How could he have made the precious steed's spirit meek?
God might have helped you the general to paint so fine;
To portray genuine worthy men was also in your line.
Yet now in the chaotic times you drift about and ply,
For living's sake you have to draw the common passersby.
Worldlings look down on you when you have come to the dead-end;
And there's no one poorer than you throughout our native land!
Just look at the men of old with great reputation
Who all have gone through their lives in privation!

Tr. Wu Juntao

圉人太僕皆惆悵。弟子韓幹早入室，亦能畫馬窮殊相。
幹惟畫肉不畫骨，忍使驊騮氣凋喪。將軍畫善蓋有神，
偶逢佳士亦寫真。即今飄泊干戈際，屢貌尋常行路人。
途窮反遭俗眼白，世上未有如公貧！但看古來盛名下，
終日坎壈纏其身！

Looking at the Painting of Steeds by General Cao in Recorder Wei Feng's House

Du Fu

Ever since the dynasty was founded, in painting horses,
Prince of Jiangdu[1] had the unique art with magic force.
But General Cao for thirty years now winning the fame,
Once again the world sees genuine steeds shining in flames.
He has depicted the late Emperor's Whiten-the-Night;
For ten days, with bolts, the dragons from the Pool took to
flight.
To a female Attendant a Maid of Honour passed the word
To take a dark red agate plate from the inner-store hoard.
Falling on his knees, then dancing with joy, he brought the
plate back,
While fine silk fabrics and damasks as well followed his track.
The imperial kinsmen and the authorities never felt fine
Until they got his authentic work to make their screens shine.

韋諷錄事宅觀曹將軍畫馬圖　　杜甫

國初已來畫鞍馬，神妙獨數江都王。將軍得名三十載，
人間又見真乘黃。曾貌先帝照夜白，龍池十日飛霹靂。
內府殷紅瑪瑙盤，婕妤傳詔才人索。盤賜將軍拜舞歸，
輕紈細綺相追飛。貴戚權門得筆跡，始覺屏障生光輝。

1 Prince of Jiangdu, nephew of the first Emperor of the Tang, a famous artist, especially in painting horses.

Formerly, Emperor Taizong had a Curling-Mane-Dun;
Recently, Guo's Spotted-Lion is also not a common one.
And now on the new painting these two steeds he does produce;
Again the connoisseurs sigh for long and their praise is profuse.
Each of them could match myriads, these two were battle steeds;
On the white silk they stir up clouds of dust as they run at speed.
The seven others are out of the ordinary, too;
It seems as if smokes and snows are coming from the cold blue.
Their hoofs trample on the highway lined with catalpa trees;
The horsemen and grooms stand by solemnly in the lea.
These lovely nine vie with each other to be the most divine,
Looking up to the high, with spirit profound and refined!

昔日太宗拳毛騧，近時郭家獅子花。今之新圖有二馬，
復令識者久歎嗟！此皆騎戰一敵萬，縞素漠漠開風沙。
其餘七匹亦殊絕，迥若寒空動烟雪。霜蹄蹴踏長楸間，
馬官廝養森成列。可憐九馬爭神駿，顧視清高氣深穩。

One may inquire who loves horses so deeply with all his heart?
It was Buddhist monk Zhi Dun, and now you Wei Feng love
the art.
When the Emperor went east to Xifeng, to a palace nearby,
The kingfisher-feather-decked pennons stroked the sky.
Followed by thirty thousand steeds, prancing and panting,
Their frames and sinews are all like those in the painting.
Since King Mu presented a treasure to the river god,
There was no more flood-dragon in the water being shot.
Don't you see that on the Gold Millet mountain, in the pines,
As the heavenly steeds are gone, the birds cry in the winds!

Tr. Wu Juntao

借問苦心愛者誰？後有韋諷前支遁。憶昔巡幸新豐宮，翠華拂天來向東；騰驤磊落三萬匹，皆與此圖筋骨同。自從獻寶朝河宗，無復射蛟江水中。君不見金粟堆前松柏裏，龍媒去盡鳥呼風！

Lodging at the Yamen

Du Fu

In the General's yamen, in the autumn chill,
  The phoenix trees by an old well stand still.
Alone in the town by the riverside,
  I lodge with a waning candle light.
Like one soliloquizing and sobbing groans,
  The horn in the long night dolefully croons.
Hanging high up among the constellations,
  The bright moon will invite whose appreciation?
How slowly the troublous times roll away,
  And from my brothers news is detained half-way.
How desolate is the frontier pass all over,
  And how very hard the way for one to cover!
It has been a matter of ten years yet
  Since alone I suffered life's buffet.
Reluctantly I now remove to rest,
  On this branch, and find myself a cozy nest.

Tr. Wu Juntao

宿府　　杜甫

清秋幕府井梧寒，獨宿江城蠟炬殘。永夜角聲悲自語，中天月色好誰看？風塵荏苒音書絕，關塞蕭條行路難。已忍伶俜十年事，強移棲息一枝安。

Nocturnal Reflections While Travelling

Du Fu

The breezes stroke along the grassy strands;
The junk-mast tall and lone in the darkness stands.
The sparkling stars spread down to the fields wide;
The moon emerges from the rough river tide.
My pen has won me fame – has it my will?
An official should not retire till old and ill.
What am I like who am everywhere wandering?
A gull between heaven and earth hovering!

Tr. Wu Juntao

旅夜書懷　　杜甫

細草微風岸，危檣獨夜舟。星垂平野闊，月湧大江流。
名豈文章著，官應老病休！飄飄何所似，天地一沙鷗。

The Eight-Battle-Formations[1]

Du Fu

None of the Three Kingdoms had done greater deeds;
Your Eight-Battle-Formations are famous feats.
The running river couldn't make the stones roll;
To annex Wu had led to a regretful fall!

Tr. Wu Juntao

八陣圖　杜甫

功蓋三分國，名成八陣圖。江流石不轉，遺恨失吞吳。

1 The Eight-Battle-Formations, separately named Heaven, Earth, Wind, Cloud, Dragon, Tiger, Bird and Snake Formations, were designed by Zhuge Liang. So the story goes that he made the formations with huge stones, and these relics have remained in three or four places.

The Ancient Cypress

Du Fu

There is an ancient cypress in front of the Kongming Fane[1],
With branches bronzy and roots seemingly of stony cane.
The smooth and hoary trunk is thick for forty arms to span around,
Its dark green leaves wave in the sky two thousand feet beyond.
The Emperor and his premier had met in a juncture of times,
The visitors now treasure still the arbour in its prime.
The clouds bring its imposing airs to the Wu Gorge's gloom;
The moon reflects its coldness to the Snow Mountain's white dome.
I remember east of the Jin Jiang Pavilion the path

古柏行　　杜甫

孔明廟前有老柏，柯如青銅根如石。霜皮溜雨四十圍，
黛色參天二千尺。雲來氣接巫峽長，月出寒通雪山白。
君臣已與時際會，樹木猶為人愛惜。憶昨路遶錦亭東，

1　Kongming, courtesy name of Zhuge Liang. In memory of him, more than one fanes were built after his death.

To a fane where Liu Bei and Kongming are shrined in the same garth.
The giant trees there clothed the outfields in an archaic shade;
The doors opened to the hollow halls with pictures dimly made.
Though independently this plant has had its blessed place,
Yet the mountain squalls shake the lonely highness without grace.
It is the deities who support it standing high and neat,
And the upright manner is due to the Creator's feat.
If a great mansion is on the tilt, it needs a ridgepole,
Thousands of cattles would look back since the tree they couldn't pull.
The people praise the potential sap within the plain mould,
It would fain be cut down, yet who may carry it to the world?
The bitter core of it did not prevent the ants to bore;
The phoenix yet came among the sweet leaves as a nest in store.
Let not the ambitious camplain that they are abused,
For from old, all rare material is seldom justly used!

Tr. Wu Juntao

先主武侯同閟宮。崔嵬枝幹郊原古，窈窕丹青戶牖空。
落落盤據雖得地，冥冥孤高多烈風。扶持自是神明力，
正直原因造化功。大廈如傾要梁棟，萬牛迴首邱山重！
不露文章世已驚，未辭剪伐誰能送？苦心豈免容螻蟻，
香葉終經宿鸞鳳。志士幽人莫怨嗟，古來材大難爲用！

Contemplations on the Historical Sites, Five Poems (Two Selections)

Du Fu

I

Mountains and valleys downwards to the Jingmen Mountain roll,
The Palace Maid Ming's[1] home village is still there on the knoll.
When she left the Purple Palace, before her the deserts spread;
And now only an evergreen tomb crouches in the gloom dead.
Just by a portrait the Emperor knew her spring joy face;
And in moonlight, with her pendants, her spirit made the home-coming race!
For thousands of years the pipa has struck out the Tartar's tongue,
But now what sorrow and resentment are heard in that musical tone!

詠懷古跡五首選二　　杜甫

羣山萬壑赴荊門，生長明妃尚有村。一去紫臺連朔漠，
獨留青冢向黃昏。畫圖省識春風面，環珮空歸月夜魂。
千載琵琶作胡語，分明怨恨曲中論！

---

1 Wang Zhaojun or The Palace Maid Ming was a beauty of the Western Han dynasty (206 B.C.-8 A.D.). It is said that she usually played pipa, a Tartar string instrument, and composed the music herself to express her grief.

II

The world will hand down Zhuge Liang's reputation;
The lofty statesman's statue fills me with veneration.
He pursued his stratagem of "three regimes" at great pains;
His spirit, like a roc, in the white clouds forever remains.
He was almost on a par with Yi and Lu[1] in his grand deeds,
And beat Xiao and Cao[2] in leading the army to easeful feats.
Yet Fortune's wheel rolled and Han could not last its duration,
Though he had kept his vow and fought to death with devotion!

Tr. Wu Juntao

諸葛大名垂宇宙，宗臣遺像肅清高。三分割據紆籌策，
萬古雲霄一羽毛。伯仲之間見伊呂，指揮若定失蕭曹。
運移漢祚終難復，志決身殲軍務勞！

---

1 Yi, a high official of the Shang dynasty (16th-11th century B.C.), who had helped Tang, the founder of the Shang dynasty, to overthrow the Xia dynasty (21st-16th century B.C.). Lu Shang, an ancient military official who had helped Wu Wang to overthrow the Shang dynasty and found the Zhou dynasty (11th century-256 B.C.).

2 Xiao He (?-193 B.C.) and Cao Can (?-190 B.C.) were both high officials who had rendered outstanding service in helping Liu Bang (256-195 B.C.) to overthrow the Qin dynasty (221-206 B.C.) and found the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-220 A.D.).

A Night in a Chamber

Du Fu

The nights and days so swiftly flee at the end of the year;
At this corner of the earth, after snow, the cold, dark sky is clear.
In the dim twilight the drums and bugles moan touchingly;
Between the Three Gorges the waves mirror the galaxy.
The cry of battle is heard in some folk's wailings long,
And fishermen and woodsmen sing some alien folk song.
Even Zhuge Liang and Gongsun Shu[1] were but dust at last,
How futile it is to bemoan sorrows that are past!

Tr. Wu Juntao

閣夜　　杜甫

歲暮陰陽催短景，天涯霜雪霽寒宵。五更鼓角聲悲壯，
三峽星河影動搖。野哭幾家聞戰伐，夷歌數處起漁樵。
臥龍躍馬終黃土，人事音書漫寂寥。

1 Gongsun Shu (?-36), an official of the Han dynasty, but in the last years of the dynasty he occupied the area of Shu by force of arms, and entitled himself White Emperor.

To Censor Han Zhu[1]

Du Fu

I am unhappy today as I think of Yueyang Town;
I wish to fly there yet disease in the bed lays me down.
Ah, you are like a beauty beyond the autumnal waves;
Looking at the zenith, in Dongting Lake your feet you lave.
You are a swan goose fleeing afar to the sun and moon's haven,
Where the maples' leaves turn red and rimes shower from heaven.
In Jade Capital, celestials gather round the polestar;
On the unicorns or phoenixes they ride high, near and far.
Their banners painted with lotuses fall in the brumes dim;
The reflections of all these in Xiao and Xiang Rivers swim.
Gods of constellations are drunk with nectareous vintage;
Few feather-clothed immortals are at the vicinage.

寄韓諫議　　杜甫

今我不樂思岳陽，身欲奮飛病在牀！美人娟娟隔秋水，
濯足洞庭望八荒。鴻飛冥冥日月白，青楓葉赤天雨霜。
玉京羣帝集北斗，或騎麒麟翳鳳凰。芙蓉旌旗煙霧落，
影動倒景搖瀟湘。星宮之君醉瓊漿，羽人稀少不在旁。

1 Han Zhu is unknown in history, but one may know something about him from this poem. As a Censor, he had helped Emperor Suzong to restore his throne in Changan, but being disheartened by the decay of the government, he retired to live in Yueyang where there are hills and waters around.

I seem to hear the immortal Chisongzi of ancient days;
Yet I wonder if it's Zhang Liang of the Han dynasty.
He helped Liu Bang settle in Changan, you have done it too;
Unchanged is your talent, and yet hard times make you rue.
"How could I sit to watch my country rising or falling?"
But you prefer to taste maples while frowning at the foulings.
The detention of the historian was always a great pity;
The Canopus betokens longevity and prosperity.
Why are you beyond the autumnal waves, like a beauty?
How can you be placed in the Jade Hall to do your duty?

Tr. Wu Juntao

似聞昨者赤松子，恐是漢代韓張良。昔隨劉氏定長安，
帷幄未改神慘傷！國家成敗吾豈敢，色難腥腐餐楓香。
周南留滯古所惜，南極老人應壽昌！美人胡爲隔秋水，
焉得置之貢玉堂？

Climbing the Height

Du Fu

The wind so swift, the sky so steep, sad gibbons cry;
Water so clear and sand so white, backward birds fly.
The boundless forest sheds its leaves shower by shower;
The endless River rolls its waves hour after hour.
Far from home in autumn, I'm grieved to see my plight;
After my long illness, I climb alone this height.
Living in hard times, at my frosted hair I pine;
Pressed by poverty, I give up my cup of wine.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

登高　　杜甫

風急天高猿嘯哀，渚清沙白鳥飛迴。無邊落木蕭蕭下，
不盡長江滾滾來。萬里悲秋常作客，百年多病獨登臺！
艱難苦恨繁霜鬢，潦倒新停濁酒杯。

Watching a Sword Dance Performed by the Pupil of the Elder Sister of Gongsun — With a Preface

Du Fu

On the nineteenth day of the tenth moon of the second year of Dali Period (766-779), at the home of Yuanchi, vice magistrate of Kuizhou, I saw a sword dance performed by the Twelfth Sister of Li from Linying. Being surprised at her splendid art, I asked her who her teacher was and she replied: "I am a pupil of the Elder Sister of Gongsun." In the third year of Kaiyuan Period (713-741) I was yet young. I remember I saw in Yan City Elder Sister Gongsun's sword dance. It was so craftily rhythmical that none in her day could be her superior. At the beginning of Emperor Xuanzong's reign, of all the artists in or outside the Fair Spring and Pear Garden, the two court schools, Gongsun was the only one to master the dance. She was then so beautiful in her embroidered dress. Now that I myself am grey-haired, even her pupil must be past her blooming years too! Having made out whom she has learned from, I know the likeness between the source and the effluent. In pensive mood I write this Sword Dance Poem. Formerly, Zhang Xu of Wu County, a master calligrapher in cursive handwriting on scrolls, often saw at Ye County Mistress Gongsun's West River Sword Dance, and his writing was thus further improved. The strokes became so free and graceful. None can fail to see how marvellous Gongsun's art was.

觀公孫大娘弟子舞劍器行 並序　　杜甫

大曆二年十月十九日，夔府別駕元持宅，見臨潁李十二娘舞劍器，壯其蔚跂，問其所師？曰余公孫大娘弟子也。開元三載，余尚童稚，記於郾城觀公孫氏舞劍器渾脫，瀏灕頓挫，獨出冠時。自高頭宜春梨園二伎坊內人，洎外供奉舞女，曉是舞者，聖文神武皇帝初，公孫一人而已，玉貌錦衣，況余白首。今茲弟子，亦匪盛顏。既辨其由來，知波瀾莫二。撫事慷慨，聊爲劍器行。昔者吳人張旭善草書、書帖數，嘗於鄴縣見公孫大娘舞西河劍器，自此草書長進，豪蕩感激。即公孫可知矣。

In former days there was a fair of Gongsun family,
Her sword dance whene'er played always was a pageantry.
A mountain of audience was moved, with looks of dismay;
Even heaven and earth would heave and set their breath all day.
With flashes like the Archer Yi[1] shooting down the nine bright suns.
And vigour born of Genii drove the dragon on cloud-way.
She rushed on, and it's the thunders rolling in a fury,
And when finished, it's the sea calmed down with smooth rays.
Her ruby lips and pearled sleeves both were gone for long,
Yet lately there's her pupil carrying her artistry.
The beauty of Linying has come to White Emperor City,
Dancing the sword dance so gracefully and vividly.
I ask about her career and thus I know the story,
And the shifts and changes of life make me very dreary.
There were eight thousand maids in our deceased Emperor's court,

昔有佳人公孫氏，一舞劍器動四方，觀者如山色沮喪，
天地爲之久低昂。㸌如羿射九日落，矯如羣帝驂龍翔，
來如雷霆收震怒，罷如江海凝清光。絳脣珠袖兩寂寞，
晚有弟子傳芬芳。臨潁美人在白帝，妙舞此曲神揚揚。
與余問答旣有以，感時撫事增惋傷！先帝侍女八千人，

1 It is said in Chinese fairy tales that there had been ten suns in the sky and Archer Yi had shot nine of them down.

Among them, Mistress Gongsun's sword dance was e'er
of the first,
As easily as one turns his hand, fifty years passed;
The royal houses were dimmed by chaotic clouds of dust.
All court actors were dispersed like smoke gone with
gust,
Only the dancer's shadow gestures in the cold sunlight.
Trees have arched o'er the Tomb on Mount Jinsu[1],
south of the crest.
At the Stone City[2], near the Qutang Gorge, grasses are
withered.

And now, when sumptuous feasts with music and songs
are finished,
Joy gives place to Sorrow and the moon is rising east.
Not knowing where she is gone, I linger with my callous
feet
Printing among the desolate hill, and griefs swirl in my
chest.

Tr. Wu Juntao

公孫劍器初第一。五十年間似反掌，風塵澒洞昏王室。
梨園子弟散如煙，女樂餘姿映寒日。金粟堆南木已拱，
瞿塘石城草蕭瑟。玳絃急管曲復終，樂極哀來月東出。
老夫不知其所往，足繭荒山轉愁疾！

---

1 Mount Jinsu a mountain in now Pu City, Shaanxi Province, on which was the tomb of Emperor Xuanzong who died in the year 762.

2 Stone City refers to White Emperor City, a mountainous city in now Sichuan Province.

Ascending the Yueyang Tower

Du Fu

I learned the fame of Dongting Lake long ago,
And now on Yueyang Tower I see the view glow.
Waters make Lands Wu and Chu to east and south part;
Day and night the sun and moon on the waves float and start.
From my dear folks and friends there is no message,
I keep to a lonely boat for disease and age.
Northland is under the tribal war horses' trample;
My tears drip down on the window of the chamber.

Tr. Wu Juntao

登岳陽樓　　杜甫

昔聞洞庭水，今上岳陽樓。吳楚東南坼，乾坤日夜浮。
親朋無一字，老病有孤舟！戎馬關山北，憑軒涕泗流！

Coming Across Li Guinian[1] on the Southern Shore

Du Fu

At the palatial residence we often met;
In Courtier's Hall for many times I heard you sing.
The Southern scenery is now not to forget,
But I meet you again when flowers part with spring.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

江南逢李龜年　　杜甫

岐王宅裏尋常見，崔九堂前幾度聞。正是江南好風景，落花時節又逢君。

1 A disfavored Court musician.

Composed at the Beginning of the New Year[1]

Liu Changqing

With the arrival of New Year, homesick I keenly feel,
Shedding tears all alone in this far-off land,
Aged, yet ranking low among officials.
While spring's returned, I have not, still here I stand.
With monkeys as neighbours I spend days and nights,
And share wind and mist with willows at river's side.
Already an exile like Jia Yi[2] in Changsha,
How many more years here shall I have to reside?

Tr. Wang Ban

新年作　　劉長卿

鄉心新歲切，天畔獨潸然。老至居人下，春歸在客先。
嶺猿同旦暮，江柳共風煙。已似長沙傅，從今又幾年。

1 The author was banished to Panzhou in 758 to a petty official post. This poem was written during the period of his exile.

2 Jia Yi (200-168 B.C.), a talented scholar and politician, once banished from the court to serve as grand-tutor to the Prince of Changsha for three years.

Bidding Farewell to Grand Censor Li Returning to His Country House in Hanyang

Liu Changqing

Homeless has become a former general, who once
On a southern expedition commanded a hundred thousand men.
Relieved of office he no longer possesses a manor;
In old age, he still cherishes these days of wise government
His presence alone ensured peace on the frontiers,
And his sword self-sacrificing valour witnessed.
But where will he drift on the hazy expanse
Of Jiang-Han[1], when the sun is in the low west?

Tr. Wang Ban

送李中丞歸漢陽別業　　劉長卿

流落征南將，曾驅十萬師。罷歸無舊業，老去戀明時！
獨立三邊靜，輕生一劍知。茫茫江漢上，日暮欲何之？

1 Jiang-Han, referring to the extensive area around the city of Hanyang where the Han River joins the Yangtse River.

Ascending the Wugong Terrace[1] in Autumn for a Distant View

Liu Changqing

Feeling sadly nostalgic, I stand
On this ancient terrace in autumn bleak.
To the remote temple few visitors come;
Across the water looms the cloud-hidden peak.
The setting sun lingering on the ruined ramparts;
The chilling qing[2] resounds in the forest air.
Gone for ever are the stories of the Southern Dynasties,
But the Long River flows on, now as e'er.

Tr. Wang Ban

秋日登吳公臺上寺遠眺寺即陳將吳明徹戰場

劉長卿

古臺搖落後，秋入望鄉心。野寺來人少，雲峯隔水深。
夕陽依舊壘，寒磬滿空林。惆悵南朝事，長江獨至今！

---

1 Wugong Terrace, a terrace situated outside the city wall of Yangzhou, first built by one general and later rebuilt by another, both of the Southern Dynasties (420-589).

2 Qing, a kind of Buddhist musical instrument.

To South Stream for Taoist Chang

Liu Changqing

As I wended my way I noticed
Someone's footprints on the moss-covered path.
White clouds nestled in the tranquil lake,
And the solitary doorway was blocked by green grass.
Rain-washed pines looked fresher than ever,
And the footpath to the fountain-head wound its way.
With flowers by the brook, I meditated
In quietude, but what I perceived I failed to convey.

Tr. Wang Ban

尋南溪常道士　　劉長卿

一路經行處，莓苔見屐痕。白雲依靜渚，芳草閉閑門。
過雨看松色，隨山到水源。溪花與禪意，相對亦忘言。

At a Farewell Dinner for Wang the Eleventh Setting Out on Travels to the South

Liu Changqing

A vast expanse of misty water lying ahead,
I find myself in tears, waving farewell to you.
Off you go like a flying bird to places remote,
While I all alone face a mountain blue.
In a boat sailing far down the Long River,
Over the Five Lakes you'll enjoy the evening glow.
But who can imagine on the white duckweed islet
I'll be missing you, deep in sorrow.

Tr. Wang Ban

餞別王十一南遊　　　劉長卿

望君煙水闊，揮手淚沾巾！飛鳥沒何處？青山空向人。
長江一帆遠，落日五湖春。誰見汀洲上，相思愁白蘋！

Parting with Two Friends Also Sent into Exile

Liu Changqing

Little did I expect in my life an imperial decree of special favor,
As things are, no hope of seeking comfort in wine or song, I gather.
The moon's bright o'er the river and wild geese southwards are winging their way;
Trees are shedding their leaves on hills and mountains as far as the eye can survey.
Pleased that the home for the exile, a seclud'd place, is not far from the sea,
A solitary shadow in the glass, I find all my hair is hoary.
Today, together we're getting on in years, withered and wan:
Sadd'ned by your banishment, a more wary eye I'll keep on the slings and arrows of man.

Tr. Du Tianchong

江州重別薛六柳八二員外　　劉長卿

生涯豈料承優詔，世事空知學醉歌。江上月明胡雁過，
淮南木落楚山多。寄身且喜滄洲近，顧影無如白髮何！
今日龍鍾人共老，愧君猶遣愼風波！

Passing by the Place where Jia Yi Lived in Exile

Liu Changqing

To Jia Yi, the scholar-statesman in exile, for three years this was his home;
But fore'er is his grief shared by those who to pay him tribute have come.
Alone I look for the house in the autumn grass, its tenant gone long before;
In the setting sun only the wintry woods greet the eye – and nothing more.
Emperor Wendi[1], he knew how to rule, yet showed too little royal favor;
Your lament on the great poet – how could it ruffle that insensible Xiang River?
It's a desolate place in the realm strewn with fallen leaves of sickly hue.
Why were you in this remote corner of the earth? My heart goes out to you.

Tr. Du Tianchong

長沙過賈誼宅　　劉長卿

三年謫宦此棲遲，萬古惟留楚客悲。秋草獨尋人去後，寒林空見日斜時。漢文有道恩猶薄，湘水無情弔豈知！寂寂江山搖落處，憐君何事到天涯？

1　Wendi, one of the emperors of the Han Dynasty (206-24 B.C.). He was impressed by Jia Yi's talent and learning, but did not appoint him to any high office in his court.

To a Friend
– Gazing out over the Lake toward Yueyang at Sunset

Liu Changqing

With neither waves nor mist at the Parrot Sand Bar
nothing obstructs the view;
The thoughts of a stranger in a far away place
turn gently to a friend like you.
The sun's setting o'er Hankou and across the Han River
birds homewards begin to fly;
On the horizon the autumn waters of the Dongting Lake
seem to touch and blend with the sky.
From the lonely city on the lap of mountain
darkling rise some cold bugle notes;
At the foot of a watch-tower alone by the riverside
lie moored nightly the passing boats.
Jia Yi made an earnest appeal to the crown,
much concerned about the future of the Han state,
For which he was exiled to Changsha, though – How grieved
people in after ages were at his fate!

Tr. Du Tianchong

自夏口至鸚鵡洲夕望岳陽寄源中丞　　劉長卿

汀洲無浪復無煙，楚客相思益渺然。漢口夕陽斜度鳥，
洞庭秋水遠連天。孤城背嶺寒吹角，獨戍臨江夜泊船。
賈誼上書憂漢室，長沙謫去古今憐！

Zither Playing

Liu Changqing

Upon the seven-stringed tinkling zither
Mutely I heard the chilly Wind-through-the-Pine.
O how I love it, though it is out-moded,
Though to play it most moderns would decline!

Tr. Yang Zhouhan

聽彈琴　　劉長卿

泠泠七弦上，靜聽松風寒。古調雖自愛，今人多不彈。

Leave-Taking of a Buddhist Monk

Liu Changqing

How can a wild crane like you on a lone cloud borne
Seek among men to make your permanent stay?
If you intend to buy a plot on Wozhou Mountain,
From places known to voguish men keep away!

Tr. Yang Zhouhan

送上人　　劉長卿

孤雲將野鶴，豈向人間住。莫買沃洲山，時人已知處。

Parting with the Monk Lingche

Liu Changqing

Green, green the temple 'mid bamboo,
　　Late, late bells ring out the evening.
Alone, he's lost in mountains blue
　　With sunset his hat's carrying.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

送靈澈　　劉長卿

蒼蒼竹林寺，杳杳鐘聲晚。荷笠帶斜陽，青山獨歸遠。

On Meeting a Messenger Going to the Capital

Cen Shen

I look east to homeland, long, long the road appears,
My old arms tremble and my sleeves are wet with tears.
Meeting you on horseback, with what brush can I write?
I can but ask you to tell them I am all right.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

逢入京使　　岑參

故園東望路漫漫，雙袖龍鍾淚不乾。馬上相逢無紙筆，
憑君傳語報平安！

Climbing the Pagoda at Ci'en Temple with Gao Shi and Xue Ju

Cen Shen

As if sprouted out of the ground
The pagoda towers high alone.
Emerging above the common world
The sheer stone steps have wound and flown.
Dominating the country around,
Awesome like the work of a demon,
Its four corners screen the sun,
Its seventh storey touches heaven.
Below, the soaring birds we see,
Below, the scary wind we hear.
Billowing and bowing towards the east,
The blue mountains like waves appear.
Dotted with station houses tiny,
Green locust trees line the post-way.
Autumn has arrived from the west,
The whole country is in sear array.

與高適薛據登慈恩寺浮圖　　岑參

塔勢如湧出，孤高聳天宮。登臨出世界，磴道盤虛空。
突兀修神州，崢嶸如鬼工。四角礙白日，七層摩蒼穹。
下窺指高鳥，俯聽聞驚風。連山若波濤，奔湊似朝東；
青槐夾馳道，宮館何玲瓏；秋色從西來，蒼然滿關中；

The Han tombs on the northern plain
Are shrouded in eternal grey.
The Buddhist word now seems most clear,
To the Good Cause I've e'er agreed.
I will doff my official hat
To study the infinite creed.

Tr. Qiu Ke'an

五陵北原上，萬古青濛濛。淨理了可悟，勝因夙所宗。
誓將掛冠去，覺道資無窮！

Song of Running-Horse River in Farewell to General Feng on His Western Expedition

Cen Shen

Do you not see the Running-Horse River flow
Along the sea of snow
And sand has yellowed sky and earth, high and low?
In the ninth month at Wheel Tower winds howl at night,
The River fills with broken stones fallen from the height,
Which run riot with howling winds as if in flight.
When grass turns, yellow, the plump Hunnish horses neigh,
West of Mount Gold dusts rise, they're in battle array.
Our general leads his army on his westward way.
He keeps his iron armor on all the night long,
Spears clang at midnight when his army march along,
Their faces cut by the wind which blows sharp and strong.
Both snow and sweat turn into steam on horse's mane,

走馬川行奉送封大夫出師西征　　岑參

君不見走馬川行雪海邊，平沙莽莽黃入天。輪臺九月風夜吼，一川碎石大如斗，隨風滿地石亂走。匈奴草黃馬正肥，金山西見煙塵飛，漢家大將西出師，將軍金甲夜不脫。半夜軍行戈相撥，風頭如刀面如割。馬毛帶雪汗

Which soon on horse's back turns into ice again.
Ink freezes in the tent while he plans the campaign.
On hearing this, the foemen should tremble with fear.
Dare they cross their swords with us when our men are near?
We'll await news of victory at the west gate here.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

氣蒸，五花連錢旋作冰，幕中草檄硯水凝。虜騎聞之應膽懾，料知短兵不敢接，軍師西門佇獻捷。

A Send-off to General Feng from Luntai upon His Western Expedition

Cen Shen

Above the city walls of Luntai,
The whole night, the blare of the horn lasts.
To the north of this border city,
The flags are already off their masts.

Last night, past the country of Quli,
Urgent orders from the highest ran.
The noted chief of the Huns, Chan Yu —
Quartered his army, west of Jingshan.

Watching from the observation posts,
To the west, one sees dust that looks black.
As one's eyes sweep northward of Luntai,
There, are stationed our regiments crack.

輪臺歌奉送封大夫出師西征　　岑參

輪臺城頭夜吹角，輪臺城北旄頭落。羽書昨夜過渠黎，
單于已在金山西。戍樓西望煙塵黑，漢兵屯在輪臺北。

The general bears the Han standard,
Taking his men west for a campaign.
When morning comes with fifes in full play,
Our troops are marching in a long train.

The rumble of the big drums on all sides
Strikes Snow Sea and, with more force, rebound.
With the war whoops made by our soldiers,
The surrounding sombre hills resound.

The Hoos muster all the men they can,
Gathering together like dense clouds.
Over the battlefield are bleached bones,
With roots of grass and weeds as shrouds.

上將擁旄西出征，平明吹笛大軍行。四邊伐鼓雪海湧，
三軍大呼陰山動。虜塞兵氣連雲屯，戰場白骨纏草根。

Over the Jianhe the winds blow hard.
Snow is falling in broad, heavy flake.
The stones about these wastes turn so cold –
That some horses leave hoofs in their wake.

The Vice-chanceller would serve the king,
Whate'er hardships he may have to bear.
He's vowed to repay lord and master,
Pacifying all border affair.

All must have seen those bamboo tablets,
Where the ancients had events engraved.
We have by far beaten the ancients:
We've seen merits won for dangers braved.

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

劍河風急雪片闊，沙口石凍馬蹄脫。亞相勤王甘苦辛，
誓將報主靜邊塵！古來青史誰不見？今見功名勝古人。

Song of White Snow in Farewell to Secretary Wu Going Back to the Capital

Cen Shen

Breaking the hoary grass, the northern wind whirls low,
In the eighth month the Tartar sky is filled with snow,
As if the vernal breeze had returned overnight
To adorn thousands of pear-trees with blossoms white.
Snowflakes enter pearled curtain and wet silken screen,
We feel cold in fox furs and in brocade quilts green.
The general cannot draw his rigid bow with ease;
The commissioner in his coat of mail would freeze.
A thousand feet o'er the cracked desert ice piles,
And gloomy clouds hang sad and drear for miles and miles.
We drink in Headquarters to our guest homeward bound,
With Tartar lutes, pipas and pipes the camps resound.
At dusk snow in large flakes falls heavy on camp gate,
The frozen red flag in the wind won't undulate.
When at east gate of Wheel Tower we bid goodbye,
Snow has covered the road to Heaven's Mountain high.
At the turn of the Pass you are lost to our sight,
Only your horse's hoof-prints remain in snow white.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

白雪歌送武判官歸京　　岑參

北風捲地白草折，胡天八月即飛雪。忽如一夜春風來，
千樹萬樹梨花開。散入珠簾濕羅幕，狐裘不煖錦衾薄。
將軍角弓不得控，都護鐵衣冷猶着。瀚海闌干百丈冰，
愁雲慘澹萬里凝。中軍置酒飲歸客，胡琴琵琶與羌笛。
紛紛暮雪下轅門，風掣紅旗凍不翻。輪臺東門送君去，
去時雪滿天山路；山迴路轉不見君，雪上空留馬行處！

To Censor Du Fu in the Left Court

Cen Shen

Together we go up the vermillion steps,
Separated by my office in the right;
We enter the palace with the procession at dawn,
Returned with fragrance of th'imperial incense before night.
Gray-haired I lament the fall of the flowers,
And envy in the blue skies the birds' soaring flight.
Why are the remonstrances so rare and few?
– Under a wise ruler everything is done aright.

Tr. Wang Minyuan

寄左省杜拾遺　岑參

聯步趨丹陛，分曹限紫微。曉隨天仗入，暮惹御香歸。
白髮悲花落，青雲羨鳥飛。聖朝無闕事，自覺諫書稀。

Replying to Secretary Jia Zhi's Poem *An Early Levee at Daming Palace*

Cen Shen

Amid the crow of cocks and in the chill
        Of dawn the purple mist invests the road.
The orioles in late spring begin to trill,
        Whose silver chorus wakes the king's abode.
The bell of morning chimes in cadence sweet
        From Golden Gate, and myriad doors open wide.
On stairs of jade the guard of honour greet
        A thousand officials so dignified.
The studded swords midst flowers are glimmering
        As twinkling stars are fading out of view.
The willow twigs with flags are wavering,
        While gently brushing off cold morning dew.
The poet alone at Phoenix Pool[1] doth sing
        A song other melodies cannot surpass:
A pleasant tune – The Snow in Sunny Spring[2],
        Unrivalled by the talents of first class.

Tr. Huang Xingsheng

和賈至舍人早朝大明宮之作　　岑參

雞鳴紫陌曙光寒，鶯囀皇州春色闌。金闕曉鐘開萬戶，
玉階仙仗擁千官。花迎劍珮星初落，柳拂旌旗露未乾。
獨有鳳凰池上客，陽春一曲和皆難。

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1 Phoenix Pool: Another name for the Grand Imperial Secretariat in which the poet Jia Zhi served as Secretary.

2 The Snow in Sunny Spring: A melody of the elite in the Kingdom of Chu in the 3rd century B.C.

Spring Thoughts

Huangfu Ran

With merry songs the orioles and swallows announce New Year,
Yet how many thousand miles away do border towns lie?
I live in the towered city near the royal palace,
My heart now chases the silver moon to the foemen's sky.
At the lonely loom I weave into silken fabrics endless woes,
And the spray in the boudoir smiles at me in solitary bed lying.
Oh General Doutao[1], thou commander of most valiant men,
When wilt thou return with banners proudly flying?

Tr. Wang Jianzhong

春思　　皇甫冉

鶯啼燕語報新年，馬邑龍堆路幾千？家住層城臨漢苑，
心隨明月到胡天。機中錦字論長恨，樓上花枝笑獨眠。
爲問元戎竇車騎，何時返旆勒燕然？

---

1 General Doutao: He was once governor of Qin prefecture of the Jin dynasty and was afterwards exiled to Liusha. His wife Su Hui wrote a poem to show her thoughts of him and wove it into the silken fabrics to be sent to her distant husband.

A Moonlit Night

Liu Fangping

The moon has painted half the room at dead of night,
The slanting Plough and Southern Stars shed their dim light.
I can feel in the air the warm breath of new spring,
For through my window screen I hear the insects sing.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

月夜　　劉方平

更深月色半人家，北斗闌干南斗斜。今夜偏知春氣暖，
蟲聲新透綠窗紗。

Loneliness

Liu Fangping

Through window screen she sees twilight of parting day,
Alone in gilded room, she wipes her tears away.
In lonely courtyard spring is growing desolate,
Pear-petals on the ground, she won't open the gate.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

春怨　　　劉方平

紗窗日落漸黃昏，金屋無人見淚痕。寂寞空庭春欲晚，
梨花滿地不開門。

A Parting Wish

Pei Di

Deeper yet deeper into the mountains go,
Drain every beauty there of hill and dale;
Strive not to be the fisherman of old –
Mere sojourner of the Peach-blossom Vale[1].

Tr. Yang Zhouhan

送崔九　　裴迪

歸山深淺去，須盡邱壑美。莫學武陵人，暫游桃源裏。

1 Refer to Wang Wei's *Legend of the Peach Blossom Valley.*

To Officers After the Retreat of the Raiders

Yuan Jie

In 763 tribesmen-raiders from Xiyuan entered Daozhou and killed people and pillaged and burned nearly everything before they left. The next year they attacked Yongzhou and broke into Shaozhou. But they retreated this time without invading the borders of our prefecture (Daozhou, of which Yuan Jie had become the governor). Was it because we were powerful enough to resist them? No. It was merely because they pitied and spared us. How can the commissioners be so merciless in taxation? I have therefore written this poem to show to my officers.

In the past when peace prevailed,
For long I a hermit did simulate.
A spring gushed in my coutryard,
A vale opened out before my gate.
The tax was regular and light,
It was possible to get up late.

Suddenly a civil war broke out,
I was called up to join the campaign.

賊退示官吏並序　　元結

癸卯歲西原賊入道州，焚燒殺掠，幾盡而去。明年，賊又攻永破邵，不犯此州邊鄙而退。豈力能制敵？蓋蒙其傷憐而已！諸使何爲忍苦徵斂！故作詩一篇以示官吏。

昔年逢太平，山林二十年。泉源在庭戶，洞壑當門前。
井稅有常期，日晏猶得眠。忽然遭世變，數歲親戎旃。

Since I took charge of this area,
The tribesmen have made havoc again.
But the raiders spared our small town,
And the poor people living in pain.
While neighbouring towns were sacked,
Our area has remained intact.
Should the royal tax commissioners
More cruelly than the rebels act?
Should the taxed and levied
Be subjected to a broiling severe?
Can one deprive others of living
And yet attain a famous career?

I'll turn to poling my own boat
And my assigned post forsake,
Lead my family to fishing,
And spend my last days by a lake.

Tr. Qiu Ke'an

今來典斯郡，山夷又紛然。城小賊不屠，人貧傷可憐！
是以陷鄰境，此州獨得全。使臣將王命，豈不如賊焉？
今彼徵斂者，迫之如火煎。誰能絕人命，以作時世賢？
思欲委符節，引竿自刺船。將家就魚麥，歸老江湖邊！

A Tippler's Song on Rock Fish Lake

Yuan Jie

Rock Fish Lake in the east of Hunan
Is very like Dongting in a way.
'Tis full from heavy summer rains
Its Junshan appears green today.

I would that its water serve as wine;
Its hills for a cup I'd rather take.
I see distant figures of drinkers —
Dotting on the islet of the lake.

For several days and nights running —
Immense waves, a high wind has churned up,
But, as usual, wine boats never fail —
To deliver the stuff for the cup.

I carry a tall goblet of wine,
Settling down to drinking with good fare.
I pour wine for all those about me,
Urging them to drink to banish care.

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

石魚湖上醉歌　　元結

石魚湖，似洞庭，夏水欲滿君山青。山爲樽，水爲沼，
酒徒歷歷坐洲島。長風連日作大浪，不能廢人運酒舫。
我持長瓢坐巴邱，酌飲四座以散愁！

An Invitation to My Friend Councillor Yang from My Study at Gu Kou

Qian Qi

Around my thatched cottage wild brooks wind;
To my rough curtain rosy clouds their way oft find.
With rain just o'er, bamboos refresh the eye,
And mountains in the setting sun more charming lie.
Idle storks to roost go early in the eve;
And autumn flowers are slower to take their leave.
The boy is sweeping my o'ergrown paths clean
Against an old friend I've invited to the scene.

Tr. Zhang Guruo

谷口書齋寄楊補闕　　錢起

泉壑帶茅茨，雲霞生薜帷。竹憐新雨後，山愛夕陽時。
閑鷺棲常早，秋花落更遲。家僮掃蘿徑，昨與故人期。

Seeing a Japanese Bonze Off to Japan

Qian Qi

For Buddhism's sake you have come in this land to stay;
You seem to have voyaged dreamily along your way.
The boundless sea you crossed upsurges to the skies;
The vessel laden with Buddha's teaching its way flies.
The moon and water know something Buddhism can lend;
To the chanted Sutra fish and dragons their ears bend.
That which we hold dear is the solitary light
From thousand and thousand li away shining bright.

Tr. Zhang Guruo

送僧歸日本　　錢起

上國隨緣住，來途若夢行。浮天滄海遠，去世法舟輕。
水月通禪寂，魚龍聽梵聲。惟憐一燈影，萬里眼中明。

To Master Pei, a Palace Official

Qian Qi

Th'imperial garden amid golden orioles' song awakes
In the forbidden city, sombre in early spring morn.
The boom of the bell dies away after through flowers it breaks.
The willows by the pool sway in the rain, dark and forlorn.
And nothing, not e'en the warm sun, could thaw my bitter pain,
Yet true and loyal to the emp'ror shall I always be.
For years, alas, I've sent my writings to court all in vain,
And white-haired now, I'm mortified your regalia to see.

Tr. Wang Shiren

贈闕下裴舍人　　　錢起

二月黃鸝飛上林，春城紫禁曉陰陰。長樂鐘聲花外盡，
龍池柳色雨中深。陽和不散窮途恨，霄漢長懸捧日心，
獻賦十年猶未遇，羞將白髮對華簪！

Mooring at Night by Maple Bridge

Zhang Ji

The moon goes down, crows cry under the frosty sky,
Dimly-lit fishing boats 'neath maples sadly lie.
Beyond the Gusu walls the Temple of Cold Hill
Rings bells which reach my boat, breaking the midnight still.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

楓橋夜泊　　張繼

月落烏啼霜滿天，江楓漁火對愁眠。姑蘇城外寒山寺，
夜半鐘聲到客船。

Responding to Cheng Yan's Poem on Autumn Night

Han Hong

Over my mat brushed early the cold wind,
The empty city bathed in pale moonlight,
One lonely wild-goose across the Starry River,
While thousands of washing-mallets heard at night.
The season is now late and well advanced,
And thinking of you made me sleep slight;
I relished your graceful lines so long –
Till cawing rooks ushered in the day bright.

Tr. Wang Minyuan

酬程延秋夜即事見贈　　韓翃

長簟迎風早，空城澹月華。星河秋一雁，砧杵夜千家。
節候看應晚，心期臥已賒。向來吟秀句，不覺已鳴鴉。

An Inscription for Xian You Temple

Han Hong

The evening drizzle eases off to reveal
The immortals' edifice, standing fair
Against the landscape, desolate and chill --
The serene and illimitable air.
Into the distant sky when twilight dims
The grey hills fade away in the dusk cold.
The washing blocks[1] foretell from murmuring streams
The late autumn over the palace old.
The shadows of the scattered pine trees throw
On the empty terrace, calm and tranquil.
Fine grasses by the little caverns grow
With scent filling the air, pleasant and still.
Why look for hermitage beyond this land?
Here is a true haven — a fairyland.

Tr. Huang Xingsheng

同題仙遊觀　韓翃

仙臺初見五城樓，風物淒淒宿雨收。山色遙連秦樹晚，
砧聲近報漢宮秋。疏松影落空壇靜，細草春香小洞幽。
何用別尋方外去，人間亦自有丹邱。

---

1 A washing block is a slab of stone. This expression in classical Chinese verses often suggests the preparation of clothes for winter.

"Cold Food" Festival[1]

Han Hong

All over the capital catkins flew wantonly,
A scene of the spring so significant:
On "Cold Food" the east wind wilfully
Made the imperial willows slant.

Now as the dusk approached quietly,
Within the Han palace candles glowed;
Towards the five mansions of nobility[2]
The silvery smoke of the tapers flowed.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

寒食　　韓翃

春城無處不飛花，寒食東風御柳斜。日暮漢宮傳蠟燭，輕煙散入五侯家。

---

1 At the "Cold Food" festival which lasted three days in spring in ancient times, ordinary folks were told to take cold food without making any fire for cooking or other purposes.

2 Both the catkins and the east wind allude to the "five mansions of nobility" or the emperor's favourite eunuchs who were in power during the Han Dynasty.

Seeing a Friend Off to the North After the Quelling of the Rebels

Sikong Shu

When war broke out, we came to the south hand in hand;
Now peace has been restored, you go north without me.
Our hair has early turned white in an alien land,
Soon in your native place blue mountains will you see.
By waning moon you'll cross the desolate battle-ground;
Underneath myriad stars you'll sleep at the old pass.
What will keep you a mournful comp'ny all around
But birds shivering in the cold and withered grass!

Tr. Zhang Guruo

賊平後送人北歸　　　司空曙

世亂同南去，時清獨北還。他鄉生白髮，舊國見青山。
曉月過殘壘，繁星宿故關。寒禽與衰草，處處伴悲顏。

Parting with My Friend Han Shen After a Night's Lodging in the Hospice of Yun Yang County

Sikong Shu

Many a time we've been parted by sea and land,
Between us we've seen rivers roll and mountains stand.
We wonder if it's a dream now we meet again;
We ask each other's age condoling on our bane.
The lonely lamp sheds coldly on the rain its rays,
The dense bamboo grove is bedimmed by misty haze.
The parting sorrow of the morrow all the more
Endears the cups at the farewell party we pour.

Tr. Zhang Guruo

雲陽館與韓紳宿別　　司空曙

故人江海别，幾度隔山川。乍見翻疑夢，相悲各問年。
孤燈寒照雨，深竹暗浮烟。更有明朝恨，離杯惜共傳！

Pleased at My Cousin Lu Lun's Passing a Night with Me

Sikong Shu

An old ancestral house in a sorry plight,
No neighbour in view but a silent night.
All here are yellow-leaved trees in the rain,
And a white-haired man in the dim lamp-light.
Because my star has long been on the wane,
Your frequent visits bring me a sense of pain.
Yet oft to see each other we are fated,
Since we as kinsfolk closely are related.

Tr. Zhang Guruo

喜外弟盧綸見宿　　司空曙

靜夜四無鄰，荒居舊業貧。雨中黃葉樹，燈下白頭人。
以我獨沈久，愧君相見頻。平生自有分，況是蔡家親。

Not Finding Lu Hongjian at Home

Jiao Ran

I come to find you moved beyond the town;
Through mulberries a wild path leads me down
To the fence by which you planted chrysanthemums,
Which are not yet in bloom though autumn comes.

I hear no dog bark as I knock at the door
I ask your neighbours before I end my tour.
You go deep into the hills every day,
And won't be back until sunset, they say.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

尋陸鴻漸不遇　　皎然

移家雖帶郭，野徑入桑麻。近種籬邊菊，秋來未著花。
叩門無犬吠，欲去問西家。報道山中去，歸來每日斜。

The Zitherist

Li Duan

How clear the golden zither rings
When her fair fingers touch its strings!
To draw attention of her lord,
She strikes now and then a discord.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

聽箏　　李端

鳴箏金粟柱，素手玉房前。欲得周郎顧，時時誤拂絃。

A Palace Poem

Gu Kuang

From a jade bower songs float halfway up the sky,
The wind carries the palace maids' gay voices high.
The moon is slanting, drips of water-clock are heard;
The screen uprolled, the Weaver's seen far from the Cowherd[1].

Tr. X. Y. Z.

宮詞　　顧況

玉樓天半起笙歌，風送宮嬪笑語和。月殿影開聞夜漏，
水精簾捲近秋河。

1 The Weaver and the Cowherd were believed to be two stars in love with each other but separated by the Milky Way.

A Soldier's Complaint

Liu Zhongyong

Year after year I went to River Gold,
　　And then to Jade-Gate Pass;
Day after day my horse whip did I hold,
　　My sword hilt made of brass.
In late spring white snow did enfold
　　Green graves with their green grass,
Where Yellow River of Ten thousand li, all told,
　　Embraced Mount Black's huge mass.

Tr. Li Funing

征人怨　　柳中庸

歲歲金河復玉關，朝朝馬策與刀環。三春白雪歸青冢，萬里黃河繞黑山。

A Chance Meeting of Old Acquaintances at an Inn

Dai Shulun

The moon is full again as autumn falls,
Over a thousand roofs within the city walls.
We chance to meet as in the Southern land,
Is it a dream we do not understand?

The wind startles the magpies in the trees;
Cowering under dewy grass, the insects freeze.
Wayfarers ought to have more wine to drink,
Lest the morning bell should make our hearts sink.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

江鄉故人偶集客舍　　戴叔倫

天秋月又滿，城闕夜千重。還作江南會，翻疑夢裏逢。
風枝驚暗鵲，露草覆寒蟲。羈旅長堪醉，相留畏曉鐘。

Entertaining Literary Scholars in My Official Residence on a Rainy Day

Wei Yingwu

Guards on watch, with ranks of halberds bright;
Guest rooms are fragrant with scent not in sight.
While wind and rain sweep from beyond the sea,
In this cool place we find ourselves carefree.
With ailments and vexations lately ended,
Distinguished guests are here once more befriended.
Ashamed as I am to own this splendid house,
When people still have not enough to browse,
Good sense, let's hope, will silence grumbling voices,
Broad mind at this convivial rejoices.
Although no fish or meat at table is served,
Yet fruit and greens for all are here reserved.
Let's come and drink a cup of blissful wine,
And hear a reading of verses divine.
A joyful spirit makes the body light,
One feels as if, wind-borne, to fly on height.
Wu State is famed for poets and wise men,
Here, what a brilliant group who wield the pen!
Let's prove the name of a great commonwealth
Is made by better things than worldly wealth.

Tr. Li Funing

郡齋雨中與諸文士燕集　　韋應物

兵衛森畫戟，燕寢凝清香。海上風雨至，逍遙池閣涼。
煩疴近消散，嘉賓復滿堂。自慙居處崇，未瞻斯民康。
理會是非遣，性達形迹忘。鮮肥屬時禁，蔬果幸見嘗。
俯飲一杯酒，仰聆金玉章。神歡體自輕，意欲淩風翔。
吳中盛文史，羣彥今汪洋。方知大藩地，豈曰財賦彊。

On Setting Out on the Yangtze; For Secretary Yuan

Wei Yingwu

Sadly I left my dear, beloved friend;
Slowly I drifted into mist and fog – no end –
To Luoyang where my family is and dwells;
While trees in Guangling echoed curfew bells.
Early this morning did we say goodbye,
Where shall we meet again? Where shall we lie?
Destiny is a boat tossing on waves,
Who can stay it? Not He, though He all saves!

Tr. Li Funing

初發揚子寄元大校書　　韋應物

悽悽去親愛，泛泛入煙霧。歸棹洛陽人，殘鐘廣陵樹。
今朝爲此別，何處還相遇？世事波上舟，沿洄安得住？

For the Mountain Hermit of Quanjiao

Wei Yingwu

Shuddering this morning at my office end,
I suddenly thought upon my mountain friend —
Gathering thorn twigs down in the valley wood,
Returning then to boil white stones for food.
I wish I could send him a gourd of wine,
To cheer him up with love, in rain or shine.
But fallen leaves have covered up the slopes,
How could I find his track, hoping 'gainst hopes?

Tr. Li Funing

寄全椒山中道士　　韋應物

今朝郡齋冷，忽念山中客。澗底束荊薪，歸來煮白石。
欲持一瓢酒，遠慰風雨夕。落葉滿空山，何處尋行跡？

To My Daughter, on Her Marriage into the Yang Family

Wei Yingwu

My heart has been in heaviness all day,
As you will set out on a long journey.
The marriage of a girl, away from home,
Puts you on board, as 'twere, amidst sea foam.
You were very young when your Mamma deceased,
I tried to bring you up with love increased.
Your elder sister has looked after you.
You are both crying, no one can part you.
This makes my grief the harder to endure;
Yet you are bound to go, I you assure.
From childhood you did lack a mother's care,
How will you with your mother-in-law fare?
You're going to an excellent household;
They will be kind and just – no fear of scold.
Modesty and thrift you ought to cultivate;
What need is there for dowry and gold plate?

送楊氏女　　韋應物

永日方慽慽，出門復悠悠。女子今有行，大江泝輕舟。
爾輩苦無恃，撫念益慈柔。幼爲長所育，兩別泣不休。
對此結中腸，義往難復留。自小闕內訓，事姑貽我憂。
賴茲託令門，仁卹庶無尤！貧儉誠所尚，資從豈待周。

Be gentle and deferent, as becomes a lady,
Careful of words and look, avoid what's shady.
This morning we shall part from one another,
How many autumns till we see each other?
In daily life I can suppress my feelings;
But suddenly they are changed into hard dealings.
Coming home, seeing your dear little sister,
Tears trickle down my cap-strings as they glister.

Tr. Li Funing

孝恭遵婦道，容止順其猷。別離在今晨，見爾當何秋！
居閒始自遣，臨感忽難收。歸來視幼女，零淚緣纓流！

On Meeting Feng Zhu at Changan

Wei Yingwu

My friend came from the east to pay a calling,
His clothes were wet with rain-drops from Baling.
"For what have you come? What your leisure fills?"
"To buy an axe to cut firewood on hills."
Unwittingly, now flowers are here in bloom;
Young fledgling swallows slit the gloom.
Another spring has come since yesterday,
Our temples have turned silver, like sea spray.

Tr. Li Funing

長安遇馮著　　韋應物

客從東方來，衣上灞陵雨。問客何爲來？采山因買斧。
冥冥花正開，颺颺燕新乳。昨別今已春，鬢絲生幾縷？

Mooring at Dusk in Xuyi County

Wei Yingwu

Dropping sail at a county on the Huai,
        My boat lies near a vacant courier's rest.
The winds from shore to shore the waters ruffle;
        Dimly, dimly sinks the sun in the west.
The hill-side town, deserted now, looms dark;
        The wild geese 'lighted, the reedy isle gleams white.
With thoughts on home, a sleepless traveller
        Is counting the bells – through this lonely night.

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

夕次盱眙縣　　韋應物

落帆逗淮鎮，停舫臨孤驛。浩浩風起波，冥冥日沈夕。
人歸山郭暗，雁下蘆洲白。獨夜憶秦關，聽鐘未眠客。

The Eastern Suburbs

Wei Yingwu

Confined year long to office chambers close,
    I greet the country for its morning air.
Gentle breezes caress the waving willows;
    The verdant hills becalm my grief and care.
Against the bush I rest and take my ease,
    Or to and fro I stroll along the stream.
A dewy drizzle veils the scenting plains;
    O say from where the throstle's trills do gleam!
My duties check the heart's delight for ease;
    On joys I can but one brief hour employ.
Yet soon or late, I'll rig up here a hut,
    And live a life that Tao[1] would love t'enjoy!

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

東郊　　韋應物

吏舍跼終年，出郊曠清曙。楊柳散和風，青山澹吾慮。
依叢適自憩，緣澗還復去。微雨靄芳原，春鳩鳴何處？
樂幽心屢止，遵事跡猶遽。終罷斯結廬，慕陶直可庶。

---

1 Tao refers to the great poet and recluse Tao Yuan-ming (365-427) of the Jin dynasty (265-419). Tao was once appointed civil officer of a small town in the present province of Jiangxi but resigned his post in less than three months, to return to his native place, saying "It is not in my nature to cringe for five dou of rice".

Happy Meeting on the Huai[1] with an Old Friend from Liangzhou

Wei Yingwu

Voyagers on the Han we chanced to be
　　And drowned in brimming cups our mutual cares.
Like drifting clouds we parted then – to let
　　Ten fleeting years stream by, all unawares.
The sweet old days recalled revive our joys,
　　Though at the temples our hair is turning gray.
You wonder why I do not think of home?
　　Bright mountains on the Huai beck me to stay.

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

淮上喜會梁州故人　　韋應物

江漢曾爲客，相逢每醉還。浮雲一別後，流水十年間。
歡笑情如舊，蕭疏鬢已斑。何因不歸去，淮上對秋山！

1 The River Huai in the coastal province of Jiangsu is about 900 kilometers from Changan, now Xian, the poet's native city. Both Liangzhou and the River Han are in southern Shaanxi, the province where Xian is.

A Valediction: To Li Cao, in an Evening Drizzle

Wei Yingwu

Along the Yangzi, in a sprinkling drizzle
The evening bells come tolling from Nanjing.
The sails hang sagging in the rainy air;
The homing birds fly slow on laden wing.

The sea's deep gate[1] is too far to be seen;
And on the banks the trees are moist with rain.
Too deep are thoughts for words — to see thee off,
Like threads of fleecy silk our robes they stain[2].

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

賦得暮雨送李曹　　韋應物

楚江微雨裏，建業暮鐘時。漠漠帆來重，冥冥鳥去遲。
海門深不見，浦樹遠含滋，相送情無限，沾襟比散絲。

---

1 The "sea's deep gate" means the Yangzi estuary, about 300 kilometers away from Nanjing.

2 The last line carries a conceit for tears as drops of rain.

To Li Dan

Wei Yinguu

In the month of flowers we met last year, then parted;
Today they bloom again, to mark another year.
Man contrives in vain, in this riddling, changeful world;
Spring to my lonely nights brings dreams both dim and drear.

An ailing body sets my thoughts all homeward bound;
My fee shames me when hungry people flee their land.
How many full moons I've watched from my western bower,
E'er since I got the tidings of your visit planned!

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

寄李儋元錫　　韋應物

去年花裏逢君別，今日花開又一年。世事茫茫難自料，
春愁黯黯獨成眠。身多疾病思田里，邑有流亡愧俸錢！
聞道欲來相問訊，西樓望月幾回圓。

To Second Board Secretary Qiu in an Autumn Night

Wei Yingwu

This autumn night, I think of you for a long time,
While strolling, I sing of the cool season in rhyme.
In the deserted mountains, fir-cones fall in showers,
It would have made an eremite grudge no late hours.

Tr. Zhang Guruo

秋夜寄邱員外　　韋應物

懷君屬秋夜，散步詠涼天。空山松子落，幽人應未眠。

On the West Stream at Chuzhou

Wei Yingwu

Alone I like the riverside where green grass grows
And golden orioles sing amid the leafy trees.
With spring showers at dusk the river overflows,
A lonely boat athwart the ferry floats at ease.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

滁州西澗　　韋應物

獨憐幽草澗邊生，上有黃鸝深樹鳴。春潮帶雨晚來急，
野渡無人舟自橫。

Seeing Li Duan Off

Lu Lun

The ancient pass o'ergrown with withered grass,
At the parting my grief cannot but grow.
Your road will lead beyond cold cloud, alas!
While I'll return at dusk into the snow.

You wandered young without father and mother;
In frustration I came to know you late.
Hiding our tears, we stare long at each other;
What can we expect from our bitter fate?

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

送李端　　盧綸

故關衰草遍，離別正堪悲。路出寒雲外，人歸暮雪時。
少孤爲客早，多難識君遲。掩泣空相向，風塵何所期？

A Night-Mooring at Ezhou[1]

Lu Lun

The clouds dispersed and Hanyang[2] appeared far away.
The voyage of our lone sail would take one more day.
The merchants dozed till dusk as the waves did subside.
And boatmen talked at night, I felt the pull of tide.
As streams were cold with frost, my hair was hoar with care.
Under the moon I would in thought homeward repair.
Ruined by war was I, both estate and career.
What pangs I felt when distant war-drums I did hear!

Tr. Wang Shiren

晚次鄂縣　　盧綸

雲開遠見漢陽城，猶是孤帆一日程。估客晝眠知浪靜，
舟人夜語覺潮生。三湘愁鬢逢秋色，萬里歸心對月明。
舊業已隨征戰盡，更堪江上鼓鼙聲！

1　Ezhou: In what is now Wuchang area, Hubei Province.
2　Hanyang: In Hubei Province.

Border Songs

Lu Lun

I

His arrow tufted with hawk's feather,
        His pennon shaped like swallow's tail,
He gives an order out, together
        A thousand battalions shout: "Hail!"

II

On a dark night grass shivers at wind's howl,
The general takes it for a tiger's growl,
He shoots and looks for his arrow next morn
Only to find a rock pierced 'mid the thorn.

塞下曲　　盧綸

鷲翎金僕姑，燕尾繡蝥弧。獨立揚新令，千營共一呼。
林暗草驚風，將軍夜引弓。平明尋白羽，沒在石稜中。

III

Startled wild geese fly high in moonless night,
The Tartar chieftain through the dark takes flight.
Our cavaliers chase him, armed with the bow
And the sword both coated with heavy snow.

IV

Let sumptuous banquet in the wild be spread!
        Let natives give the victors warm welcomes!
Let's dance in golden armor, drunk and fed!
        Let mountains tremble at thunder of drums!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

月黑雁飛高，單于夜遁逃。欲將輕騎逐，大雪滿弓刀。
野幕蔽瓊筵，羌戎賀勞旋。醉和金甲舞，雷鼓動山川。

Meeting with My Cousin Only to Part

Li Yi

After ten troubled years of pain,
Not till grown-up do we meet again.
You seem a stranger at first view,
Yet your name tells me who were you.
We talk of changes which befell
Until we hear the evening bell.
Tomorrow o'er the hills you'll go,
How far off you'll be, I don't know.

Tr. Ni Peiling

喜見外弟又言別　　李益

十年離亂後，長大一相逢。問姓驚初見，稱名憶舊容。
別來滄海事，語罷暮天鐘。明日巴陵道，秋山又幾重？

A Southern Song

Li Yi

Since I became a merchant's wife,
I've in his absence passed my life.
A sailor's faithful as the tide,
Would I have been a sailor's bride!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

江南曲　　李益

嫁得瞿塘賈，朝朝誤妾期。早知潮有信，嫁與弄潮兒。

Ascending at Night the Gate-Tower of the Triumphal Town and Hearing a Flute

Li Yi

Below the border-mountain lies sand like snow white;
Beyond the city-wall like frost the moon shines bright.
Nobody knows from where is wafting a flute song,
The warriors lie awake homesick all the night long.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

夜上受降城聞笛　　李益

迴樂峯前沙似雪，受降城外月如霜。不知何處吹蘆管，
一夜征人盡望鄉。

A Faithful Widow

Meng Jiao

The trees Wu and Tong grow old together,
The mandarin duck will die with her drake.
In the same manner a faithful woman
Should give up her life for her husband's sake.
Like the dead water of an ancient well,
No more ripples will ever my heart shake.

Tr. Qiu Ke'an

烈女操　　孟郊

梧桐相待老，鴛鴦會雙死。貞婦貴殉夫，捨生亦如此！
波瀾誓不起，妾心古井水！

Song of a Roamer

Meng Jiao

The threads in a kind mother's hand –
A gown for her son bound for far-off land,
Sewn stitch by stitch before he leaves
        For fear his return be delayed.
Such kindness as young grass receives
        From the warm sun can't be repaid.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

遊子吟　　孟郊

慈母手中線，遊子身上衣。臨行密密縫，意恐遲遲歸！
誰言寸草心，報得三春暉？

The Forlorn Wife

Quan Deyu

My girdle fell loose of itself last night,
Early this morning a luck-spider flew;
Let me not put away my box of rouge,
My husband's home again. But is it true?

Tr. Yang Zhouhan

玉臺體　　權德輿

昨夜裙帶解，今朝蟢子飛。鉛華不可棄，莫是藁砧歸？

Overnight Tarry in Wang Changling's Hermitage

Chang Jian

Quite fathomless the limpid streamlet flows,
　　The lonely cloud half veils the hermit's cell;
A speck of moon glides off the tips of pines
　　And sheds a silver beam, on thee to dwell.

In thatched arbour nestle the shades of flowers,
　　The plot of herbs their mossy growths instills.
I'll too bid farewell to the times – to herd
　　With cranes that vegetate yon western hills[1].

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

宿王昌齡隱居　常建

清谿深不測，隱處惟孤雲。松際露微月，清光猶爲君。
茅亭宿花影，藥院滋苔紋。余亦謝時去，西山鸞鶴羣？

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1 The scarlet-crowned white crane, called "fairy" or "sacred" in China, is traditionally the symbol of longevity and contemplative life.

In the Rear Buddha Hall of the Broken Hill Temple

Chang Jian

I walk into the ancient shrine at dawn,
    The rising sun gilding the green wood tall.
A winding path leads to a calm retreat,
    And deep the greenery round the Buddha hall.
The birds are gladdened by the mountain light;
    Shaded pools bring my heart to peaceful climes.
All fretful stirrings of the world now hushed,
    I only hear deep bells and tingling chimes.

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

題破山寺後禪院　　常建

清晨入古寺，初日照高林。曲徑通幽處，禪房花木深。
山光悅鳥性，潭影空人心。萬籟此俱寂，惟聞鐘磬音。

A Bride

Wang Jian

Married three days, I go shy-faced
To cook a soup with hands still fair.
To meet my mother-in-law's taste,
I send her daughter the first share.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

新嫁娘詞　　王建

三日入廚下，洗手作羹湯。未諳姑食性，先遣小姑嘗。

To an Old Friend Lost in Tubo

Zhang Ji

At the borderland were you stationed last year;
Your army was lost outside the city wall.
News was cut off between here and the frontier;
The living are severed from those who fell at duty's call.

Your tent was left with no one to retrieve;
Your horse knew the torn flag on its homeward way.
I'd offer a sacrifice, but can I believe
You are dead? Alas! I shed my tears far away.

Tr. Tao Jie

沒蕃故人　　張籍

前年戍月支，城下沒全師。蕃漢斷消息，死生長別離！
無人收廢帳，歸馬識殘旗。欲祭疑君在，天涯哭此時！

Mountain Rocks

Han Yu

Mountain rocks here are jagged and craggy.
The paths are narrow; difficult to tread.
When we arrived at the abbey at eve,
Many bats were fluttering overhead.

As we ascended the steps and sat there,
Our feet were already wet with rain.
The leaves of the plantain were very large.
Luxuriant grew the elecampane.

The monks said that the murals of Buddha –
Are done with extreme skill and minute care.
They brought a lamp to illuminate them.
As specimens of such art, they are rare.

山石　　韓愈

山石犖确行徑微，黃昏到寺蝙蝠飛。升堂坐階新雨足，
芭蕉葉大梔子肥。僧言古壁佛畫好，以火來照所見稀。

We were invited to stay overnight.
Beds were provided; a table was spread.
Though it was coarse rice and vegetables,
We're satisfied with being fully fed.

In the quiet of the night, we reclined.
Insect of any kind, we heard no more.
The bright moon rose out of the mountain;
Approached and even penetrated the door.

When morning arrived, we left the abbey.
But which way to go, we were in a maze.
Up and down rough terrain, we forged ahead,
Still in the midst of enveloping haze.

The mountain is red; the brooks are verdant.
Between them was colorful interplay.
At times, I saw pines and oaks of such girth —
It'd take ten men to gird it the whole way.

When we reached places where there was water,
We went in and touched bottom with bare feet.

鋪牀拂席置羹飯，疏糲亦足飽我饑。夜深靜臥百蟲絕，
清月出嶺光入扉。天明獨去無道路，出入高下窮煙霏。
山紅澗碧紛爛熳，時見松櫪皆十圍。當流赤足踏澗石，

We enjoyed hearing the water rushing on,
Wind filling out our robes like flowing sheet.

Life can be happy with such for pleasure.
Why be close-confined like lambs in a fold?
Alas! Indeed, people like us, two or three!
Couldn't we return home before we get old?

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

水聲激激風生衣。人生如此自可樂，豈必局促爲人鞿。
嗟哉吾黨二三子，安得至老不更歸！

To Zhang Gongcao on the Moon Festival

Han Yu

What thin clouds there are, roll off the heavens,
Still leaving the Milky Way out of sight.
A cool breeze sweeps the wide open country.
The moon seems to send forth ripples of light.

The sand -- unruffled; the waters are calm.
No shadow about; not even a hum.
As each lifts his cup, about to imbibe,
For sure, out of your lips, a song would come.

A note of sourness pervades the whole song:
Bitter words, and much more in the same strain.
I have hardly heard the final stanza,
Before my tears well up and fall like rain.

八月十五夜贈張功曹　　韓愈

纖雲四捲天無河。清風吹空月舒波。沙平水息聲影絕
一盃相屬君當歌。君歌聲酸辭且苦，不能聽終淚如雨！

"In hue with the sky, Lake Dongting is one.
Jiuyi Mountain in Hunan – Very high.
Dragons appear – disappear – as they please.
Gorillas – flying squirrels – make their cry.

Every time on my way to the yamen,
I'm risking my life and limb, as in war.
In seclusion, I seldom venture out,
Like a hiding fugitive from the law.

Off one's bed, one fears all manner of snakes.
One's food may be poisoned: hard to tell.
From underground comes a composite gas,
With a musty, urinous, fetid smell.

Yesterday, at the county government,
Heavy drums heralded the first report:
Xian Zong on his accession to the throne –
Would employ fully the talented sort.

The royal edict for an amnesty –
Was carried at speeds one could not believe.

洞庭連天九疑高，蛟龍出沒猩鼯號。十生九死到官所，
幽居默默如藏逃。下牀畏蛇食畏藥，海氣濕蟄熏腥臊。
昨者州前搥大鼓，嗣皇繼聖登夔皋。赦書一日行千里，

All punishments were to be commuted;
For the death sentence, there would be reprieve.

The demoted would be re-instated.
Back to their homes, the banished would be brought.
There'd be a clean-up of the government;
There'd be a purge of personnel at Court.

My application was duly sent in,
But my superior withheld his hand.
Hence, much against my wishes, I was sent –
As arranged, to Hunan, the savage land.

Indeed, 'tis a minor – menial – post.
Better not speak of it, unless one must.
For mistakes made or errors committed –
One can be flogged and humbled to the dust.

Meanwhile, over our heads are promoted –
The rank and file who have just served their time.
The road to Heaven is out of the way;
Too beset with dangers for us to climb."

罪從大辟皆除死，遷者追迴流者還，滌瑕蕩垢清朝班。
州家申名使家抑，坎軻祇得移荊蠻。判司卑官不堪說，
未免捶楚塵埃間。同時輩流多上道，天路幽險難追攀！

Here is my tune as response to your song.
Be different from yours in tone, it cannot.
Of all nights, the moon tonight – the brightest.
Why not drink, since predestined is one's lot.

Tr. Xu Zhongjie

君歌且休聽我歌，我歌今與君殊科。一年明月今宵多，
人生由命非由他，有酒不飲奈明何！

A Poem Inscribed on the Entrance Gate of a Temple on Heng Mountain

Han Yu

The five Sacred Mountains rank like the Three Dukes;
With Mount Song in the centre, the other four
Standing in a circular guard.
The land is haunted, wild and fiery.
Yet Heaven bestowed on Mount Heng
That unique supremacy.

Clouds scudding and mist spraying,
Its girdle is often shrouded.
Who could then ever scale
The ultimate summit clouded?

I came upon a rainy autumn,
With air so stale and wanting of fresh wind.
Praying devoutly in silence,
Thinking that my upright mind
Would move the spirit to answer,

謁衡嶽廟遂宿嶽寺題門樓　　韓愈

五嶽祭秩皆三公，四方環鎮嵩當中。火維地荒足妖怪，
天假神柄專其雄。噴雲泄霧藏半腹，雖有絕頂誰能窮？
我來正逢秋雨節，陰氣晦昧無清風。潛心默禱若有應，

Instantly the clouds dispersed,
And a crown of peaks appeared.
I saw a pinnacle, for a wonder,
Protruding toward the blue yonder.

"Purple Canopy" extending to touch
"Heaven's Pillar",
"Stone Granary" throwing in its lot
With "Fire God",
Deeply awed, I dismounted
To prostrate myself.

Through the cypress and pine
I hastened along the pathway
To the holy temple.
The rosy cassia wood shimmered
Against the whitewashed walls,
And the spiritual figures filled out
The frescoes in blue and red.
Bowing low, while ascending the steps
With offerings of dried meat and wine,
I wished to show my sincerity
With such meagreness.

Within the temple was an old man
Of godly communion.

豈非正直能感通。須臾靜掃衆峰出，仰見突兀撐青空。
紫蓋連延接天柱，石廩騰擲堆祝融。森然動魄下馬拜，
松柏一逕趨靈宮。粉牆丹柱動光彩，鬼物圖畫填青紅。
升階傴僂薦脯酒，欲以菲薄明其衷。廟內老人識神意，

Bowing low but with eyes lit up in a search.
He held a divination box
And instructed me to cast,
He then pronounced that my throw blest
Was by far the luckiest.

Exiled to the barbarous wilderness
My only hope was to survive.
To be Duke, Prince, General, Premier,
I long ceased to aspire,
Not even with the leniency of God's blessing.

By nightfall, I lodged in the monastery.
Climbing to the top room,
I saw stars and moon
Flicker behind the shifting clouds.
Though many monkeys chattered,
And the bells tolled,
I should not awake to the dawn
As in the east
Rose the splendor of a wintry sun.

Tr. Liu Nienling

睢盱探伺能鞠躬。手持盃珓導我擲，云此最吉餘難同。
竄逐蠻荒幸不死，衣食纔足甘長終。侯王將相望久絕，
神縱欲福難爲功。夜投佛寺上高閣，星月掩映雲朣朦，
猿鳴鐘動不知曙，杲杲寒日生於東。

An Ode to the Stone Drums[1]

Han Yu

Zhang[2], rubbings of the Stone Drums in hand,
Urged me to try for an ode in their stand.
Shaoling[3] of his laureateship deprived,
The Banished Fairy[4] having not survived,
O Drums,

石鼓歌　　韓愈

張生手持石鼓文，勸我試作石鼓歌，少陵無人謫仙死，

---

1 The Stone Drums, actually a set of ten drum-shaped stones, on which were engraved a poem of ten stanzas recording a hunting event of some nobles in ancient China.

2 Zhang, referring to Zhang Ji (c. 768-830), another famous poet of the Tang dynasty and a close friend of Han Yu's.

3 Shaoling, a place near Changan, the ancestral home of the great poet Du Fu (712-770), who is therefore sometimes referred to as Du Shaoling.

4 The Banished Fairy, an epithet attached to Li Bai (701-762) because of his unrivalled heaven-descended genius as a poet.

How could my limited talents
Be worthy of your high acomplishments?

With the reign of Zhou steadily declining,
The whole land in turmoil lay repining.
King Xuan[1] resolved to set his state right,
The Sword of Justice he weilded with great might.
Flung wide were the doors of the Grand Hall[2].
Throned he was to be cheered by all,
Dukes and barons shoulders rubbing,
Their swords and pendants gaily jangling.
South of Mount Qi[3] o'er the hunting ground,
Galloped the brilliant and brave;
For countless miles all around,
Birds and beasts fell their preys.
To have the feats engraved for eternity,
Drums were chipped from rock tumbled off crags lofty.

才薄將奈石鼓何？周綱陵夷四海沸，宣王憤起揮天戈。
大開明堂受朝賀，諸侯劍佩鳴相磨。蒐於岐陽騁雄俊，
萬里禽獸皆遮羅。鐫功勒成告萬世，鑿石作鼓隳嵯峨。

---

1 The Zhou dynasty, which was founded in 1027 B.C. and flourished for about a century, began to decline until King Xuan succeeded in 827 B.C. Then a period of prosperity and military conquests set in, which was known in history as the resurgence of the Zhou dynasty.

2 The Grand Hall, where ceremonies were held by ancient kings for the promulgation of important edicts, celebration of momentous victories and other great occasions.

3 Mount Qi, northeast of Qishan, Shanxi Province.

The arts and talents of the courtiers
All ranked among the superiors.
They picked and chose, wrote and carved till, all ready,
The drums were laid in the nook of a valley.
Rain-drenched, sun-baked, and wild fire grilled,
They begged of daemons to warn and shield.
"Where on earth did you get such rubbings,
Truthful and exact down to the finest tracings?"
Close in sense and strict in expression,
The text is hard for comprehension.
The calligraphy of the scroll
Is neither "Official" nor "Tadpole"[1].
How could it be uneroded, being ages old?
Yet what masterful strokes — and behold!
Like soaring dragons hacked by swords whittling,
Like phoenix-walzing, argus-wheeling,
A host of fairies fast descending,
Coral and jade trees with their branches entwining.

從臣才藝咸第一，揀選撰刻留山阿。雨淋日炙野火燎，
鬼物守護煩撝呵。公從何處得紙本？毫髮盡備無差訛。
辭嚴義密讀難曉，字體不類隸與蝌。年深豈免有缺畫，
快劍斫斷生蛟鼉。鸞翔鳳翥衆仙下，珊瑚碧樹交枝柯，

---

1 The "Official" script, or Lishu, was a calligraphic style current in the Han dynasty (206 B.C. — A.D. 220). The "Tadpole", however was an even more ancient hieroglyphic script, so-called because of its similarity to the tadpole in shape.

Locked by iron-chains and gold-shackles,
They wrest and wring;
Like the Ancient Tripods[1] and Dragon-shuttles[2],
They skip and spring.
Pedants are they who had the work omitted,
While the Book of Songs was being edited.
And its two sections of Hymns[3] are too restricted
To have this grand piece properly admitted.
Confucius never reached Qin
While westward he was touring[4].
So, galaxies of poems though he had collected,
A gem that beams like Sun and Moon was neglected.

金繩鐵索鎖鈕壯，古鼎躍水龍騰梭。陋儒編詩不收入，
二雅褊迫無委蛇。孔子西行不到秦，掎摭星宿遺羲娥。

1 The Ancient Tripod, a reference to the nine Tripods of the Zhou dynasty.

2 The Dragon-shuttle: Legend goes that Tao Kai (259-334), a famous man of letters of the Jin dynasty (265-420), one day caught a shuttle while fishing. He hung the shuttle on the wall and it was transformed into a dragon soaring away.

3 The two sections of the Hymns refer to the Dynastic Hymns in the Book of Songs, known as Daya and Xiaoya.

4 Confucius (551-479 B.C.) had made some extensive tours to the west of his native Lu. But he had never got to the state of Qin where according to Han Yu the Stone Drums then lay buried.

What a pity indeed that I,
Whom antiquities always fascinate,
Should have been born ever so late.
Down on my cheeks tears poured straight,
As I pondered on the Drums' fate!

It all happened –
When to the Doctorate[1] I was first named,
And the reign of Yuanho[2] just proclaimed.
An old friend of mine in the West Garrison[3] served,
Who helped me have the drums located and unearthed,
Having washed my hat and bathed,
To the Academy Dean I spake:
Of treasures like these how many could have remained:
But rug- or mat-wrapped, they could be readily obtained.

嗟余好古生苦晚，對此涕淚雙滂沱！憶昔初蒙博士徵，
其年始改稱元和。故人從軍在右輔，爲我度量掘臼科。
濯冠沐浴告祭酒，如此至寶存豈多？氈包席裹可立致，

1 The Doctorate, to teach the Chinese Classics to the sons of high officials, an institution known as the Academy of Letters was set up since the Jin dynasty.
2 The reign of Yuanho was proclaimed in 806, when Emperor Xian succeeded to the throne.
3 To guard the capital of Changan three garrisons were stationed around the city. The Western Garrison was stationed to the west of the capital near the place now called Fengxiang, where the Stone Drums were then buried.

And with the ten drums to carry
Just a few camels are necessary.
If in the Ancestral Temple[1]
They are enshrined as a sample,
To the Gao Tripod[2] they would be comparable,
And indeed a hundred-fold more splendent and valuable.
If by the Emperor's special grace,
In the Academy[3] allowed a place,
Among the students they are sure to create
Diligent study and fruitful debate.
For the Inscribed Classics
Even Hongdu[4] was choked with viewers;
To have a peep of our relics
People would soon flock from all quarters.
With lichen raked and moss scraped,
Their lines and angles kept in hard shape,
Solid and safe, on smooth ground firmly laid,

十鼓祇載數駱駝。薦諸太廟比郜鼎，光價豈止百倍過。
聖恩若許留太學，諸生講解得切磋。觀經鴻都尚填咽，
坐見舉國來奔波。剜苔剔蘚露節角，安置妥帖平不頗。

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1 The Ancestral Temple, the imperial temple where the emperor's ancestors were worshiped.
2 The Gao Tripod, a reference to the treasured Tripod of Gao.
3 The Academy, See Page 277 Note 1.
4 Hongdu, referring to the famous Gate of Hongdu set up by Emperor Ling (168-189) of the Han Dynasty for the instruction of the Classics. Later in 175 he ordered the gigantic task of inscribing on stone tablets the whole texts of the Six Classics. It was recorded that for the first few days they attracted "more than one thousand carts everyday which choked the streets."

A great hall to shield and deep eaves to shade,
O may these Drums be blessed by Fate,
And go down to eternity.
But service-worn, the high court official
Being callous and non-commital,
How could his zest be ever kindled? —
So he just hung back and dawdled!
Cowherds kept striking fire on each drum;
And for cow-horns whetstones they've all become.
Who then has ever come again
To care and stroke these remains?
Eroded and consumed as days and months slipped by,
From memory their radiance began to fade and die,
For six years, westward, straining my eye,
Ah me, what else could I do but sing and sigh?
Of Xizhi's popular script, seeking charm and ease,

大廈深簷與蓋覆，經歷久遠期無佗。中朝大官老於事
詎肯感激徒媕婀！牧童敲火牛礪角，誰復着手為摩挲
日銷月鑠就埋沒，六年西顧空吟哦！羲之俗書趁姿媚

Even a few sheets had won him the white geese [1]
How ridiculous it is indeed
That none should have paid the Drums any heed
Ever since Zhou, for eight dynasties,
After the end of all hostilities!

Now a long and secure peace has reigned,
With creeds of Confucius and Mencius ordained,
And powers by their disciples firmly obtained,
How, then, could my above points be re-gained?
Fain would I loose my torrential eloquence
To bring them all into royal presence.
But alas, alas.
This Ode to the Stone Drums must now be ended.
Would all not prove in vain that I've intended?

Tr. Lin Tongqi

數紙尚可博白鵝。繼周八代爭戰罷，無人收拾理則那？
方今太平日無事，柄任儒術崇丘軻。安能以此上論列，
願借辨口如懸河。石鼓之歌止於此，嗚呼吾意其蹉跎！

---

1 The line alludes to Wang Xizhi (321-379), of the Jin dynasty, generally regarded as the greatest calligrapher in China. Wang was said to have a special love for geese. Once he visited a Taoist who kept a flock of geese. Wang, on showing his appreciation of the geese, was asked by the Taoist to copy down the text of *The Canon of the Virtue of the Tao.* After doing as requested he was allowed to carry away all the geese.

At the Temple of Liu Bei[1]

Liu Yuxi

A hero he was! In Cathay, he had no peers.
His lasting name will survive all the passing years.
Among the Three Kingdoms, his had the mightiest reign;
Our land's ancient glory, he strove hard to regain.
Prestige earned him a wise premier, prop of the state;
Time left his throne to a frail son, the will of fate.
Sadly the captive girls came to dance for the foe,
While his son drank by, sensing not the sign of woe.

Tr. Bai Xiaodong

蜀先主廟　　　劉禹錫

天地英雄氣，千秋尚凜然！勢分三足鼎，業復五銖錢。
得相能開國，生兒不象賢。淒涼蜀故妓，來舞魏宮前！

---

1 Liu Bei: an offspring of the Han royal family and the first king of Shu, one of the three states of the Three Kingdoms (220-280). He tried to restore the Han Dynasty and appointed Zhuge Liang as his premier. After his death, his son Liu Chan came to throne. He was, however, a weak king. He soon lost his country and surrendered to the enemy.

Meditating on the Past at West Fort Mountain

Liu Yuxi

Down from the west sailed General Wang Jun's ships of war[1],
Reducing Jinling's majesty to gloominess.
In river bed were sunk the chains guarding the shore,
On Stone Wall waved flags of surrender in distress.

How often are we touched by events of past days!
The mountain's image is still pillowed on cold waves.
The four seas are united now under the royal sway,
Old forts are buried 'mid autumn reeds and old graves.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

西塞山懷古　　劉禹錫

王濬樓船下益州，金陵王氣黯然收。千尋鐵鎖沈江底，
一片降旛出石頭。人世幾回傷往事，山形依舊枕寒流。
從今四海爲家日，故壘蕭蕭蘆荻秋。

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1 In 280, General Wang Jun conquered Jinling or Town of Stone Walls, capital of Wu Kingdom, defended by heavy chains laid across the river.

The Street of Mansions

Liu Yuxi

By the Bridge of Red Birds rank grasses overgrow;
O'er the Street of Mansions the setting sun hangs low.
Swallows which skimmed by painted eaves in bygone days
Are now dipping among common people's doorways.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

烏衣巷　　劉禹錫

朱雀橋邊野草花，烏衣巷口夕陽斜。舊時王謝堂前燕
飛入尋常百姓家。

A Song of Spring

Liu Yuxi

She comes downstairs in a new dress becoming her face,
When locked up, e'en spring looks sad in this lonely place.
She counts up flowers in mid-court while passing by,
On her lovely hair-pin alights a dragon-fly.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

春詞　　　劉禹錫

新妝宜面下朱樓，深鎖春光一院愁。行到中庭數花朵，蜻蜓飛上玉搔頭。

The Everlasting Regret

Bai Juyi

The beauty-loving monarch longed year after year
To find a beautiful lady without a peer.
A maiden of the Yangs[1] to womanhood just grown,
In inner chambers bred, to the world was unknown.
Endowed with natural beauty too hard to hide,
One day she stood selected for the monarch's side.
Turning her head, she smiled so sweet and full of grace
That she outshone in six palaces the fairest face.
She bathed in glassy water of warm-fountain pool
Which laved and smoothed her creamy skin when spring was
cool.
Upborne by her attendants, she rose too faint to move.
And this was when she first received the monarch's love.

長恨歌　　白居易

漢皇重色思傾國，御宇多年求不得。楊家有女初長成，
養在深閨人未識。天生麗質難自棄，一朝選在君王側。
回頭一笑百媚生，六宮粉黛無顏色。春寒賜浴華清池，
溫泉水滑洗凝脂；侍兒扶起嬌無力，正是新承恩澤時。

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1 Yang Yuhuan was the favorite mistress of Emperor Tang Xuan Zong (reigned 725 – 768).

Flower-like face and cloud-like hair, golden headdressed,
In lotus-adorned curtain she spent the night blessed.
She slept till sun rose high for the blessed night was short,
From then on the monarch held no longer morning court.
In revels as in feasts she shared her lord's delight,
His companion on trips and his mistress at night.
In inner palace dwelt three thousand ladies fair,
On her alone was lavished royal love and care.
Her beauty served the night when dressed in Golden Bower,
She was drunk with wine and spring at banquet in Jade Tower.
Her sisters and brothers all received rank and fief
And honors showered on her household, to the grief
Of fathers and mothers who would rather give birth
To a fair maiden than to any son on earth.
The lofty palace towered high into blue cloud,
With divine music borne on the breeze, the air was loud.
Seeing slow dance and hearing fluted or stringed song,
The emperor was never tired all the day long.

雲鬢花顏金步搖，芙蓉帳暖度春宵；春宵苦短日高起，
從此君王不早朝。承歡侍宴無閒暇，春從春游夜專夜。
後宮佳麗三千人，三千寵愛在一身。金屋妝成嬌侍夜，
玉樓宴罷醉和春。姊妹弟兄皆列土，可憐光彩生門戶，
遂令天下父母心，不重生男重生女。驪宮高處入青雲，
仙樂風飄處處聞，緩歌謾舞凝絲竹，盡日君王看不足。

But rebels beat their war drums, making the earth quake[1].
And *Song of Rainbow Skirt and Coat of Feathers* break.
A cloud of dust was raised o'er city walls nine-fold:
Thousands of chariots and horsemen southwestward rolled.
Imperial flags moved slowly now and halted then,
And thirty miles from Western Gate they stopped again.
Six armies would not march — what could be done? — with
speed
Until the Lady Yang was killed before the steed.
None would pick up her hairpin fallen to the ground
Or golden bird and comb with which her head was crowned.
The monarch could not save her, hid his face in fear,
Turning his head, he saw her blood mix with his tear.
The yellow dust spread wide, the wind blew desolate,
A serpentine plank path led to cloud-capped Sword Gate.
Below the Eyebrows Mountains wayfarers were few,
In fading sunlight royal standards lost their hue.
On Western waters blue and Western mountains green,
The monarch's heart was daily gnawed by sorrow keen.

漁陽鼙鼓動地來，驚破霓裳羽衣曲。九重城闕煙塵生，
千乘萬騎西南行。翠華搖搖行復止，西出都門百餘里，
六軍不發無奈何，宛轉蛾眉馬前死！花鈿委地無人收，
翠翹金雀玉搔頭。君王掩面救不得，回看血淚相和流。
黃埃散漫風蕭索，雲棧縈紆登劍閣，峨嵋山下少人行，
旌旗無光日色薄。蜀江水碧蜀山青，聖主朝朝暮暮情。

1 The revolt broke out in 755 and forced the Emperor to flee from the Capital Changan.

The moon viewed from his tent shed a soul-searing light;
The bells heard in night rain made a heart-rending sound.
Suddenly turned the tide. Returning from his flight,
The monarch could not tear himself away from the ground
Where 'mid the clods beneath the Slope he couldn't forget
The fair-faced lady Yang who was unfairly slain.
He looked at his courtiers, with tears his robe was wet,
They rode east to the capital, but with loose rein.
Come back, he found her pond and garden in old place,
With lotus in the lake and willows by the hall.
Willow leaves like her brows and lotus like her face,
At the sight of all these, how could his tears not fall
Or when in vernal breeze were peach and plum full-blown
Or when in autumn rain parasol leaves were shed?
In Western as in Southern Court was grass o'ergrown,
With fallen leaves unswept the marble steps turned red.
Actors, although still young, began to have hair gray;
Eunuchs and waiting-maids look'd old in palace deep.
Fireflies flitting the hall, mutely he pined away,
The lonely lamp-wick burned out, still he could not sleep.
Slowly beat drums and rang bells, night began to grow long;

行宮見月傷心色，夜雨聞鈴腸斷聲。天旋日轉迴龍馭，
到此躊躇不能去！馬嵬坡下泥土中，不見玉顏空死處！
君臣相顧盡霑衣，東望都門信馬歸。歸來池苑皆依舊，
太液芙蓉未央柳，芙蓉如面柳如眉，對此如何不淚垂？
春風桃李花開日，秋雨梧桐葉落時，西宮南內多秋草，
落葉滿階紅不掃。梨園弟子白髮新，椒房阿監青娥老！
夕殿螢飛思悄然，孤燈挑盡未成眠。遲遲鐘鼓初長夜，

Bright shone the Milky Way, daybreak seemed to come late.
The love-bird tiles grew chilly with hoar frost so strong;
His kingfisher quilt was cold, not shared by a mate.
One long, long year the dead and the living were parted,
Her soul came not in dreams to see the broken-hearted.
A Taoist magician came to the palace door,
Skilled to summon the spirit from the other shore.
Moved by the monarch's yearning for the departed fair,
He was ordered to seek for her everywhere.
Borne on the air, like flash of lightning he flew,
In heaven and on earth he searched through and through,
Up to the azure vault and down to deepest place,
Nor above nor below could he e'er find her trace.
He learned that on the sea were fairy mountains proud
Which now appeared, now disappeared amid the cloud
Of rainbow colors, where rose magnificent bowers
And dwelt so many fairies as graceful as flowers.
Among them was a queen whose name was "Ever True",
Her snow-white skin and sweet face might afford a clue.
Knocking at western gate of palace hall, he bade
The porter fair to inform the queen's waiting-maid.

耿耿星河欲曙天。鴛鴦瓦冷霜華重，翡翠衾寒誰與共
悠悠生死別經年，魂魄不曾來入夢。臨邛道士鴻都客
能以精誠致魂魄，爲感君王輾轉思，遂教方士殷勤覓
排空馭氣奔如電，升天入地求之徧，上窮碧落下黃泉
兩處茫茫皆不見。忽聞海上有仙山，山在虛無縹渺間
樓閣玲瓏五雲起，其中綽約多仙子。中有一人字太眞
雪膚花貌參差是。金闕西廂叩玉扃，轉教小玉報雙成

When she heard that there came the monarch's embassy,
The queen was startled out of dreams in her canopy.
Pushing aside the pillow, she rose and got dressed,
Passing through silver screen and pearl shade to meet the guest.
Her cloud-like hair awry, not full awake at all,
Her flowery cap slant'd, she came into the hall.
The wind blew up her fairy sleeves and made them float
As if she danced the "Rainbow Skirt and Feathered Coat",
Her jade-white face criss-crossed with tears in lonely world
Like a spray of pear blossoms in spring rain impearled.
She bade him thank her lord, love-sick and broken-hearted,
They knew nothing of each other after they parted.
Love and happiness long end'd within palace walls;
Days and months appeared long in the Fairyland halls.
Turning her head and fixing on the earth her gaze,
She saw not Changan 'mid the clouds of dust and haze.
To show her love was deep, she took out keepsakes old
For him to carry back, hairpin and case of gold.
Keeping one side of the case and one wing of the pin,
She sent to her lord the other half of the twin.
"If our two hearts as firm as the gold should remain,

聞道漢家天子使，九華帳裏夢魂驚。攬衣推枕起徘徊，
珠箔銀屏迤邐開。雲髻半偏新睡覺，花冠不整下堂來。
風吹仙袂飄飄舉，猶似霓裳羽衣舞。玉容寂寞淚闌干，
梨花一枝春帶雨。含情凝睇謝君王：一別音容兩渺茫！
昭陽殿裏恩愛絕，蓬萊宮中日月長。回頭下望人寰處，
不見長安見塵霧。惟將舊物表深情，鈿合金釵寄將去，
釵留一股合一扇，釵擘黃金合分鈿；但教心似金鈿堅，

In heaven or on earth we'll some time meet again."
At parting, she confided to the messenger
A secret vow known only to her lord and her.
On seventh day of seventh month when none was near,
At midnight in Long Life Hall he whispered in her ear:
"On high, we'd be two love-birds flying wing to wing;
On earth, two trees with branches twined from spring to spring."
The boundless sky and endless earth may pass away,
But this vow unfulfilled will be regrett'd for aye.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

天上人間會相見！臨別殷勤重寄詞，詞中有誓兩心知，
七月七日長生殿，夜半無人私語時：在天願作比翼鳥，
在地願爲連理枝。天長地久有時盡，此恨緜緜無盡期！

Song of a Pipa[1] Player

Bai Juyi

One night by riverside I bade a friend goodbye,
In maple leaves and rushes autumn seemed to sigh.
I, the host, dismounted and saw the guest in the boat,
We wished to drink but there was no music afloat.
Without flute-songs we drank our cups with heavy heart,
The moonbeams blent with water when we were to part.
Suddenly o'er the stream we heard a pipa sound,
I forgot to go home and the guest stood spell-bound.
We followed where the music led to find the player,
But heard the pipa stop and no music in the air.
We moved our boat near the musician's to invite
Her to drink at our feast replenished by lamplight.
We urged her time and again to appear until
She came, half-hiding her face behind a pipa still.
She turned the pegs and tested twice or thrice each string,

琵琶行　　白居易

潯陽江頭夜送客，楓葉荻花秋瑟瑟。主人下馬客在船，
舉酒欲飲無管絃；醉不成歡慘將別，別時茫茫江浸月。
忽聞水上琵琶聲，主人忘歸客不發。尋聲闇問彈者誰？
琵琶聲停欲語遲。移船相近邀相見，添酒回燈重開宴。
千呼萬喚始出來，猶抱琵琶半遮面。轉軸撥絃三兩聲，

1 The pipa is a four-stringed musical instrument plucked with capped fingers or a plectrum.

Before a tune was played we heard her feelings sing.
Then note on note she struck with pathos deep and strong,
It seemed to say she'd missed her dreams all her life long.
Head bent, she played with unpremeditated art
On and on to pour out her overflowing heart.
She lightly plucked, slowly stroked and twanged loud
The song of "Green Waist" after that of "Rainbow Cloud".
The thick strings loudly thrummed like the pattering rain;
The fine strings softly tinkled in a murmuring strain.
When loud and soft notes mingling were together played,
'Twas like large and small pearls dropping on a plate of jade.
Now liquid like orioles warbling in flowery land,
Then sobbing like a stream running along the sand.
But the stream seemed so cold as to congeal the string
And from congealed strings no more sound was heard to ring.
Still we heard hidden grief and vague regret concealed,
Then music expressed far less than silence revealed.
Suddenly we heard water burst a silver jar
And the clash of spears and sabres come from afar.
She made a central sweep when the music was ending,
The four strings made one sound, as of silk one is rending.

未成曲調先有情。絃絃掩抑聲聲思，似訴平生不得志。
低眉信手續續彈，說盡心中無限事，輕攏慢撚抹復挑，
初爲霓裳後六么。大絃嘈嘈如急雨，小絃切切如私語；
嘈嘈切切錯雜彈，大珠小珠落玉盤。閒關鶯語花底滑，
幽咽流泉水下灘。水泉冷澀絃凝絕，凝絕不通聲漸歇。
別有幽愁闇恨生，此時無聲勝有聲。銀瓶乍破水漿迸，
鐵騎突出刀槍鳴，曲終收撥當心畫，四絃一聲如裂帛。

There was silence in the east boat and in the west,
We saw but autumn moon white in the river's breast.
And mutely she slid the plectrum between the strings,
Smoothed out her dress and rose with a composed mien.
"I have spent in the Capital my early springs,
Where at the foot of Mount of Toads my home had been.
At thirteen I learned on the pipa how to play,
And my name was among the primas of the day.
My skill the admiration of the masters won,
And my beauty was envied by desert'd fair one.
The gallant young men vied to shower gifts on me,
One tune played, countless silk rolls were given with glee.
Beating time, I let silver comb and pin drop down,
And spilt-out wine oft stained my blood-red silken gown.
From year to year I laughed my joyous life away
On moonlit autumn night or windy vernal day.
My younger brother left for war, and died my maid,
Days passed, nights came, and my beauty began to fade.
Fewer and fewer were cabs and steeds at my door,
I married a smug merchant when my prime was o'er.
The merchant cared for money much more than for me,

東船西舫悄無言，唯見江心秋月白。沈吟放撥插絃中，
整頓衣裳起斂容。自言本是京城女，家在蝦蟆嶺下住。
十三學得琵琶成，名屬教坊第一部；曲罷常教善才服，
妝成每被秋娘妒。五陵年少爭纏頭，一曲紅綃不知數。
鈿頭銀篦擊節碎，血色羅裙翻酒污。今年歡笑復明年，
秋月春風等閒度。弟走從軍阿姨死，暮去朝來顏色故，
門前冷落車馬稀，老大嫁作商人婦！商人重利輕別離，

One month ago he went away to purchase tea,
Leaving his poor wife alone in an empty boat,
So, shrouded in moonlight, on cold river I float.
Deep in the night I dreamed of happy bygone years
And woke to find my rouged face criss-crossed with tears."
Listening to her sad music, I sighed with pain;
Hearing her sad story, I sighed again and again.
"Both of us in misfortune go from shore to shore.
Meeting now, need we have known each other before?
I was banished from the capital last year
To live degraded and ill in this city here.
This city's too remote to know melodious song,
So I have never heard music all the year long.
I dwell by river-bank, on a low and damp ground,
In a house yellow reeds and stunt'd bamboos surround.
What is to be heard here from daybreak till night-fall
But gibbons' sad cry and cuckoo's 'home-going'[1] call?
By blooming riverside and under autumn moon,

前月浮梁買茶去，去來江口守空船，繞船明月江水寒
夜深忽夢少年事，夢啼妝淚紅闌干！我聞琵琶已嘆息
又聞此語重唧唧！同是天涯淪落人，相逢何必曾相識
我從去年辭帝京，謫居臥病潯陽城；潯陽地僻無音樂
終歲不聞絲竹聲。住近湓江地低溼，黃蘆苦竹繞宅生
其間旦暮聞何物？杜鵑啼血猿哀鳴，春江花朝秋月夜

1 The cuckoo seems to say in Chinese "Why not go home?"

I've often taken wine up and drunk it alone.
Of course I've mountain songs and village pipes to hear,
But they are crude and strident and grate on the ear.
Listening to you playing on pipa tonight,
With your music divine e'en my hearing seems bright.
Will you please sit down and play for us one tune more?
I'll write for you an ode to the pipa I adore."
Moved by what I said, the player stood there for long,
Then sat down, tore at the strings and played another song.
So sad, so drear, so different, it moved us deep,
All those who heard it hid the face and began to weep.
Of all the company at table who wept most?
It was none other than the exiled blue-robed host.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

往往取酒還獨傾，豈無山歌與村笛，嘔啞嘲哳難爲聽。
今夜聞君琵琶語，如聽仙樂耳暫明。莫辭更坐彈一曲，
爲君翻作琵琶行。感我此語良久立，卻坐促絃絃轉急，
淒淒不是向前聲，滿座重聞皆掩泣。座中泣下誰最多？
江州司馬青衫溼。

Grass

Bai Juyi

Wild grasses spreading o'er the plain
　　With every season come and go.
Heath fire can't burn them up, again
　　They rise when the vernal winds blow.
Their fragrance o'erruns the pathway;
　　Their color invades the ruined town.
Seeing my friend going away,
　　My sorrow grows like grass o'ergrown.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

草　　白居易

離離原上草，一歲一枯榮。野火燒不盡，春風吹又生。
遠芳侵古道，晴翠接荒城。又送王孫去，萋萋滿別情！

On a Moonlit Night –
To My Brothers and Sisters Dispersed After the Unrest in Henan and the Famine in Guannei

Bai Juyi

An empty house, its garden overgrown,
Its fields now fallow; the family blown
Thence by civil strife and hunger's need,
Like stray geese or tumble-weed,
Differently dispersed by an indifferent wind.
Autumn, leaf-fall; five far roofs; within,
One night, one grief, one self-same love
Of a lost home; and one moon, full above.

Tr. Jin Di & Colin Crisp

自河南經亂關內阻饑兄弟離散各在一處因望月有感聊書所懷寄上浮梁大兄於潛七兄烏江十五兄兼示符離及下邽弟妹　　白居易

時難年荒世業空，弟兄羈旅各西東。田園寥落干戈後，
骨肉流離道路中。弔影分爲千里雁，辭根散作九秋蓬。
共看明月應垂淚，一夜鄉心五處同。

A Note to Liu Shijiu

Bai Juyi

An honest rough new wine,
A-swim in it, green ants of vine;
A charcoal stove, of red clay –
Why not join me, this snow-grey day?

Tr. Jin Di & Colin Crisp

問劉十九　　白居易

綠螘新醅酒，紅泥小火爐。晚來天欲雪，能飲一杯無？

Palace Plaint

Bai Juyi

Her kerchief soak'd with tears, she cannot fall asleep,
When songs and beats of drums waft though the night is deep.
Her rosy face outlasts the favor of the king,
She leans on her perfumed bed till morning birds sing.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

後宮詞　　白居易

淚溼羅巾夢不成，夜深前殿按歌聲。紅顏未老恩先斷，
斜倚熏籠坐到明。

An Early Morning Visit to the Buddhist Priest Chao to Read the Chan Scriptures

Liu Zongyuan

Drawing water from the well, I rinse my cold teeth,
Brushing my dusty gown, I purify my mind.
Quietly I open the Tree-Leaf Book of Sutra,
And reading, I leave the East Study behind.

Ignored are the true sources of this teaching,
So many a false track as many a stray.
These words promise bliss after Nirvana,
But how can I embark on the Only Way?

Quiet: here in the green of the priest's courtyard,
The mosses blend with the thick bamboo, a strand
Of mist on the dewy sunbeams slumbers,
As if bathed in oil, so fresh the pines stand.

Such freshness – and words are gone from me,
Enlightened, my heart is full and free.

Tr. Feng Xiang.

晨詣超師院讀禪經　　柳宗元

汲井漱寒齒，清心拂塵服。閑持貝葉書，步出東齋讀。
眞源了無取，妄跡世所逐。遺言冀可冥，繕性何由熟？
道人庭宇靜，蒼色連深竹。日出霧露餘，青松如膏沐。
淡然離言說，悟悅心自足！

Dwelling by a Stream

Liu Zongyuan

I was long cramped by official girdle till
Happily banished to this wild southernland:
Now I'm an idle neighbour of farmer's plots and
Sometimes look like a guest of a wood or a hill.
At dawn I plough through the weeds wet with dew,
At dusk my boat-pole raps the pebbly rill.
I roam, with scarcely a passer-by in view,
I sing and sing until the skies grow blue.

Tr. Feng Xiang

溪居　　　柳宗元

久爲簪組束，幸此南夷謫。閒依農圃鄰，偶似山林客。
曉耕翻露草，夜榜響谿石。來往不逢人，長歌楚天碧！

An Old Fisherman

Liu Zongyuan

By the West Cliff, an old fisherman anchors for the night.
At dawn, he dips from the clear stream and cooks o'er a bamboo fire.
When the sun rises, the mists thin, he is out of sight.
A creak of the oars, a drowsy spell the green hills acquire.
Far far down, in mid-stream, he turns to look at his camp-site,
Where aimless clouds stroll around. Into what do they inquire?

Tr. Bai Xiaodong

漁翁　　柳宗元

漁翁夜傍西巖宿，曉汲清湘然楚竹，煙消日出不見人，
欸乃一聲山水綠。迴看天際下中流，巖上無心雲相逐。

To Four Friends in Exile

Liu Zongyuan

From the tower I gaze where the wilderness looms,
        My sad thoughts mingle with the boundless sea and sky.
A sudden gale ruffles the pool where lotus blooms;
        And slanting rain beats on the wall where vines climb high.
Dense trees on mountain-ridge shut out the distant view;
        Like tortuous bowels meanders the river long.
Coming to the land of tattooed people with you,
        I've not received your message brought by wild geese's song.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

登柳州城樓寄漳汀封連四州刺史　　　柳宗元

城上高樓接大荒，海天愁思正茫茫。驚風亂颭芙蓉水，
密雨斜侵薜荔牆。嶺樹重遮千里目，江流曲似九迴腸。
共來百越文身地，猶自音書滯一鄉！

Fishing in Snow

Liu Zongyuan

From hill to hill no bird in flight;
From path to path no man in sight.
A straw-cloak'd man in a boat, lo!
Fishing on river clad in snow.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

江雪　　柳宗元

千山鳥飛絕，萬徑人蹤滅。孤舟蓑笠翁，獨釣寒江雪。

To My Deceased Wife

Yuan Zhen

I

Youngest daughter of your family, loved the best,
　　Unluckily you married into my poor household.
When I need'd clothes, you'd ransack your wicher chest;
　　When I want'd to drink, you'd pledge a hairpin of gold.
For fuel, we'd burn dry leaves from old locust-tree;
　　For meals, we'd eat wild herbs and beans as sweet as rice.
More than a hundred thousand coins now they pay me,
　　Yet I can bring you only temple sacrifice.

II

One day we said for fun, "What if one of us dies?"
But now it has all come to pass before my eyes.
Nearly all your clothes have been given away;

遣悲懷三首　　元稹

謝公最小偏憐女，自嫁黔婁百事乖。顧我無衣搜藎篋，
泥他沽酒拔金釵。野蔬充膳甘長藿，落葉添薪仰古槐。
今日俸錢過十萬，與君營奠復營齋。
昔日戲言身後意，今朝都到眼前來。衣裳已施行看盡，

I cannot bear to see your needlework today.
Remembering your kindness, I'm kind to your maids;
Dreaming of you, to your friends I give friendly aids.
I know death is a sorrow no one can ignore,
But a poor couple like us have more to deplore.

III

Sitting idle, I grieve for myself as for you.
    How many days are left of my declining years?
His son lost, Deng Yu[1] fared far better than I do;
    His wife dead, Pan Yue lavished his verse and vain tears.
Can I await a better fate than the same tomb?
    Could you be born again and again be my wife?
With eyes unclosed all night long I'll lie in the gloom
    To repay you for your unknit brows in your life.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

針線猶存未忍開！尚想舊情憐婢僕，也曾因夢送錢財。
誠知此恨人人有，貧賤夫妻百事哀！
閒坐悲君亦自悲，百年都是幾多時？鄧攸無子尋知命，
潘岳悼亡猶費詞。同穴窅冥何所望，他生緣會更難期！
唯將終夜常開眼，報答平生未展眉！

---

1 Deng Yu, when fleeing from bandits with his wife, son and nephew, was obliged to abandon one of the children. Since he himself might have another son, and his brother was dead, he sacrificed his own child. He had no more sons, but his act was considered meritorious.

Looking for a Hermit Without Finding Him

Jia Dao

I ask your lad 'neath a pine-tree.
"My master's gone for herbs," says he,
"Amid the hills I know not where,
For clouds have veiled them here and there."

Tr. X. Y. Z.

尋隱者不遇　　賈島

松下問童子，言師採藥去。只在此山中，雲深不知處？

The Golden Dress

Du Qiuniang

Love not your golden dress, I pray,
More than your youthful golden hours!
Gather sweet flowers while you may,
And not the twig devoid of flowers!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

金縷衣　　杜秋娘

勸君莫惜金縷衣，勸君惜取少年時！花開堪折直須折，莫待無花空折枝。

Within the Palace

Zhu Qingyu

The palace gate is closed, even flowers feel lonely,
Fair maidens side by side in the shade of arbor stand.
They will complain of their lonesome palace life, only
Afraid the parrot might tell a tale second-hand.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

宮詞　　朱慶餘

寂寂花時閉院門，美人相並立瓊軒。含情欲說宮中事，
鸚鵡前頭不敢言。

To the Lord Examiner on the Eve of Examinations

Zhu Qingyu

Last night red candles burned low in the bridal room,
At dawn she'll kowtow to new parents with the groom.
She whispers to him after touching up her face:
"Have I painted my brows with fashionable grace?"[1]

X. Y. Z.

近試上張籍水部　　朱慶餘

洞房昨夜停紅燭，待曉堂前拜舅姑。妝罷低聲問夫壻：
畫眉深淺入時無？

1 The poet asks the examiner whether his work is up to the standard of the Civil Service Examinations.

Early Autumn

Xu Hun

The clear sound of zither hovers at night,
    Among green vines rises the western breeze.
The last fireflies rest on the dew jade-white,
    The Milky Way is brushed by early wild-geese.
At dawn tall trees still loom thick and high;
    In the sunshine many distant hills awake.
One leaf having fallen south of River Huai –
    I feel autumn in the waves of Dongting Lake.

Tr. Wang Minyuan

早秋　　許渾

遙夜泛清瑟，西風生翠蘿。殘螢棲玉露，早雁拂金河。
高樹曉還密，遠山晴更多。淮南一葉下，自覺洞庭波。

Inscribed on the Post House at Tong Pass[1] on an Autumn Trip to the Capital

Xu Hun

At dusk the rustling red leaves give sigh after sigh
        While at the Post House I drink my gourdful of wine.
Evening clouds float back to Western Mountains high;
        Across the Middle Ridges sails a rain so fine.

I see the brilliant trees color the city wall:
        I hear the River[2] rumbling to the distant sea.
Tomorrow I'll reach the Imperial Capital;
        Yet fisherman or woodsman I still dream to be.

Tr. Tao Jie

秋日赴闕題潼關驛樓　　許渾

紅葉晚蕭蕭，長亭酒一瓢。殘雲歸太華，疏雨過中條。
樹色隨關迥，河聲入海遙。帝鄉明日到，猶自夢漁樵。

1 A county in Shaanxi Province, also the location of one of the passes of the Great Wall.

2 The Yellow River that runs between the two mountains and turns east at the foot of the Middle Ridges.

Poem Written on Pleasure Plateau Before Departing for Wuxing

Du Mu

Should indolence in time of peace prove my uselessness?
I simply like the monk's solitude and the lonely cloud's leisure.
Before going away to the river with banners flying,
Let me cast a last glance on the Royal Tomb from Plateau of
Pleasure.

Tr. Yuan Kejia

將赴吳興登樂遊原一絕　　杜牧

清時有味是無能，閒愛孤雲靜愛僧。欲把一麾江海去，樂遊原上望昭陵。

The Red Cliff[1]

Du Mu

We dig out broken halberds buried in the sand
And wash and rub these relics of an ancient war.
Had the east wind refused General Zhou a helping hand,
His foe'd have locked his fair wife on Northern shore.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

赤壁　　杜牧

折戟沈沙鐵未消，自將磨洗認前朝。東風不與周郎便，銅雀春深鎖二喬。

1 Scene of the battle in 208 when General Zhou Yu defeated the Northern enemy by setting their warships on fire kindled by an east wind which he knew was coming.

Mooring on River Qinhuai

Du Mu

Cold water veiled in mist and shores steeped in moonlight,
I moor on River Qinhuai near wineshops at night,
Where songgirls knowing not the grief of conquered land
Are singing songs composed by a captive ruler's hand.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

泊秦淮　　杜牧

煙籠寒水月籠沙，夜泊秦淮近酒家。商女不知亡國恨，
隔江猶唱後庭花。

To Han Chuo, Magistrate of Yangzhou

Du Mu

Dim the mountains, far away the waters,
Autumn is approaching its end in the South, with withered grass in view.
The moon has lit up the twenty-four bridges in the town.
Where is the sweet girl who played the flute for you?

Tr. Yuan Kejia

寄揚州韓綽判官　　杜牧

青山隱隱水迢迢，秋盡江南草未凋。二十四橋明月夜，玉人何處教吹簫？

Parting

Du Mu

I

She is slender and graceful and not yet fourteen,
Like a cardamom at the tip of a new spray.
The vernal wind uprolls the pearly window-screen,
Her face outshines those on the splendid three-mile way.

II

Though deep in love, we seem not in love in the least,
Only feeling we cannot smile at farewell feast.
The candle has a wick just as we have a heart,
All night long it sheds tears[1] for us before we part.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

贈別二首　　杜牧

娉娉嫋嫋十三餘，豆蔻梢頭二月初。春風十里揚州路，
捲上珠簾總不如。
多情卻是總無情，惟覺樽前笑不成。蠟燭有心還惜別，
替人垂淚到天明。

1 The melted wax of a guttering candle is compared to tears.

The Golden Valley Garden in Ruins

Du Mu

Past splendors are dispersed and blend with fragrant dust,
Unfeelingly the river runs and grass grows in spring.
At dusk in the east wind the flowers will fall just
Like "Green Pearl"[1] tumbling down and mournful birds will sing.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

金谷園　　杜牧

繁華事散逐香塵，流水無情草自春。日暮東風怨啼鳥，落花猶似墜樓人。

1 "Green Pearl", favorite of Shi Chong (249 – 300), killed herself in the Golden Valley Garden as the result of a Court intrigue. See Notes on Wang Wei's *Maid of Luoyang*.

A Night at an Inn

Du Mu

Solitary at an inn was I staying
        When a deep melancholy o'er me stole.
        In the light flick'ring my past did unroll.
From sleep I was roused by a wild goose straying.
Dawn broke my dream as homeward I was flying
        And letters thence took a year on the way.
        In the dim moonlight on the river grey
At a gate was a fisherman's boat lying.

Tr. Wang Shi-ren

旅宿　　　杜牧

旅館無良伴，凝情自悄然。寒燈思舊事，斷雁警愁眠。
遠夢歸侵曉，家書到隔年。滄江好烟月，門繫釣魚船。

A Confession

Du Mu

Luckless, I roved the lakes and rivers with my wine
And spent my life with slender Southern girls so fine.
Having dreamed ten years in Yangzhou[1], I woke a rover
Who earned in mansions green[2] the name of fickle lover.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

遣懷　　杜牧

落魄江湖載酒行，楚腰纖細掌中輕。十年一覺揚州夢，贏得青樓薄倖名。

1 Yangzhou: the most flourishing city of the world in the Middle Ages.
2 Green mansions: brothels.

An Autumn Night

Du Mu

The painted screen is chilled in silver candlelight,
She uses silken fan to catch passing fireflies.
The steps seem steeped in water when cold grows the night,
She lies watching heart-broken stars[1] shed tears in the skies.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

秋夕　　杜牧

銀燭秋光冷畫屏，輕羅小扇撲流螢。天階夜色涼如水，臥看牽牛織女星。

1 Refer to the note on Gu Kuang's *Palace Poem*.

The Swan-Song

Zhang Hu

Home-sick a thousand miles away,
　　Shut in the palace twenty years,
Singing the dying swan's sweet lay,
　　Oh! how can she hold back her tears!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

宮詞　　張祜

故國三千里，深宮二十年。一聲何滿子，雙淚落君前！

A Maid of Honor

Zheng Hu

The moon cast shadows of a tree on palace door,
Her longing eyes but saw a nest and nothing more.
Drawing her jade hair-pin near a candle, she came
To save a moth by brushing aside the red flame.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

贈內人　　張祜

禁門宮樹月痕過，媚眼微看宿鷺窠。斜拔玉釵燈影畔，
剔開紅燄救飛蛾。

Long-Life Terrace (two poems)

Zhang Hu

I

The sun does cast its slanting light
Across Long-Life Terrace.
Red-blossoming fruit-trees, shining bright,
Receive the morning dew on their glad face.
The Emperor bestowed last night
Upon another girl his grace,
Who went behind the curtain – out of sight;
Her smile, half hidden, was hard to trace.

集靈臺二首　　張祜

日光斜照集靈臺，紅樹花迎曉露開。昨夜上皇新授籙，
太眞含笑入簾來。

II

The Duchess of Guo State
　　Received the Emperor's grace.
At daybreak, through the palace gate,
　　She rode to see the royal place.
Lest make-up should her charms abate,
　　She scorned to rouge her face.
Her eyebrows faint she did delineate
　　To captivate the chief of the superior race.

Tr. Li Funing

虢國夫人承主恩，平明騎馬入宮門。卻嫌脂粉污顏色，淡掃蛾眉朝至尊。

Written on the Wall of Jinling Ferry-House

Zhang Hu

At Jinling ferry-head,
　　Inside a small hill bungalow,
A traveller found his evening bed,
　　Wherein to feed his solitary woe.
At ebb-tide, the oblique moon came to shed
　　Her pallor o'er the darkening flow,
While flickering lights sporadically red
　　Indicated Guazhou.

Tr. Li Funing

題金陵渡　　張祜

金陵津渡小山樓，一宿行人自可愁。潮落夜江斜月裏，兩三星火是瓜洲。

To an East-Bound Friend

Wen Tingyun

Yellow leaves drop on the old deserted fortress;
You decide to leave this place which well you know.
Blowing you to Hanyang Ferry, the high winds press;
You'll reach Mount Yingmen when the sun spreads its glow.

How many friends by riverside there still remain,
Waiting to see your lonely boat on your eastward way?
One day when we both have the chance to meet again,
Jars of wine will wash our parting sorrow away.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

送人東遊　　溫庭筠

荒戍落黃葉，浩然離故關！高風漢陽渡，初日郢門山。
江上幾人在，天涯孤櫂還。何當重相見，尊酒慰離顏。

Ferrying South from Lizhou

Wen Tingyun

On limpid water slant the flickering rays,
And near the blue sky jagged islets float;
A ferry rows away, in which a horse neighs,
By willows men await the returning boat.

Among tufts of sandgrasses gulls disperse;
Over riverside fields an egret flies.
Who would follow wise Fan Li[1] and immerse
His success on the five lakes where mists rise?

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

利州南渡　　溫庭筠

澹然空水對斜暉，曲島蒼茫接翠微。波上馬嘶看棹去，
柳邊人歇待船歸。數叢沙草羣鷗散，萬頃江田一鷺飛。
誰解乘舟尋范蠡、五湖煙水獨忘機。

1 Fan Li, a minister of Yue Kingdom in the Spring and Autumn period. After defeating Wu Kingdom, he chose to sail off on the five lakes and conceal his identity.

The Temple of Su Wu[1]

Wen Tingyun

The former envoy of Han is gone with the bygone years;
Alone the age-long shrine and towering trees endure.
In hilly mist unherded sheep graze the frontiers,
With wild geese lost in the clouds beneath the moon obscure.

He found the army tents had changed when homeward he came,
Since he left with his cap, his sword, his youthful dream.
The emperor would not give the envoy honours and fame,
By autumn waves he wept at the unreturning stream.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

蘇武廟　　溫庭筠

蘇武魂銷漢使前，古祠高樹兩茫然。雲邊雁斷胡天月，
隴上羊歸塞草烟。回日樓臺非甲帳，去時冠劍是丁年。
茂陵不見封侯印，空向秋波哭逝川！

---

1 Su Wu, an envoy sent by Emperor Wu Di of Han (140-87B.C.) to the Hun tribes, who used to inhabit Inner Mongolia. Su Wu was held captive and lived as a shepherd but remained loyal to the emperor. It was said that Su Wu managed to send back his message by a wild goose and was released after 19 years of exile.

She Wails on a Jade Lute

Wen Tingyun

Oh! Dreams, you shun the chilly mat of my silver bed;
I see the watery green sky paved with clouds light.
Beyond the southern rivers the calls of wild geese spread;
Atop the twelve-storey tower the moon shines bright.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

瑤瑟怨　　溫庭筠

冰簟銀床夢不成，碧天如水夜雲輕。雁聲遠過瀟湘去，
十二樓中月自明。

The Riverside Battleground

Chen Tao

They would lay down their lives to wipe away the Huns,
They've bit the dust, five thousand sable-clad dear ones.
Alas! their bones lie on riverside battleground,
But in dreams of their wives they still seem safe and sound.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

隴西行　　陳陶

誓掃匈奴不顧身、五千貂錦喪胡塵。可憐無定河邊骨，猶是春閨夢裏人。

The Han Yu Memorial Stele[1]

Li Shangyin

Our Emp'ror of Yuanho[2], O see,
To whom could he compared be,
So gallant and God-like as he? -
None but ancient Titans like Xuan and Xi[3].
He pledged to wipe off every shame of his forefathers,
Throned in court for envoys from all quarters[4].

Huaixi[5] was a rebels' den for fifty years.
Where wolves bred lynxes and lynxes bears.

韓碑　　李商隱

元和天子神武姿，彼何人哉軒與羲。誓將上雪列聖恥，
坐法宮中朝四夷。淮西有賊五十載，封狼生貙貙生羆。

---

1 The title does not refer to a memorial stele in honor of Han Yu (768-824), the famous writer, but to one for which he wrote the inscriptions. The stele records the victorious campaign conducted by Emperor Xian (reigned 806-820) against the rebel Wu Yuanji.
2 Emperor Xian designated his reign as the Times of Yuanho, meaning literally "Initiation of Peace (on Earth)".
3 Two of the legendary heroes of pre-historic China known as the Three or Five Emperors.
4 The two lines refer to the military and political setbacks of his five ancesters and the successes of the Emperor himself.
5 Huaixi, a district now in southern Henan.

They seized not rivers nor mountains,
But open plains instead;
With swords long and spears sharpened,
They could hurl the sun back[1].

But the Emperor had a premier called Du[2] -- a sage,
Who had survived a rebel's knife with God's grace[3].
Premier's seal on his girdle hanging,
He too held field command;
Imperial banners[4], awe-inspiring,
Fluttered over a grim land.
Su, Wu, Gu Tong[5] aided as a pair of pincers that crushes;
Secretary of Rites followed with his writing brushes.
His adviser and aide-de-camp,
A man of wisdom and valour;

不據山河據平地，長戈利矛日可麾。帝得聖相相曰度，
賊斫不死神扶持。腰懸相印作都統，陰風慘澹天王旗。
愬武古通作牙爪，儀曹外郎載筆隨。行軍司馬智且勇，

---

1 A Chinese legend has it that once in ancient times a battle was fought between two warriors: Lu and Han. It raged until sunset when Lu swung his sword with such great might that the sun had to withdraw 30 miles.

2 Premier Pei Du (765-839) was in command of the troops against the rebels during the reign of Emperor Xian.

3 Pei Du had been wounded in his head and back in an attempt on his life by the rebels but had miraculously survived.

4 By the Emperor's decree, three hundred cavalrymen were attached to Du's army, giving him the privilege of flying the imperial banners.

5 Su, Wu, Gu, Tong, respectively the abbreviated names of Li Su, Han Gongwu, Li Daogu and Li Wengtong, the four leading generals under Pei Du.

His hundred-forty thousand strong,
All fought like a panther.
After a raid on Cai, the rebels' chief was fettered,
To the Ancestral Temple[1] he was brought and offered,
Du's feats of arms were as matchless
As the Emperor's grace was boundless!

His Majesty declared:
"Du, you rank first in merits.
Let your aid Yu sing your exploits."
Yu bowed deep, kotowed and danced in court rites:
"Panegyrics on stone or metal I could write.
For ages dubbed as magnum opus,
They belong to no official onus.
As the age-old proverb decrees:
I 'shirk no great task if need be'."
Upon this, His Majesty
Nodded assent repeatedly.
Yu retired, fasted and bathed,
And in a small sanctum he sate.

十四萬衆猶虎貔。入蔡縛賊獻太廟。功無與讓恩不訾，
帝曰汝度功第一，汝從事愈宜爲辭。愈拜稽首蹈且舞，
金石刻畫臣能爲，古者世稱大手筆，此事不係於職司，
當仁自古有不讓。言訖屢頷天子頤。公退齋戒坐小閣，

1 Referring to the Imperial Ancestral Temple, where momentous events or great merits were proclaimed to the Emperor's ancestry.

His big brush ink-soaked,
How eloquently he wrote!
He mended and revised
With Annuals of Yao and Shun as norm[1];
He arduously aspired
To the Book of Songs to conform.
Now the writing complete
In a freer script he wrote on a sheet.
At sunrise, on the vermilion court steps
Bowing and kneeling he had it spread.
To His Majesty reported he:
"Your servant Yu venture thus to speak."

The tribute to the sacred feats
Was now inscribed on a stele.
A monument thirty feet tall,
Each word was as big as a bowl.
With dragon designs engirdled,
It was supported by a stone turtle.

濡染大筆何淋漓！點竄堯典舜典字，塗改清廟生民詩。
文成破體書在紙，清晨再拜鋪丹墀。表曰臣愈昧死上。
咏神聖功書之碑。碑高三丈字如斗，負以靈鼇蟠以螭。

---

1 Yao and Shun, two outstanding tribal leaders in pre-historic China. The Annuals are part of the Book of History, a collection of most of the earliest prose writings in China. Their solemn and dignified style was traditionally acknowledged as the model of similar writings.

So solemn and wondrous was the wording
That few ever got its full meaning.
Slanders gained the Emperor's ear:
"For foul intent Yu had been unfair."
With ropes hundred feet long,
Down the stele was tumbled;
Rough sand on huge stone milling along,
The words were all crumbled.
But Yu's writing,
Like the breath of life, cosmo-old,
Had permeated men's heart and soul.
The Tang Tub and Kong Tripod had mottoes inscribed[1];
Though the vessels are gone, the words have survived.

Alas, the Emperor and his Premier,

句奇語重喻者少，讒之天子言其私。長繩百尺拽碑倒，
麤沙大石相磨治。公之斯文若元氣，先時已入人肝脾。
湯盤孔鼎有述作，今無其器存其辭。嗚呼聖王及聖相，

1 The Tang Tub was allegedly the bath tub of King Tang, the first king of the Shang Dynasty (c. 16th – 11th century B.C.). The Kong Tripod was allegedly a vessel owned by one of Confucius' ancesters. Both inscriptions are moral precepts, which have been handed down to the present.

Both able and virtuous,
Their fame would jointly endure —
Pure, mighty and illustrious.
Should this work of Yu's be lost hereafter,
How could they vie in splendors
With the Five or Three Emperors[1]?
Fain would I copy it thousand and one times,
Till calluses on my right hand grow;
Fain would I chime it just as oft times,
Till spit from my mouth began to flow.
May the stele with its inscriptions
Be handed down to seventy-two generations,
As the Jade Label[2], as a cornerstone we dedicate
To the Grand Hall of the State[3]!

Tr. Lin Tongqi

相與烜赫流淳熙！公之斯文不示後，曷與三五相攀追。
願書萬本誦萬遍，口角流沫右手胝。傳之七十有二代，
以爲封禪玉檢明堂基。

---

1 Referring to the three or five most outstanding legendary heroes in pre-historic China.

2 A jade label attached to the document recording the merits proclaimed to Heaven and Earth by Emperors during the grand ceremony.

3 The place where grand ceremony was usually held for the proclamation of important edicts or momentous events of the state.

To –

Li Shangyin

Farewell last night, last night of wind and of starlight!
To the west, your Painted Bower, to the east, my Cassia Hall...
Although on Wings of Phoenix we'll never reunite,
With Sacred Unicorn throb our two hearts in thrall.
"Guessing fingers" we played over the candles bright,
Warmed by the wine of spring, who heard the morning drum
call?
Alas! to my duties at Orchid Tower[1] I must speed,
Spurring away, away from you, like a leaf of tumbleweed.

Tr. Feng Xiang

無題　　李商隱

昨夜星晨昨夜風，畫樓西畔桂堂東。身無彩鳳雙飛翼，
心有靈犀一點通。隔座送鉤春酒暖，分曹射覆蠟燈紅。
嗟余聽鼓應官去，走馬蘭臺類轉蓬。

1　Orchid Tower was the office of the minister in charge of the royal library. Li was once secretary there. Hence the allusion.

A Message to Official Ling Hu

Li Shangyin

Long parted, your grief floats with clouds, mine grows like
trees.
Two carp from afar have brought your message to me.
Ask not of the old guest of the Liang Garden[1], please.
In this autumn rain, I am the sick refugee.

Tr. Bai Xiaodong

寄令狐郎中　　李商隱

嵩雲秦樹久離居，雙鯉迢迢一紙書。休問梁園舊賓客，
茂林秋雨病相如。

1 The Garden where a famous poet once lived as a guest and later suffered from diabetes. Here the authour compares himself to the unlucky poet.

Falling Flowers

Li Shangyin

The guests are gone from the pavilion high,
In the small garden flowers are whirling around.
Along the winding path the petals lie;
To greet the setting sun, they drift up from the ground.

Heartbroken, I cannot bear to sweep them away;
From my eager eyes, spring soon disappears.
I pine with its passing, heart's desire lost for aye;
Nothing is left but a robe stained with tears.

Tr. Tao Jie

落花　　李商隱

高閣客竟去，小園花亂飛。參差連曲陌，迢遞送斜暉。
腸斷未忍掃，眼穿仍欲歸。芳心向春盡，所得是沾衣。

The Jade Pool[1]

Li Shangyin

The Queen of Heaven opens her window by the Pool of Jade.
Sadly she hears Emperor Mu's Yellow Bamboo Song played.
With his eight super steeds running each day ten thousand li,
A welcomed guest of immortal land, yet where is he?

Tr. Bai Xiaodong

瑤池　　　李商隱

瑤池阿母綺窗開，黃竹歌聲動地哀。八駿日行三萬里，
穆王何事不重來？

1 This poem satirizes the ancient Chinese kings' ridiculous wish to become immortal through magic. According to the legend, the person who eats a peach of the Queen of Heaven will gain longevity, but Emperor Mu died three years after he ate a peach.

A Bright Scholar

Li Shangyin

The emperor recalled the banished scholar bright,
Peerless in eloquence and in ability.
Alas! His Majesty drew near him at midnight
To ask him about gods and not humanity.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

賈生　　李商隱

宣室求賢訪逐臣，賈生才調更無倫。可憐夜半虛前席，
不問蒼生問鬼神。

Written on a Rainy Night to My Wife in the North

Li Shangyin

You ask me when I can come back but I don't know,
The pools in western hills with autumn rain o'erflow.
When by our window can we trim the wicks again
And talk about this endless, dreary night of rain?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

夜雨寄北　　李商隱

君問歸期未有期，巴山夜雨漲秋池。何當共翦西窗燭，
卻話巴山夜雨時。

To One Unnamed

Li Shangyin

I

You said you'd come but you are gone and left no trace,
I wake to hear in moonlit tower the fifth watch bell.
In dream my cry couldn't call you back from distant place;
In haste with ink unthickened I cannot write well.
The candlelight illumines half our broidered bed;
The smell of musk still faintly sweetens lotus-screen.
Beyond my reach the far-off fairy mountains spread,
But you're still farther off than fairy mountains green.

無題二首　　李商隱

來是空言去絕蹤，月斜樓上五更鐘。夢爲遠別啼難喚，
書被催成墨未濃。蠟照半籠金翡翠，麝薰微度繡芙蓉。
劉郎已恨蓬山遠，更隔蓬山一萬重！

II

A rustling eastern wind comes with a drizzling rain.
Beyond Hibiscus Pond rolling wheels faintly thunder.
Incense can drift through golden toad on lock and chain,
The tiger winch of jade can draw up water under.
Lady Jia[1] peeped at a handsome youth from her bower;
Princess Mi[2] left in vain her cushion to Prince of fame.
My desire cannot bloom and vie with the spring flower,
For inch by inch my heart is consumed by the flame.

Tr. X. Y. Z. & Liu Yiqing

颯颯東風細雨來，芙蓉塘外有輕雷。金蟾嚙鎖燒香入，
玉虎牽絲汲井迴。賈氏窺簾韓掾少，宓妃留枕魏王才。
春心莫共花爭發，一寸相思一寸灰！

---

1 Lady Jia, the younger daughter of Jia Chong, a premier of the Jin dynasty. It is said that she fell in love with Han Shou, her father's young secretary.

2 Princess Mi, a spirit of Luo River. Cao Zhi, Prince of Wei, wrote a famous poem to show his love and admiration for her.

Poem Without a Title

Li Shangyin

It's difficult for us to meet and hard to part,
        The east wind is too weak to revive flowers dead.
The silkworm till its death spins silk from love-sick heart;
        The candle only when burned has no tears[1] to shed.
At dawn she'd be afraid to see mirrored hair gray;
        At night she would feel cold while I croon by moonlight.
To the three fairy hills it is not a long way.
        Would the blue-bird oft fly to see her on their height?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

無題　　　李商隱

相見時難別亦難，東風無力百花殘。春蠶到死絲方盡，
蠟炬成灰淚始乾。曉鏡但愁雲鬢改，夜吟應覺月光寒。
蓬萊此去無多路，青鳥殷勤爲探看。

1 The melted wax of a guttering candle is compared to tears.

The Cicada

Li Shangyin

High and aloof, and thus hungry thou hast oft gone,
An endless plaintive tune thou hast spun out in vain.
Before dawn thy weakening song goes off and on.
In a green shade that's indifferent to thy refrain.
Petty official, I've drift'd long to my regret,
Leaving my fields at home desert'd and uncared for.
Bless thee pure singer for the example thou hast set,
Like thee I shall live a life pure, honest, though poor.

Tr. Liu Shimu

蟬　　李商隱

本以高難飽，徒勞恨費聲。五更疏欲斷，一樹碧無情。
薄宦梗猶泛，故園蕪已平。煩君最相警，我亦舉家清。

Untitled Poems

Li Shangyin

I

The manifold silk canopy with phoenix-tail
　　And patterns green she's stitching in the deep of night,
Recalling her own shy look the moon-shaped fan couldn't veil
　　When mutely gone was his carriage, soon lost to sight.
How long the lonely candle sheds its light so dim!
　　No news from him though pomegranate flower's red.
His dappled horse is tethered to a willow slim.
　　How could she enjoy the southwest wind where he's led!

無題二首　　李商隱

鳳尾香羅薄幾重，碧文圓頂夜深縫。扇裁月魄羞難掩，
車走雷聲語未通。曾是寂寥金燼暗，斷無消息石榴紅。
斑騅只繫垂楊岸，何處西南待好風？

II

The heavy curtains hang deep in her griefless hall.
    Awake from sleep, she finds the sleepless night grow long..
Her life like Fairy Queen was a dream after all;
    She's like a maiden living lonely all along.
The wind will blow and waves will dash on cresses frail;
    The moon and dew won't make the cinnamon leaves sweet.
Although she knows her lovesickness of no avail,
    How could a passionate poor heart no longer beat!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

重幃深下莫愁堂，臥後清宵細細長。神女生涯原是夢，
小姑居處本無郎。風波不信菱枝弱，月露誰教桂葉香？
直道相思了無益，未妨惆悵是清狂。

Reflections at a Military Post

Li Shangyin

Still birds and monkeys fear your martial law,
While winds and clouds often safeguard your fort.
Alas! The Marshal[1], who e'er all foresaw,
Could never save the doom of his young lord[2].

Your talent outshone the able statesmen all,
With two generals[3] lost what feats could you now do?
By the Brook of Brocade[4] around your hall,
Once I chanted the poem[5] with sighs for you.

Tr. Huang Xinqu

籌筆驛　　李商隱

猿鳥猶疑畏簡書，風雲常爲護儲胥。徒令上將揮神筆，
終見降王走傳車。管樂有才元不忝，關張無命欲何如！
他年錦里經祠廟，梁父吟成恨有餘。

---

1 The Marshal refers to Zhuge Liang.
2 Young Lord refers to Liu Chan, second and last ruler of the Kingdom of Shu.
3 Two generals refer to Guan Yu and Zhang Fei, two mighty generals under the command of Marshal Zhuge Liang.
4 The Brook of Brocade was the ancient name of Chengdu, capital of Sichuan Province.
5 The "poem" here refers to the poem composed by Zhuge Liang to voice his lofty aspirations before he became the Prime Minister.

The Sad Zither

Li Shangyin

Why should the zither sad have fifty strings?
Each string, each strain evokes but vanished springs:
Dim morning dream to be a butterfly;
Amorous heart poured out in cuckoo's cry.
In moonlit pearls see tears in mermaid's eyes;
From sunburnt jade in Blue Field let smoke rise!
Such feeling cannot be recalled again,
It seemed long-lost e'en when it was felt then.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

錦瑟　　李商隱

錦瑟無端五十絃，一絃一柱思華年。莊生曉夢迷蝴蝶，
望帝春心託杜鵑。滄海月明珠有淚，藍田日暖玉生煙。
此情可待成追憶，只是當時已惘然。

A Marble Screen

Li Shangyin

A marble screen half hides the reclining beauty,
Who dreads the spring morn that o'er Capital breaks short.
For woe that her lord, a man of royal duty,
Has to leave her sweet bosom to be early at court.

Tr. Bai Xiaodong

爲有　　　李商隱

爲有雲屏無限嬌，鳳城寒盡怕春宵。無端嫁得金龜壻，辜負香衾事早朝。

Spring Rain

Li Shangyin

Listless I lie in early spring, then dressed in white,
I go to the White Gate but there you can't be seen.
Your red chamber veiled in rain is cold to the sight;
My cab comes back alone, lamplight on beaded screen.

Far-off, you should be grieved to see the parting spring day;
Your image lingers in my dream late in the night.
How to send you these jade-earrings so far away?
O'er miles of cloud can I find a wild goose in flight?

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

春雨　　李商隱

悵臥新春白袷衣，白門寥落意多違。紅樓隔雨相望冷，
珠箔飄燈獨自歸。遠路應悲春晼晚，殘宵猶得夢依稀。
玉璫緘札何由達？萬里雲羅一雁飛。

Thoughts in the Cold

Li Shangyin

When you left, the river rose to the balustrade;
Now cicadas are mute, the branches covered with dew.
I'm again at the balustrade, but the season has changed;
At this moment my thoughts, as will always, fly to you.
You are far away as the North Star and the spring,
And your southbound couriers never come into view.
Many times the far horizon enters my dream:
Have you found another friend? I hope not true.

Tr. Wu Xianglin

涼思　　李商隱

客去波平檻，蟬休露滿枝。永懷當此節，倚立自移時。
北斗兼春遠，南陵寓使遲！天涯占夢數，疑誤有新知。

Wind and Rain

Li Shangyin

To me the poem *Precious Sword*[1] will do no good,
Who wander lonely in the world all the year round.
Once more wind and rain shake yellow leaves from the wood,
Blue mansions o'erflow with fluting and twanging sound.
New friends survive hardly the heartless social life,
Old acquaintances have long been drifted apart.
I long for Xin Feng wine[2], as life with woes is rife,
But, how much wine I'd drink to appease my heart!

Tr. Liu Yiqing

風雨　　李商隱

淒涼寶劍篇，羈泊欲窮年。黃葉仍風雨，青樓自管絃。
新知遭薄俗，舊好隔良緣。心斷新豐酒，銷愁斗幾千？

---

1 The poem *Precious Sword* was written by Guo Yuanzhen, a Tang officer and poet, who later showed it to the Empress, who praised it highly.

2 By referring to the poem, Li Shangyin means that he was not so lucky as Guo though he was no less talented. Xin Feng wine, a famous wine made in Xin Feng, the present Lintong County near Xi'an,Shaanxi Province.

The Sui Palace in the South

Li Shangyin

The impulsive king[1] toured southward, carefree and gay.
Who dare deter the trip and be his anger's prey?
The whole kingdom was mobilised, like the spring gales,
Busy cutting silks, half for wheel-guards, half for sales.

Tr. Bai Xiaodong

隋宮　　李商隱

乘興南遊不戒嚴，九重誰省諫書函？春風舉國裁宮錦，半作障泥半作帆。

---

1 Emperor Yang of the Sui dynasty was notorious for his capriciousness and extravagance. His trip to the south impoverished the nation and brought about his own downfall. He put to death two of his officials who objected to his pleasure trip.

The Sui Palace

Li Shangyin

In clouds and mists was locked his palace bleak;
The Tyrant[3] fancied a new home to seek.
Had his power not fallen in the Rebel's[2] hand,
His Dragon boat would have brought him across the land.

Amid the weeping willows cry the crows;
In the rotting weeds not a firefly[3] glows.
Would he dare to ask for that dance of mirth
When he faces Lord Chen[4] underneath the earth.

Tr. Huang Xinqu

隋宮　　李商隱

紫泉宮殿鎖煙霞，欲取蕪城作帝家。玉璽不緣歸日角，
錦帆應是到天涯。於今腐草無螢火，終古垂楊有暮鴉。
地下若逢陳後主，豈宜重問後庭花！

---

1 The Tyrant refers to Emperor Yangdi (569-618) of the Sui dynasty (581-618).
2 The Rebel refers to Li Yuan (566-625), who overthrew Yangdi in 618, and became the first Emperor of the Tang dynasty (618-907).
3 For personal fun, Emperor Yangdi ordered his officials to gather all the fireflies among the rotten weeds to light the valley at night.
4 Lord Chen was the last ruler of the Chen dynasty overthrown by Emperor Yangdi in 589.

To the Moon Goddess[1]

Li Shangyin

Upon the marble screen the candle-light is winking,
The Milky Way is slanting and morning stars sinking.
You'd regret to have stolen the miraculous potion,
Night after night you brood o'er the celestial ocean.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

嫦娥　　李商隱

雲母屏風燭影深，長河漸落曉星沈。嫦娥應悔偷靈藥，
碧海青天夜夜心。

1 According to legend, the wife of an archer who had shot down nine suns stole from her husband the elixir of life, miraculous potion of immortality, flew up to the moon and became the Moon Goddess.

At the North Green Vine Hermitage

Li Shangyin

As the sun sinks behind the hill in the west
I seek the lone monk in the hut on the crest.
Where is my friend amid the fallen leaves?
Up to the cold clouds the footpath weaves.

Alone, he is sounding the evening bell:
Idly he leans on a cane in his cell.
If human world is contained in dust fine[1]
Why should I towards love or hate incline?

Tr. Tao Jie

北青蘿　　李商隱

殘陽西入崦，茅屋訪孤僧。落葉人何在，寒雲路幾層？
獨敲初夜磬，閒倚一枝藤。世間微塵裏，吾寧愛與憎！

---

1 According to the Buddhist sutra, the whole universe is contained in fine dust.

On the Merry-Making Plain[1]

Li Shangyin

At dusk my heart is filled with gloom,
I drive my cab to ancient Tomb.
The setting sun appears sublime,
But oh! 'tis near its dying time.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

登樂遊原　　李商隱

向晚意不適，驅車登古原。夕陽無限好，只是近黃昏！

1 The Merry-Making Plain, situated to the south of the capital (present-day Xi'an), was the site of the tombs of five emperors of the Han Dynasty.

Crossing the River Han

Li Pin

Exiled, I longed for news none'd bring,
From the long winter to late spring.
Now nearing home, timid I grow,
And dare not ask what I would know.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

渡漢江　　李頻

嶺外音書絕，經冬復立春。近鄉情更怯，不敢問來人。

Court Ladies

Xue Feng

Hoping to see the lord from the Watching Tower,
Ladies in morning dress were astir in all the bowers.
The double golden knocker was mute and cold,
The water-clock dripped away the long, boring hours.
Dressing hair in crowning knots, they glanced into the mirror again,
And the silken gowns, ready for wear, were perfumed anew.
Where the screen, withdrawn, revealed the imperial hall,
The court maids doing the Royal Bed appeared in view.

Tr. Wang Jianzhong

宮詞　　薛逢

十二樓中盡曉妝，望仙樓上望君王。鎖銜金獸連環冷，水滴銅龍晝漏長。雲髻罷梳還對鏡，羅衣欲換更添香。遙窺正殿簾開處，袍袴宮人掃御床。

My Stay in the Riverside Hut in Autumn

Ma Dai

The rain is past, before my hut I stand,
I see line on line of wild geese in flight.
The leaves fall from the trees of alien land;
Dim lamp on lonely man sheds a cold light.
In empty garden drips a hoary dew.
A monk lives next my solitary wall.
My stay in the country is overdue.
When Shall I go out and accept a call?

Tr. Ni Peiling

灞上秋居　　馬戴

灞原風雨定，晚見雁行頻。落葉他鄉樹，寒燈獨夜人。
空園白露滴，孤壁野僧鄰。寄臥郊扉久，何年致此身。

Thinking of the Past on the Xiang River

Ma Dai

The air is cold with dew in evening breeze,
Beyond the hills the sun passes from view.
By Dongting Lake monkeys cry in the trees;
A traveller hears them in a log-canoe.
The bright moon makes the placid lake look wide;
The turbid torrents buffet mountains blue.
Do you know where the Gods of Cloud abide?
Alone I'm sad with autumn all night through.

Tr. Ni Peiling

楚江懷古　　馬戴

露氣寒光集，微陽下楚邱。猿啼洞庭樹，人在木蘭舟。
廣澤生明月，蒼山夾亂流。雲中君不見，竟夕自悲秋。

At Mawei Hill[1]

Zheng Tian

Emperor Xuanzong rode back from his flight,
Saddened at Lady Yang's fatal plight;
His love and passion would never be quenched,
Oh, day and night, day and night!

Yet, if it had not been for His Majesty's will
So sagely voiced at Mawei Hill,
Another emperor would have leapt in the well[2]
To weep his fill, to weep his fill!

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

馬嵬坡　　鄭畋

玄宗回馬楊妃死，雲雨難忘日月新。終是聖明天子事，
景陽宮井又何人？

1 On his flight from the capital due to a rebellion waged by General An Lushan in 755, Emperor Xuanzong of Tang dynasty had to have his favourite Lady Yang strangled at Mawei Hill to quiet down a mutiny of his imperial guards.

2 In 589, Emperor Chen, notorious for his licentious and immoral behaviour, hurried to hide himself with his two ladies in a well in Jingyang Palace when the Sui Troop rushed in.

Night Thoughts on Terrace Tower

Wei Zhuang

A sighing lute accuses the night long;
In the strings coils grief from the wind and rain.
By the lamplight I hear a bugle song;
Beyond Terrace Tower I watch the moon wane.

I see the signs of fading fragrant grass,
But not those of my returning old friend.
I cannot send my letters home, alas!
By wild geese[1] at their southern journey's end.

Tr. Hu Zhuanglin

章臺夜思　　韋莊

清瑟怨遙夜，繞絃風雨哀。孤燈聞楚角，殘月下章臺。
芳草已云暮，故人殊未來！鄉書不可寄，秋雁又南迴。

---

1 Symbol of messenger.

A Jinling Landscape[1]

Wei Zhuang

Over the riverside grass falls a drizzling rain,
Six Dynasties have passed like dreams, birds cry in vain.
For miles around the town unfeeling willows stand
Adorning like a veil of mist the lakeside land.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

金陵圖　　韋莊

江雨霏霏江草齊，六朝如夢鳥空啼。無情最是臺城柳，
依舊煙籠十里隄。

1 Jinling, ancient capital of six Dynasties (221 – 280, 317 – 589).

Written at the Frontier

Zhang Qiao

The bugle has broken the clear autumn air;
I, a traveller, lean out of the tower for a rest.
Spring breezes have made the Princess' grave verdant and fair,
And the pale sun is sinking over the Northwest.
The great desert is free of troops for the time,
So I've travelled to the very frontier.
But the barbarians are like the rivers in this clime,
To push southward will they strive from year to year.

Tr. Suo Tianzhang

書邊事　　　張喬

調角斷清秋，征人倚戍樓。春風對青冢，白日落梁州。
大漠無兵阻，窮邊有客游。蕃情似此水，長願向南流。

The Chilling Weather

Han Wo

A brocaded curtain's drawn o'er the marble sills;
A scarlet screen unfolded, patterned with flowers gay;
A silk quilt on bed spread, but the frost not yet chills
Her sweet dreams, though the sun's fading from day to day.

Tr. Bai Xiaodong

已涼　　韓偓

碧闌干外繡簾垂，猩色屏風畫折枝。八尺龍鬚方錦褥，
已涼天氣未寒時。

A Complaint in Spring

Jin Changxu

Drive orioles off the tree
For their songs awake me
From dreaming of my dear
Far off on the frontier!

Tr. X. Y. Z.

春怨　　金昌緒

打起黃鶯兒，莫教枝上啼。啼時驚妾夢，不得到遼西。

A Palace Maid's Lament in Spring

Du Xunhe

By my own beauty long have I been wronged!
I tire when at the glass I deck my hair.
If fairness courts not royal glance, wherefore
Rouge my lips blooming, or shade my brows fair?

Warm breezes scatter birds' songs to twitters,
In the tall sun, thick heap the floral shades[1].
Way south, the maidens yearly miss me yet
As they pick fu-rong in my native glades.

Tr. Loh Bei-yei

春宮怨　　杜荀鶴

早被嬋娟誤，欲妝臨鏡慵。承恩不在貌，教妾若爲容！
風暖鳥聲碎，日高花影重。年年越溪女，相憶采芙蓉。

1　Lines 5 and 6 hint at the maid's languor under the oppressive regal pomp, the heavy "spring" in the palace symbolized by the "warm breezes" and "tall sun". Through her mouth the poet vents here his grievance at the slight an intellectual suffers at the court.

2　The flower fu-rong is connotative of chaste feminine loveliness in Chinese literature.

Thoughts on a New Year's Eve

Cui Tu

Long, long the road runs to the country's west,
Far, far away from home I know no rest.
Amid the snowy hills I pass the night
A stranger by a lonely candle-light.
The farther from my home folks I'm away;
The dearer I find my servants each day.
A roving life like this how can I bear?
Tomorrow New Year's Day I'm no-one's care.

Tr. Ni Peiling

除夜有作　　崔塗

迢遞三巴路，羈危萬里身。亂山殘雪夜，孤燭異鄉人。
漸與骨肉遠，轉於僮僕親。那堪正飄泊，明日歲華新。

A Lone Wild Goose

Cui Tu

Lines of wild geese vanish o'er the frontier.
Where are you bound? Alone you linger here.
In evening rain you call your missing mate,
To alight on cold pond you hesitate.
The low clouds o'er the islet you pursue,
Only the cold moon o'er the pass follows you.
Though you are not hurt by an arrow-head,
A lonely flier should be in constant dread.

Tr. Ni Peiling

孤雁　崔塗

幾行歸塞盡，念爾獨何之？暮雨相呼失，寒塘欲下遲。
渚雲低暗度，關月冷相隨。未必逢矰繳，孤飛自可疑！

Soliloquy of a Poor Girl

Qin Taoyu

In my thatched hut the feel of silk I never know.
At the very thought of marriage my heart sinks low.
Who would my bearing easy and erect admire
Or care to value the plainness of my attire?
My skill at embroid'ry would I gladly display;
Yet I vie not with girls who paint their brows each day.
Year after year I sew my golden thread in sigh
On bridal robes the rich for wedding daughters buy.

Tr. Wang Shiren

貧女　　秦韜玉

蓬門未識綺羅香，擬託良媒益自傷。誰愛風流高格調，
共憐時世儉梳妝。敢將十指誇鍼巧，不把雙眉鬥畫長。
苦恨年年壓金線，爲他人作嫁衣裳。

To My Love

Zhang Bi

When you're gone, in my dream I lingered you know where,
The court still seemed the same with zig-zag rails around.
Only the sympathetic moon was shining there
For me alone on flowers fallen on the ground.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

寄人　　張泌

別夢依依到謝家，小廊迴合曲闌斜。多情只有春庭月，猶爲離人照落花。

General Geshu

Anonymous

When seven stars of the Plough are at their height,
General Geshu lifts his sword at night.
No more barbarians dare to come in force
To plunder us of our cattle and horse.

Tr. X. Y. Z.

哥舒歌　　西鄙人

北斗七星高，哥舒夜帶刀。至今窺牧馬，不敢過臨洮。

Cold Food Day[1]

Anonymous

Grass grows lush in the rain as Cold Food Day draws near,
Young wheat waves in the wind and lakeside willows sway.
Cuckoo, don't sing your home-going song[2] in my ear!
When can I go back to my home so far away?

Tr. X. Y. Z.

雜詩　　無名氏

近寒食雨草萋萋，著麥苗風柳映堤。等是有家歸未得，杜鵑休向耳邊啼。

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1 See note on Han Hong's "Cold Food Festival".
2 The cuckoo seems to sing in Chinese "Why not go home?"

APPENDIX I

The Capsule Biographies of the Poets (in Alphabetical Order)

Written by Wu Juntao
Translated into English by Yang Liyi

Bai Juyi (白居易 772-846) became a *jinshi,* a successful candidate in the highest civil examination, in the year of 799. In 815 after offending the old bureaucrat clique, he was demoted to be a subordinate under Jiangzhou Governor. In his late years he settled in Luoyang and formed a society with some Buddhist monks of the Xiangshan Temple and styled himself Lay Buddhist Fragrant Hill.

His poetic works numbered more than 3,000, making him the most prolific of all the poets in the Tang dynasty. The materials he drew from for his poetry were extensive. His language is plain and easy-to-understand.

Cen Shen (岑参 715-770) came of a poor family, and he lost his father when he was yet a child. In 744 he became a *jinshi*. For many years he served as an official on the frontiers in the west, and so he had direct experience and deep understanding of the army life and the life and conditions of the local national minorities.

Throughout the centuries he has been considered parallel with Gao Shi as belonging to the "frontier-life" poetic group.

Chang Jian (常建) became a *jinshi* in 727. But his official career was one of frustrations and disappointments throughout his life.

His verses in description of landscapes and rustic scenes are commended to be "highly purported, seductively sentimental, and often loaded with excellent lines."

Chen Tao (陳陶 812?-885?) once travelled to the capital Chang'an to engage in scholastic pursuits and try the highest imperial civil examination, but failed. Later, he left Chang'an to learn the Taoist Way and seek immortality, and his whereabouts were not known after that.

Most of his poems display the negative quality of despair and escapism from the world and best impart the mood of simplicity and plainness.

Chen Zi'ang (陳子昂 661-700) was a successful candidate in the highest civil examination in 684. But more than once he was sentenced to imprisonment on miscarriage of justice.

He was a forerunner in the reform of the early Tang literary writings. Rejecting the soft decadent style of the Six Dynasties, he upheld the masculine style of the Han and Wei dynasties.

His poetic works combine robustness and exaltation without slight affectation or pomposity.

Cui Hao (崔顥 704?-754) became a *jinshi* after his success in the highest civil examination.

His early poems bordered on frivolous lilt, glamourous and exotic in a way. And then a change in his style, one suggesting bleakness and desolation, yet with a flowing rhythm, and becoming strikingly substantial and stern.

Cui Shu (崔曙) became a *jinshi* in 738.

His poems are assessed to be "epitomizingly concise in words and plaintively touching in mood."

Cui Tu (崔塗) was made a *jinshi* in 888.

His poems largely voice the grievous feelings the poet had at the moments of partings or departures and during his stay far away from home.

Dai Shulun (戴叔倫 732-789) passed the highest civil examination and earned the title of *jinshi*. During his office he was known for his being free from corruption.

Most of his poems take rustic life as the theme. Those verses to vent his sentiments and depict natural scenes are novel in composition and display lasting freshness and charm.

Du Fu (or Tu Fu 杜甫 712-770) sat for the highest civil examination but failed to get the *jinshi* rank. Not until 755 was he given a minor post. During the An-Shi Turmoil, he became an attendant-remonstrator in the court, and then was demoted to be a subordinate official to Huazhou prefect. But he gave up the post soon afterwards and moved his family to Chengdu, Sichuan Province, where he built a thatched cottage and stayed. In 764 he was recommended to be a close attendant official. In 770 he died of illness on a journey.

He was a poet whom people set greatest store by on the strength of his contributions to the history of Chinese classic poems. The extant poems of his number over 1,400.

His poems reflect in broad scope and profound depth the features of the times and are a comprehensive expression of all the best of preceding poets and an opening up of the way to later poets, hence meriting the praise of being "epic poetry". And the poet was lauded as "A Sage of Poetry".

Du Mu (杜牧 803-852) came from an established noble family. When Du Mu was in his teens, he lost his father and the family began to decline. In 828 he became a *jinshi*.

His lyric poems and scenery-depiction poems are like breaths of fresh air flowing in a slick movement, with the emotional waves rising and falling in a charming rhythm. His

accomplishments were of a very high order among those poems composed in the late Tang dynasty.

Du Qiuniang (杜秋娘), at the age of fifteen, became a concubine of Li Qi (李錡), supervisor of iron and salt transport in the West Zhejiang. She was a virtuoso songstress of the melody *The Golden Dress*.

Du Shenyan (杜審言 645?-708) was grandfather of Du Fu. He was a *jinshi* in 670.

His poetic works are mostly for occasions, in response to others' poems and in description of natural sceneries, distinguishing themselves by naturalness and vigour without any disturbing embellishment. In particular, his five-syllable regulated verses are strict in tonal pattern. This had much to donate to the finalization of the style of the Tang-dynasty regulated verses.

Du Xunhe (杜荀鶴 846-907) obtained his *jinshi* rank in 891.

His poems are expressions of his personal complaints over his poverty, hence full of sighs with emotion. The language he used is popular and of everyday speech.

Emperor Xuanzong of the Tang dynasty (唐玄宗 685-762) reigned during the years 712-756 as the eighth emperor on the throne. He was well versed in rhyme scheme and tonal pattern and hence was good at composing poetry. The reform of the Tang poetry and its development owed much to his love and efforts devoted to the promotion of this artistic creation.

Gao Shi (高適 701-765) was born of a family of officials for generations. His father, however, passed away early when he was still a child, and thence the family was reduced to

poverty. And not until 749 did he pass the highest civil examination. His whole life was a life of marked attainments in political and military affairs. He was good at depicting the scenes in the frontier regions and things he saw on the battlefields, and particularly at describing the often ignored life and feelings of the rank and file.

Gu Kuang (顧況 725-814) became a *jinshi* in 757. Because he wrote some poems to satire the powerful and the influential, he was demoted.

He advocated that poems should place stress on content and seek no high-flown diction.

Han Hong (韓翃) became a *jinshi* in 754.

His poems are by and large responses and presentations to others, known for his mature skill and flowery language.

Han Wo (韓偓 844-923) was granted a *jinshi* grade in 889.

In the early stage his poems are chiefly depictions of the life in the palace — pleasure-seeking and feasting. But his poems after his demotion in office are, in the main, expressions of his feelings for the past and reflections on occasions.

Han Yu (韓愈 768-824), orphaned at an early age, was brought up by his elder brother and sister-in-law. He obtained the grade *jinshi* in 792. During office, he was demoted several times, but eventually he became a ranking official.

He was the initiator of the ancient Chinese prose writing movement to reform the traditional style, and so in raising the art of prose-writing his influences were felt far and wide.

His poems belong to a style marked by peculiar energy, combination of power and breadth. He was fond of using wondrous words and dramatic rhymes to express his refined fantasy and bizarre imagination.

He Zhizhang (賀知章 659-744) became a *jinshi* in 695. Big-hearted in nature, he was unrestrained by ritual conventions, and taking to wine drinking often associated himself with people of the lower strata. He was also broad-minded enough to help the progress of young burgeoning talents.

His extant poems number only nineteen so far discovered.

Huangfu Ran (皇甫冉 716-769) became a *jinshi* in 756. Due to the turmoils at the time, he drifted about from place to place without actually settling down.

His poems are permeated with lamentations over his wandering life.

Jia Dao (賈島 779-843) came from a humble family. Failed in the civil examination after several attempts, he lived a life of constant frustrations and misfortunes. Once he dwelled in a temple and became a Buddhist monk.

His poems are mainly responses and presentations to those of Buddhist and Taoist monks, and hermits.

Jiao Ran (皎然) had an original family name of Xie (謝) and he became a monk when converted to Buddhism.

Adept in composing five-syllable poems, he took as his themes, in most cases, landscape descriptions and religious life.

Jin Changxu (金昌緒) was a poet whose dates of birth and death, and life remain unknown.

Li Bai (李白 701-762) went with his father at the age of five to Qinglian village (青蓮鄉), Changlong, Mianzhou, which is in present-day Sichuan Province. When he was twenty-five, he started travelling extensively to various places. As he became increasingly popular for his literary achievements, he was recommended to the imperial court, and soon Emperor Xuanzong summoned him to the capital Chang'an

and awarded him an official title *hanlin*. His later life was one of constant drift and great hardships.

More than 900 poems by Li Bai have been handed down. They typify a style with a vein of natural grace and unconstrained boldness. And their romanticist flavour is enriched by fantastic visions and singular conception — truly a consummation of gorgeousness and grandeur. He was thus eulogized as "a celestial being banished from Heaven."

Li Duan (李端) was a *jinshi* in 770.

His poems, in the main, convey pessimistic ideas of escaping from the world.

Li Pin (李頻 818-876) obtained the grade of *jinshi* after the highest civil examination.

Most of his works are five-syllable regulated verses, chiefly in depiction of landscapes and his emotions aroused at partings and separations in his personal experience.

Li Qi (李頎 690?-754) became a *jinshi* in 735.

A large part of his poetic works are responses to those of others or presentations to friend-poets with feelings true and sincere. His remarkable achievements are verses on the frontier life, which exhibit marvellous facility and unrestrained boldness.

Li Shangyin (李商隱 813-858) lost his father at nine. So, in his early years he lived a life of constant roamings. In 837 he became a *jinshi*.

He was a poet of weighty influence in the late Tang days. Many of his poems show novel composition at his strange fancy, and they evoke a mood of subtle sentimentality possessing romantic colours and symbolic meanings.

Li Yi (李益 748-829) was a *jinshi* in 769. In the year 780

and after, he joined the army five times to serve as guest-advisor to various military governors on the frontiers.

He was the most outstanding poet of frontier-life style in the mid-Tang dynasty. His verses mirror the true army life and the battle scenes.

Liu Changqing (劉長卿 714-790) became a *jinshi* in 757. He was a poet of great weight during the mid-Tang dynasty.

His poems voice his grievances over the misfortunes and slights he had suffered as a humble scholar during social upheavals. His true feelings are born of poignant personal sufferings and imbued with a great appeal. The existent poems of his number more than five hundred, mostly five-syllable regulated verses.

Liu Fangping (劉方平) lived sometime between the year 742 and the year 779. His official career started quite early but was rather of a short duration.

The existent poems of his, numbering twenty-six in all, are for a large part descriptions of the beauty of natural landscapes and his native village with a pulse of nostalgia.

Liu Shenxu (劉眘虛) became a *jinshi* in 723.

His poems are mostly ones written with a grace on vicissitudes of life and reveries of old times, or in reply to others' poems or as presentations to friends.

Liu Yuxi (劉禹錫 772-842) became a *jinshi* in 793. He had composed some unwelcome poems, and for this he was demoted in office.

His poems are concerned with both political and social aspects, and his language is one of lucidity and succinctness. He also wrote poems in the folk-song form, opening a new horizon in the Tang-dynasty poetry.

Liu Zhongyong (柳中庸) became a *jinshi* during the years of Dali (766-779).

His extant poems are thirteen in all, half of which follow the frivolous or rather glamourous style of the Six Dynasties and the early Tang days.

Liu Zongyuan (柳宗元 773-819) became a *jinshi* in 793. Because he had joined a political reform group, he was demoted to the position of a subordinate to Yongzhou governor and later to that of a prefect in Liuzhou.

The content of his poems is mostly centered on the description of his life of demotion and humiliation and the people's sufferings to satirize the meanness and corruption of the officialdom.

Lu Lun (盧綸 748-800?) was never a *jinshi,* having failed several times in the highest civil examination. Later he assumed office only through recommendation.

His poems are by and large responses and presentations to other poet's, but his frontier-life ones are of amazing power and robust style.

Luo Binwang (駱賓王 640?-684?) passed his early life in poverty. He once enlisted in the army and got to be stationed in the Western Regions and Sichuan.

As an early Tang poet, Luo contributed to the shaping of the poetic style which later prevailed throughout the dynasty, meriting a page in the history of Chinese poetry.

Ma Dai (馬戴) was a *jinshi* in 844. His official career ended with the post of a teacher in the imperial college.

He had the special grace of writing lyric poems and short verses in depicting natural sceneries.

Meng Haoran (孟浩然 689-740) went to the capital

Chang'an to sit for the highest civil examination when he was forty years old. Nevertheless, he failed and returned home to lead the life of a recluse.

His merit lies in writing short verses and depicting natural sceneries. Most of his poems reflect the life of ease and leisure and hermitage — a feature that marks the beginning of the idyllic style of poetry in the Tang dynasty, which was then in its heyday.

Meng Jiao (孟郊 751-814) lost his wife early in his age, and his three sons all died young. So, his whole life was one of poverty and ill-fate. Not until 796 did he become a *jinshi*.

His poems are mostly concerned with the description of the inconsistency of human relations, sufferings among the commoners, and his personal misfortunes.

Pei Di (裴迪 716-?) assumed office as a prefect in Shuzhou.

A majority of his poems are delineations of the tranquil sceneries of mountains and forests, embodying the sense of loneliness and sequesteredness, in a style close to that of Wang Wei.

Qian Qi (錢起 722-780) became a *jinshi* in 751.

His poems largely capture the beauty of landscapes or respond to others' poems for courtesy and presentations.

Qin Taoyu (秦韜玉) failed to obtain the *jinshi* grade in his life.

His poems show excellence in seven-syllable regulated verse for meticulous skill and magnificent beauty.

Qiu Wei (丘爲 701-796?) became a *jinshi* in 742 only after he had repeatedly failed in the highest civil examination. He was on very good terms with Wang Wei, Liu Changqing

and the like. Belonging to the idyllic poets' group, he excelled in composing five-syllable poems.

Qiwu Qian (綦毋潛 692-749) became a *jinshi* in 725.

In writing poems he concentrated his sentiments on the expression of things aloof from the earthly world and depiction of scenes of mountains and forests.

Quan Deyu (權德輿 759-818) was famous for his literary gifts in his early years. He compiled a collection of his own essays when he was only fifteen years of age.

His works include many *folk* songs and ballads, and for this he was well praised.

Shen Quanqi (沈佺期 656?-714) became a *jinshi* in 675.

At first he was a court poet with most of his verses in eulogy of the rulers' virtues and achievements. After his exile to a remote place, he lamented in his poems over the times, but they show a more substantial content. His stanzaic pattern born of most rigid and precise efforts contributed considerably to the finalization of the regulated verses of the Tang dynasty.

Sikong Shu (司空曙) attained the *jinshi* grade after his success in the highest civil examination.

His poems are excellent expression of the sentiments of a wanderer's life as he was always on the move. They are also invested with the charm of a life of mountain dwellers in the hamlets.

Song Zhiwen (宋之問 656?-712) was granted *jinshi* in 675.

His poems are ones of frivolous lilt and splendour, largely composed by the imperial order. His regular pattern of utterance and harmonious scheme of rhymes, however, lend

in a certain degree to the formation and development of the Tang-dynasty regulated verse.

Wang Bo (王勃 650-676) was especially intelligent since from his childhood. By fourteen he was already able to produce the most eminent prose *A Eulogy to Tengwang Pavilion*. And in that same year he passed the highest civil examination.

He took his place with Yang Jiong (楊炯), Lu Zhaoling (盧照鄰) and Luo Binwang, and they were recognized as the "Four Distinguished Poets of the Early Tang"

Wang Changling (王昌齡 698-757) was born of a humble family. He became a *jinshi* in 727.

His poems written about the scenes in the frontier regions and the army life are an epitome of the experiences brought home with succinctness and refinement.

Wang Han (王翰 687-735?) became a *jinshi* in 710.

His poems are largely of the ancient classical style, and his four-line poems with seven characters to a line count among the excellent ones in his life.

Wang Jian (王建 766?-830?) was born of a poor family. In 775 he became a *jinshi*.

Expert at composing *folk* songs and ballads, he reflected in his poems the then social realities in various aspects. His depiction of the court life was executed in a most detailed and vivid manner, thus enjoying particularly great popularity.

Wang Wan (王灣) obtained his *jinshi* grade sometime in the year 712-713.

He was loaded with fame as a poet at his time, but most of his verses have been lost.

Wang Wei (王維 701-761) was a scion of an established

family, renowned for his talents even in his young days. He became a *jinshi* in 721 and was an attendant-remonstrator in the court.

A man of many parts, he was a virtuoso in calligraphy, music and painting. The merits of his poems lie in his elegant style, fresh conceptual world and melodious lilt of the movement. While being devoted to Buddhism, he was not without Taoist ideas. For this he earned the name of "a poetic Buddha".

Wang Zhihuan (王之渙 688-742) was born in an established bureaucratic family. He once served as a county magistrate.

Most of his poetic works were lost. The only six extant pieces are of four-line verses, all rated as exquisite achievements, which won him great fame in later times.

Wei Yingwu (韋應物 737-792?) was a descendant of an eminent family.

His poems are ones of elegance and simplicity. Most of them are devoted to praising the beauty of Nature, which won him the fame of idyllic-landscape poet.

Wei Zhuang (韋莊 836?-910) was the great-great-grandson of the poet Wei Yingwu. His parents passed away when he was yet a child, and since then the family was on the decline. Not until 894 did he obtain the title of *jinshi*.

Living at the time when the Tang dynasty was on the road to decline and fall, he wrote poems that are mostly expressions of feelings of bereavement, recollections and sighs with a musical lament.

Wen Tingyun (溫庭筠 812-870) failed in the highest civil examination for many times.

The content of his poems is of wide variety, and there is transparency of his medium — the words that move with

refreshing rhythm without any embellishment. He was a prolific producer of *ci* poetry in the late Tang days, wherein his accomplishments and impact were even still greater.

Xu Hun (許渾) became a *jinshi* in 832.

His poems are by and large regulated verses. The substance of his poems is concentrated on recollections of the past on occasions of ascending the summits of famous mountains.

Xue Feng (薛逢) was a *jinshi* in 841. During office he was twice demoted and sent to faraway posts. His late years were dreary and miserable.

The criticism of his poems is that they were composed "not through hard thinking".

Yuan Jie (元結 719-772), a descendant of the Xianbei (Sienpi 鮮卑) nationality, became a *jinshi* in 754.

His poems do not seek manipulations and adornments. He liked to copy the style of folk songs at the expense of regulated rhythm. The content of his poems is mainly centered on reflections of the sorrows and hardships of the common people.

Yuan Zhen (元稹 779-831) had his ancestors as of the Xianbei nationality. When he was fifteen, he was already well-versed in classics and passed the highest civil examination. In 822 he was made Prime Minister.

His poems enjoyed equal fame as those of Bai Juyi. His love poems and those mourning over his dead wife show a most real distinction.

Zhang Hu (張祜 ?-859?) was frustrated in his official career, and so he began to roam about throughout the land.

His works mostly deal with landscapes and are also in the form of palace poetry, for which he came to fame. His poems

reflect his frustrated and roving life.

Zhang Jì (張繼) was known to have obtained the grade *jinshi* in 753.

The existent poems of his are about fifty pieces. His thoughts are of detachment and in the flavour of Buddhist teachings.

Zhang Jí (張籍 766?-830?) was born of humble family. He became a *jinshi* in 799.

His poems mirror a wide spectrum of social realities. He opposed to war and detested big merchants and despotic dealers, and sympathized with the people who were suffering from war disasters and extortions from exorbitant taxes and levies.

Zhang Jiuling (張九齡 678-740) gave proof of intelligence at quite an early age. He became a *jinshi* in 697. In assisting Emperor Xuanzong (玄宗), he became famous as a wise, able prime minister.

His poems are of weak grace and ethereal lyricism, and they echo the inner life with such mellowness as to have become a source of great influence over the developing school of pastoral poetry drunken in the beauty of landscapes.

Zhang Bi (張泌) was a magistrate in Jurong County during the Southern Tang dynasty (937-975).

Zhang Qiao (張喬) failed in the imperial civil examination, and began travelling about throughout the country.

His style is luminous and elegant, but in some way degenerate into over daintiness.

Zhang Xu (張旭 c. 711) was a well-known calligrapher.

Only six of his poems have been handed down, all depic-

tions of natural sceneries in four-line verses with a subtle contemplative mood and tactfully gracious composition.

Zheng Tian (鄭畋 823-882) became a *jinshi* sometime between 841 and 846. He was made Prime Minister during the reign of Emperor Xizong (僖宗).

There are only sixteen poems of his that are extant though he was good at composing both essays and verses and had written much more than that.

Zhu Qingyu (朱慶餘) was a *jinshi* in 826, but his official career was one of frustrations all his life.

He is specialized in writing five-syllable regulated verses. Every word of his falls into place with fresh vivacity, and his great ability lies in depicting natural sceneries and agents of life.

Zu Yong (祖詠 699-746?) became a *jinshi* in 724. All his life he was in financial straits and met with frustrations caused by poverty and illness.

His poems are mostly depictions of landscapes and idyllic scenes as well as of his hermitage.

APPENDIX II

The Capsule Biographies of the Translators

Bai Xiaodong (白曉冬), born in 1958. Graduated from the English Language and Literature Department of Peking University with his B.A. in 1981. Got his M.A. from the same department in 1984. Now at Harvard, U.S.A.

Du Tianchong (杜天崇), graduated from Trinity College, Duke University, N. C., U.S.A. Studied at The Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of Duke University, majoring in English Literature. Associate Professor of English at the College of Foreign Affairs.

Feng Xiang (馮象) was born in 1953. He got his BA from Kunming Teachers College in 1981 and his MA from Peking University in 1984 and is now studying for his Ph. D. at Harvard, U.S.A.

Huang Xinqu (黃新渠) was born in 1930. He is now an associate professor of English at Sichuan Teachers' College, Chengdu. His translation work *Poems of Lu Hsun* was published in May, 1979. From 1982 to 1983 he went to the United States as a visiting professor.

Huang Xingsheng (黃行生) was born in 1927. He graduated from the English Department, Guiyang Teachers College in 1949. He is now a lecturer of English at Hangzhou University, teaching translation course for the fourth-year students of English.

Hu Zhuanglin (胡壯麟), born in 1933; educated at Qinghua

University, Peking University and the University of Sydney; admitted to the degree of M.A. Honours (Sydney). He is now Professor of English at Peking University. His main publications include *On Relative Construction in English, A Hallidayan Approach to Language*, etc.

Jin Di (金隄) was born in 1921. He graduated from the South-West Associated University and did graduate work at Peking University in the 1940's. He has been a translator and teacher of English ever since. His publications include *On Translation* (co-authored with Eugene A. Nida) and translations in both English and Chinese.

Li Funing (李賦寧), born in 1917; graduated from the Department of Foreign Languages and Literature of Qinghua University in 1939; graduated from the Graduate School of Qinghua University in 1941; took his M.A. in English language and Literature at Yale University in 1948. Since 1950 he has successively been Professor of English at Qinghua University and Peking University.

Lin Tongqi (林同奇), associate professor of English, born in 1923, graduated from the Department of History of Fudan University, Shanghai, 1946; two years' postgraduate study of English Literature at Beijing Foreign Languages Institute (1956-58); taught History and English at Fudan University and other colleges in China.

Lin Tongzhu (林同珠) was born in 1919, graduated from National Southwest Associated University in Kunming in 1943, and received her M. S. in Library and Information Science from Drexel University, Philadelphia, in 1968. She is at present a reference librarian at Drexel, U.S.A.

Liu Nienling (劉年玲), born in China and educated in the

University of California, Berkeley, Columbia University, Harvard University and Cambridge University, England. Taught at Boston University and Beijing Normal University. Published a novel *Image in the Bamboo Groves.*

Liu Shimu (劉世沐), Professor of English at the Beijing Foreign Languages Institute, was born in 1913. He graduated from the English Department of Qinghua University and later studied in its graduate school. In the late 40's he went to England and did three years' research work at Edinburgh University. He is editor-in-chief of the national monthly *English Language Learning.*

Liu Yiqing (劉意青) was born in 1941. She graduated as an English major from Peking University in 1964. In 1982 she received her M.A. in American literature at the State University of New York. She is now associate professor of English at Peking University.

Loh Bei-yei (陸佩弦), born in 1916. He received his B.A. in English literature from St. John's University in 1939 and his M.A. in English literature from University of Colorado in 1949. He is now Professor of English Literature, Shanghai International Studies University. He published a Chinese translation (from English) of Gorky's *Foma Gordyeff* in 1954, and an annotated edition of George Eliot's *Silas Marner* in 1981.

Luo Zhiye (羅志野) was born in 1934, and graduated from the Department of Chinese Language and Literature of Hangzhou University in 1958. Now he is a teacher of English Rhetoric and World Literature in Jiaxin Normal College. He has translated the Roman writer Cicero's *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum* and *Tusculan Disputations.*

Ni Peiling (倪培齡) was born in 1921. He graduated from the Department of English Language and Literature of National Sun Yatsen University in 1945. Since 1965, he has been an associate professor of English at Hunan Normal University. He has translated into English many Chinese Tang and Song poems.

Qiu Ke'an (裘克安), born in 1920. Graduate of Zhejiang University (1941) and Oxford (Oriel, 1947). Translator and Shakespeare scholar.

Sun Liang (孫梁), born in 1925; B.A., St. John's University, Shanghai (1948); graduate student, Qinghua University, Beijing (1949-1951); professor of European and American literature, East China Normal University, Shanghai (1956 to present); editor and translator of Mao Dun's novel *Corrosion* (Beijing, 1951), *Selected Works of Romain Rolland* (Shanghai, 1957, 1985), etc.

Suo Tianzhang (索天章), born in 1914, is now a professor of English literature at Fudan University. Ever since his graduation from Qing Hua University in the middle thirties he has been working at various universities and has written a number of essays on American English, stylistics and Shakespeare.

Tao Jie (陶潔) was born in 1936. She graduated from Peking University in 1958 and was visiting scholar from 1979 to 1981 at the State University of New York. She is now Professor of English at Peking University. She has translated into Chinese short stories by William Faulkner, *Ragtime* by E. L. Doctorow, etc.

Wan Changsheng (萬昌盛), lecturer of English at Hangzhou University, was born in 1941. He graduated from Nankai

University in 1964. His recently-published works include *An Error-analysis*, *On Use of Classroom English*, etc.

Wan Zhaofeng (萬兆鳳), born in 1917, graduated at National Southwest Associated University in 1945, is now an associate professor of English. He has translated with others *English Verbal Idioms* by F.T. Wood, *English Fables and Fairy Stories* by James Reeves, etc.

Wang Ban (王般) was born in 1913. Ever since his graduation from Peking University in 1938, he has taught at Wuhan University, Beijing Foreign Languages Institute and Foreign Affairs College, first as associate professor and later as full professor. He is one of the chief editors of *A Chinese-English Dictionary* (The Commercial Press, 1978).

Wang Jianzhong (王僩中), associate professor of English at Hangzhou University; born in 1928; graduated from Hangzhou University in 1952; now giving a translation course. His major works include *An Approach to the Translation of Mao Tsetung's Poetry* (1978), *Shelley's Magnificent Idealistic Poems* (1982), and *Staus* (1982).

Wang Lina (王麗娜) was born in 1938. She is now an associate research librarian at the Reference and Research Section of the National Library, Peking. Her main translation works from English into Chinese include *Madame Sun Yat-sen Keeps Faith*, *The Search for Difference*, etc.

Wang Minyuan (王岷源). Born in 1912. B.A., Qing Hua Univ., 1934; M. A. (in English literature), Yale Graduate School, 1942. Did lexicographic work and taught Chinese at Harvard Univ., 1942-44. Taught Chinese at Yale, 1944-46. Professor of English at Peking Univ. since 1963. Translations include essays and articles by Lamb, Maugham, Russel, etc.

Wang Shiren (王式仁) was born in 1934. He is Professor of English at Peking University. From 1978 to 1980, he was a visiting scholar in Britain, studying English literature and linguistics at University College of North Wales, Bangor. He has compiled English textbooks and translated Mark Twain's short stories into Chinese.

Wu Juntao (吳鈞陶), born in 1927. He is an editor in the Shanghai Translations Publishing House from the end of 1977 till now. His translation works from English into Chinese include: *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens, *The Wrong Box* by Robert L. Stevenson, etc; and from Chinese into English include: *Tu Fu – A New Translation, Lu Xun: Selected Poems, Silhouettes,* etc.

Wu Xianglin (吳翔林) is an associate professor of English at Nanjing Normal University. He was born in 1930. He was graduated from Peking University in 1952, and then did graduate work at Nanjing University in 1958. His works include: *An English Translation of 39 Poems by Mao Zedong, On the Translation of Poems in the Two English Versions of the Red Chamber Dream,* etc.

Xu Yuan-zhong (**X. Y. Z.** 許淵沖), born in 1921; Professor of English, Peking University, Beijing (1983 till now); translator of Dryden's *All for Love,* Scott's *Quentin Durward,* Romain Rolland's *Colas Breugnon,* Balzac's *Un Début dans la Vie,* Hugo's *Théâtre,* Maupassant's *Sur l'Eau; Su Dong-po, a New Translation, 150 Tang Poems, 100 Poèmes rimés des Tang et Song,* etc.

Xu Zhongjie (徐忠傑), born in 1901, went to the United States in 1922 where he entered Hillsdale College in Michigan and Miami University in Ohio, graduated with a B. A. degree. Back to China in 1926, he is now professor of English in the

Institute of International Relations in Beijing. From 1971 to 1975, he translated more than 600 Tang-Song and other Chinese poems.

Yang Liyi (Lanier Young 楊立義) graduated from St. John's University, Shanghai, in 1936. He is at present giving courses on Chinese-English translation and English writing at Fudan University and Jiaotong University, Shanghai. His recent works include *A Practical Chinese-English Dictionary* (co-editor), *Strange Tales of Liaozhai* (co-translator), *One Hundred Chinese Idioms And Their Stories,* etc.

Yang Zhouhan (楊周翰), born in 1915, BA Peking University, BA Oxon, is Professor of English at Peking University and vice-president of International Comparative Literature Association. He edited and contributed to a two-volume *History of European Literature* (in Chinese) and a two-volume edition of *Shakespeare Criticism* (in Chinese translation). His *Jade File,* a collection of essays (in Chinese) on English literature, was published in 1983.

Yuan Kejia (袁可嘉), born in 1921. Research Fellow, Institute of Foreign Literature, Chinese Academy of Social Science, 1983. His publications include: 12 poems (in the *Nine-Leaves Anthology*), translations of Robert Burns, etc. He was a visiting professor to the University of California, Berkeley and Indiana University; also Fellow of the National Humanities Center, North Carolina, U.S.A.

Zeng Bingheng (曾炳衡). Born in 1922. Graduated as an English major at West China Union University, Chengdu, Sichuan in 1949. Studied Russian in Harbin Foreign Language Institute, 1952-1954. From 1954 to present teaching English and Russian in Sichuan Medical College (the former W.C.U.U.); now professor of S.M.C..

Zhang Guruo (張谷若), born in 1903. Educated at Peking University, Beijing. Professor of Peking University. Translator of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis,* Bernard Shaw's *Heart-break House,* Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Jude the Obscure, The Return of the Native,* and Charles Dickens's *David Copperfield.*

Zhang Longxi (張隆溪) was born in 1947. He received his M.A. from Peking University in 1981 and is currently at Harvard University studying for a Ph.D. program. He has edited *Essays in Comparative Literature,* and published in different journals and magazines essays on comparative literature.

Zhang Wenhao (張文浩), lecturer of English at Hangzhou University; born in 1943; graduated from Hangzhou University in 1964; now teaching Translation Course. His novels in translation are *The Boys From Brazil* by Ira Levin (1981), *Intruder* by Louis Charbonneau (1981), *Coma* by Robin Cook (1983), and *Robbery Under Arms* by Rolf Boldrewood (1985).

Zhu Jiongqiang (朱炯强), lecturer of English literature at Hangzhou University, born in 1933, graduated from Fudan University in 1961. Of his recently-published works, the major ones are: *The Silver Chair* by C.S. Lewis (1981), *The Choice of Love* by B. Cartland (1982) and *Man, Woman and Child* by E. Segal (1982).

APPENDIX III

A Bibliography of the English Translations of Tang Poetry

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